

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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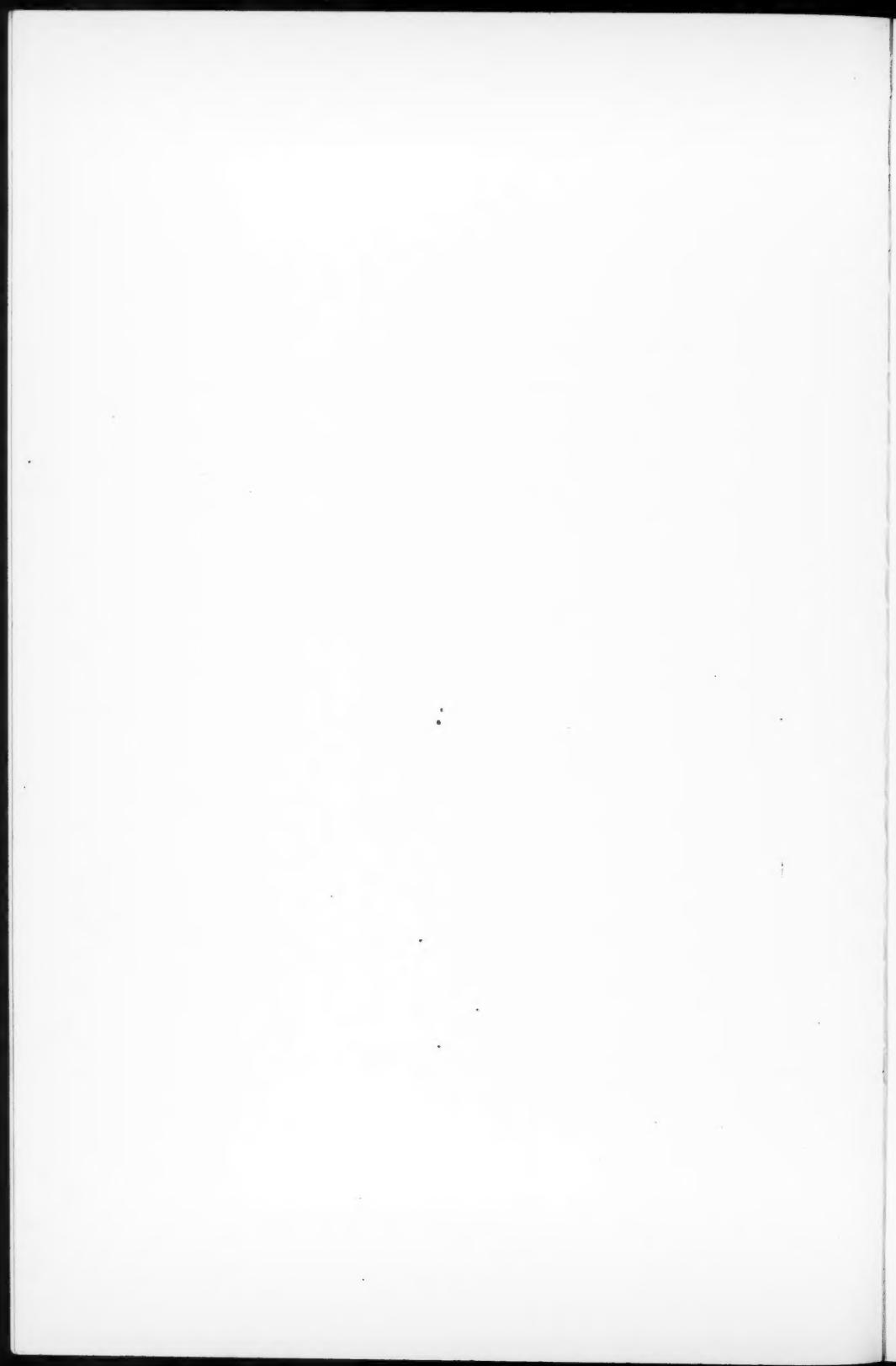
A CHRISTMAS HYMN

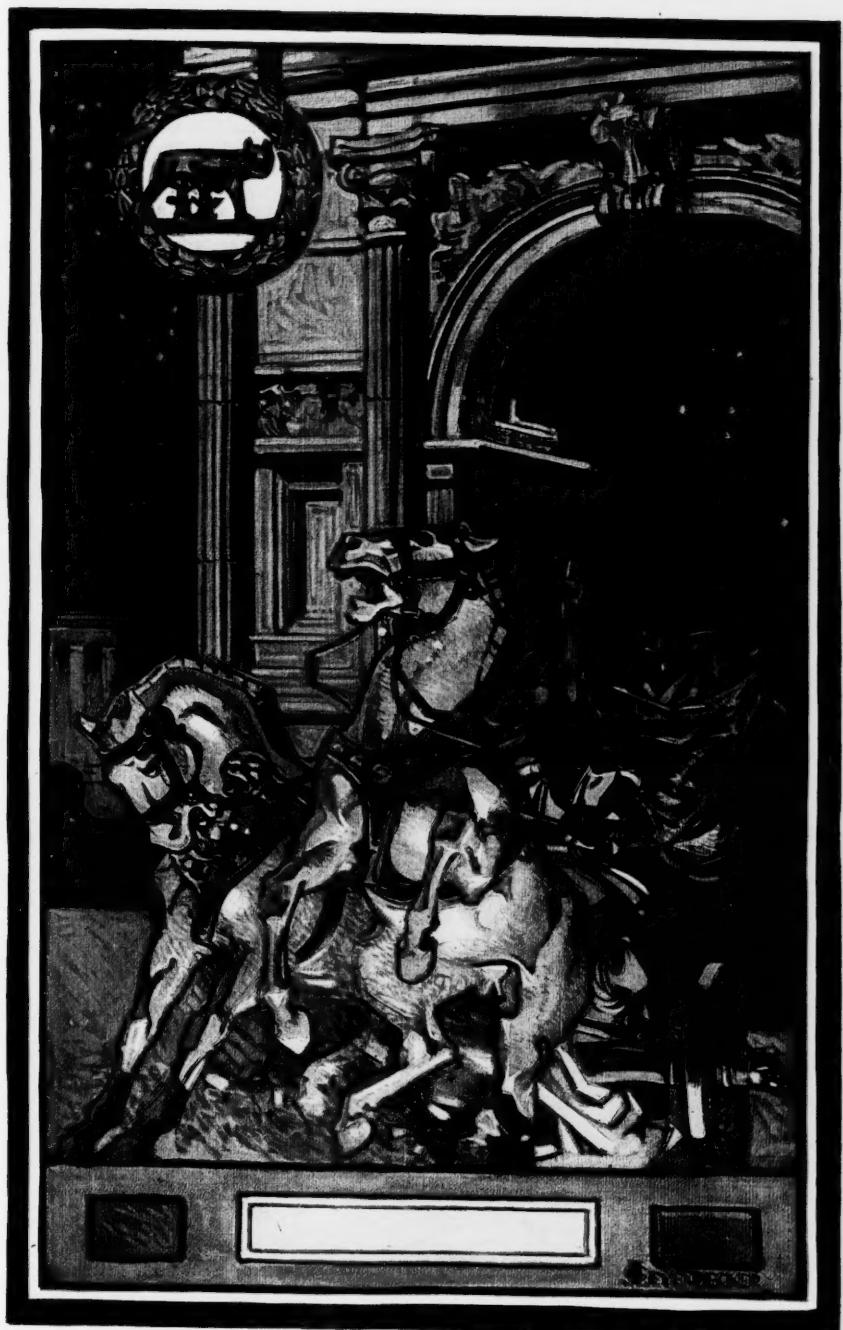
BY ALFRED DOMETT

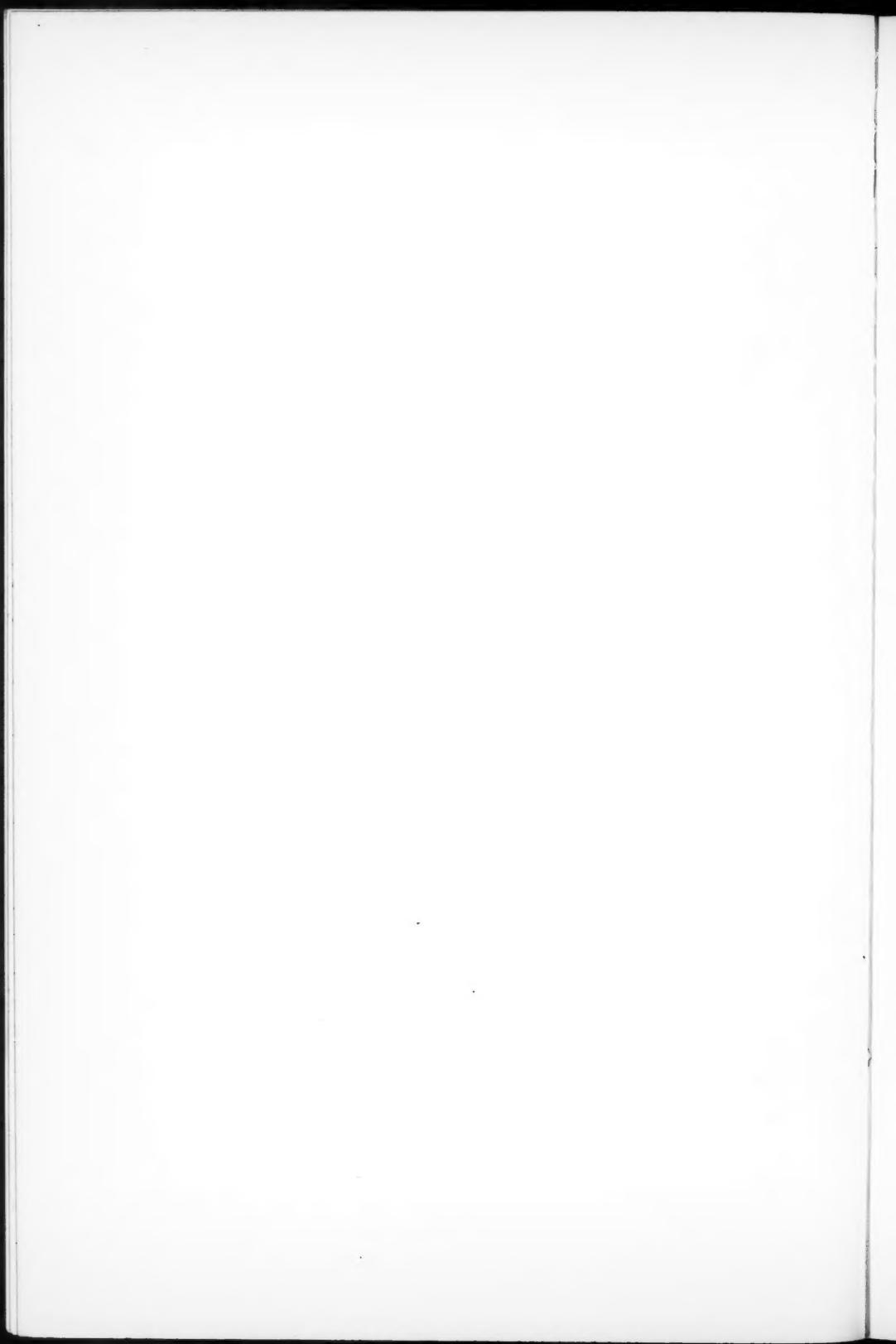
It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might .
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign ,
In the solemn midnight .
Centuries ago .



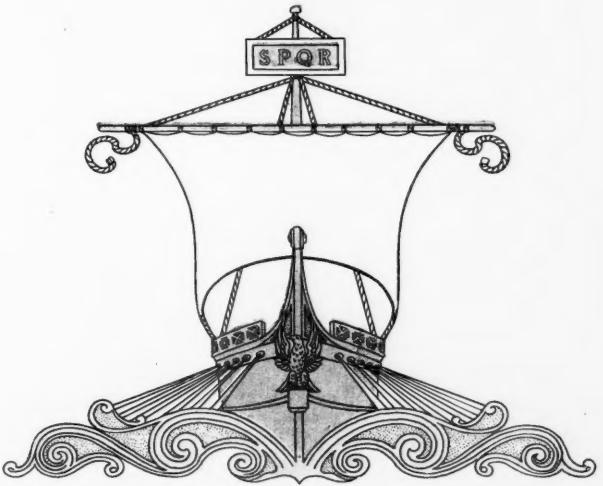
R. WEIR CROUCH



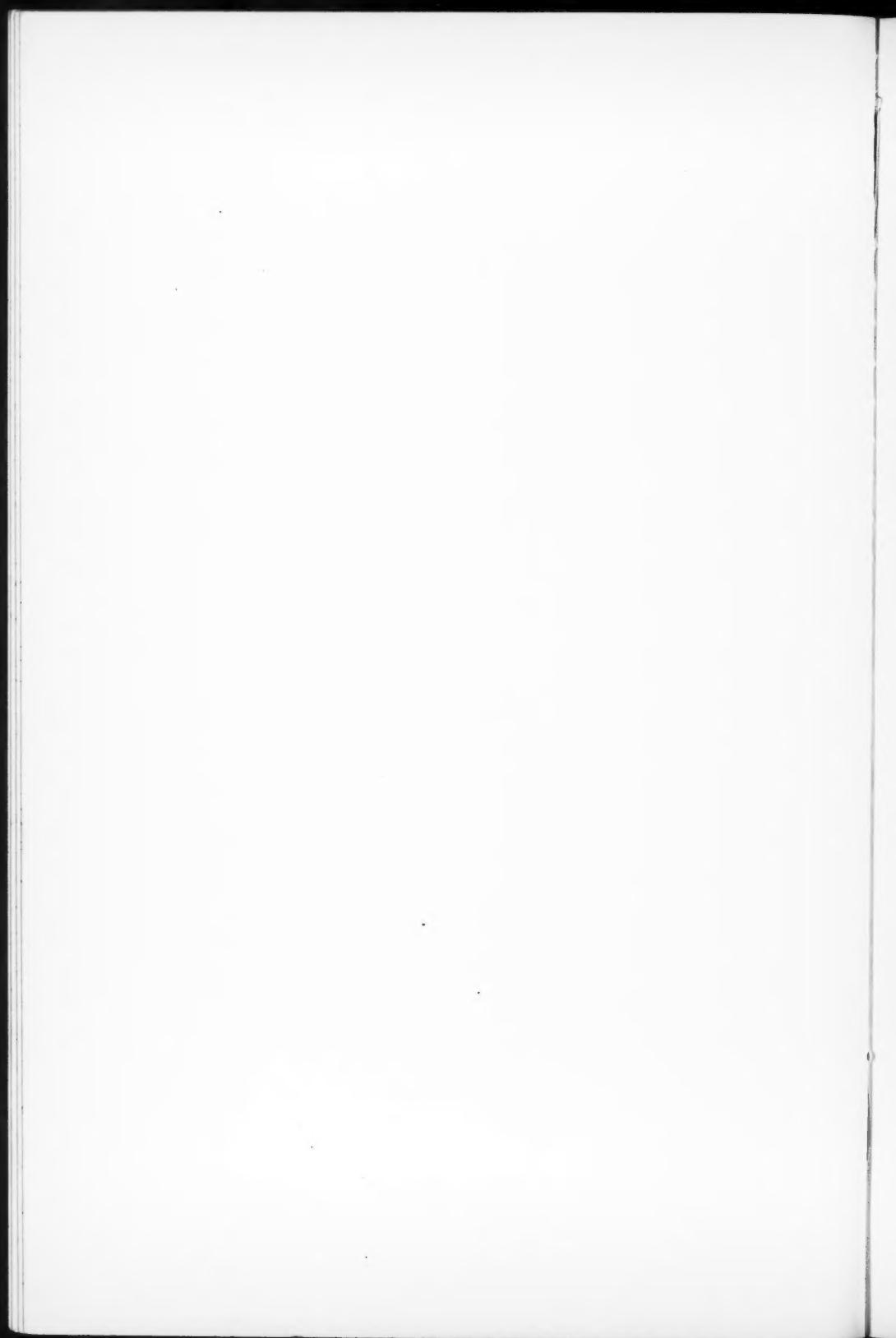


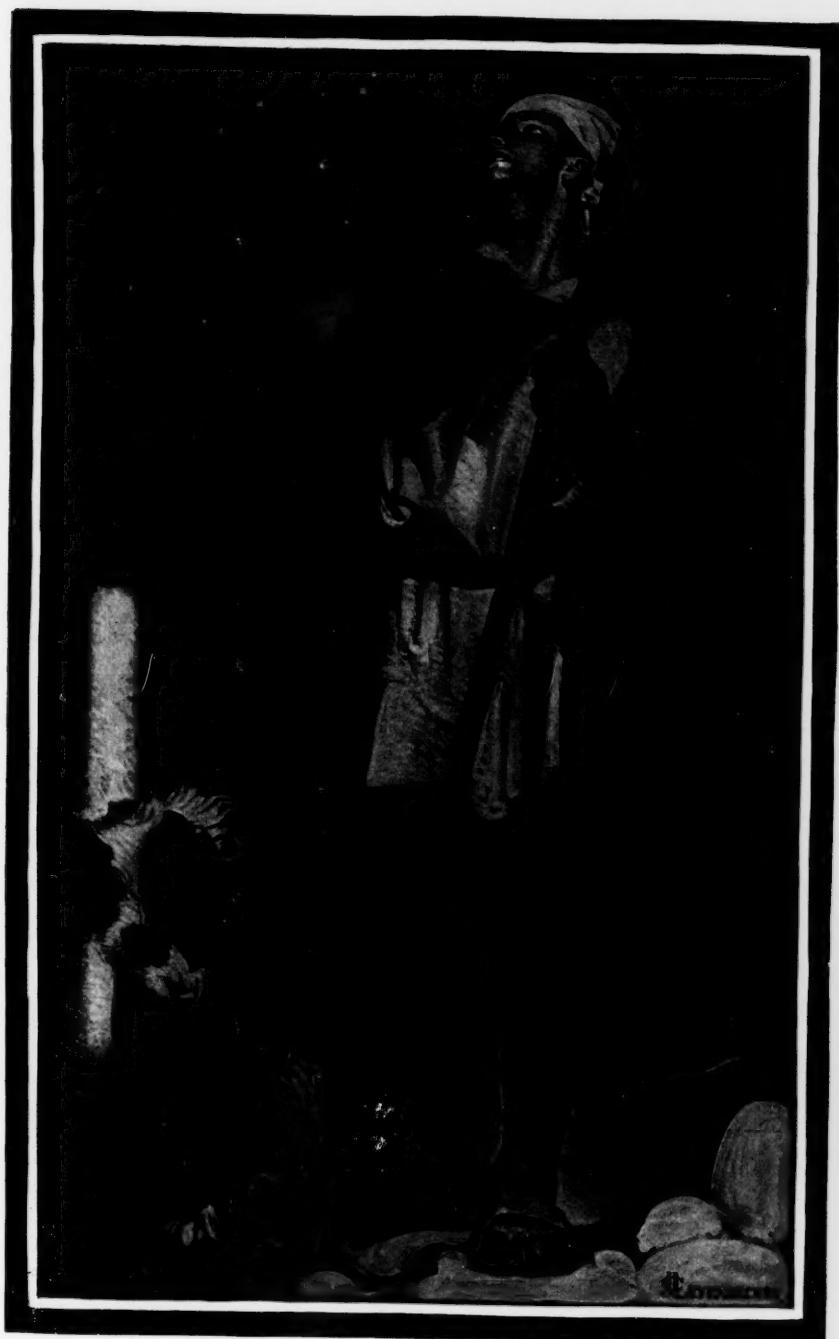


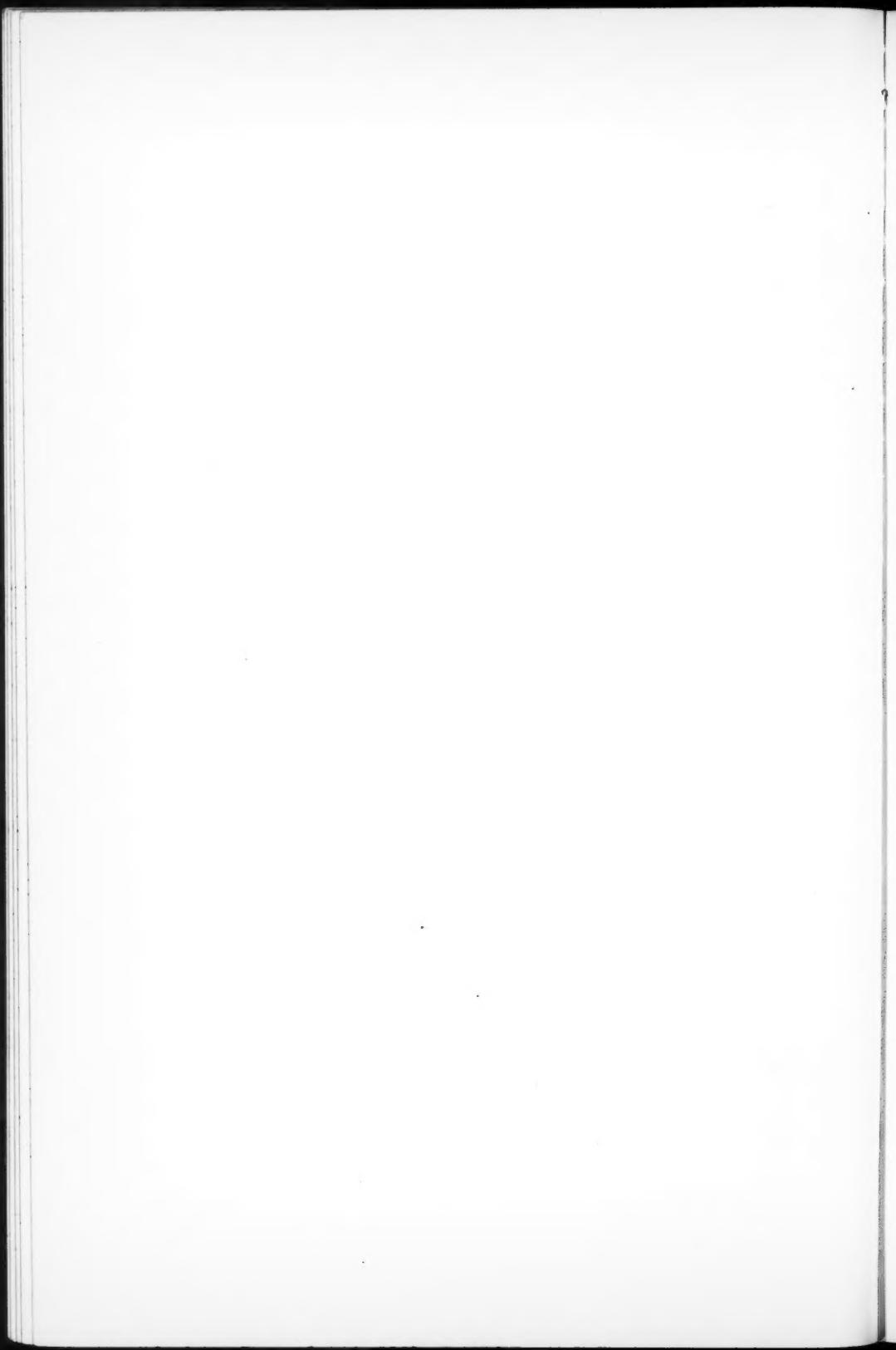
'T was in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home ;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?



R. WEIR CROUCH





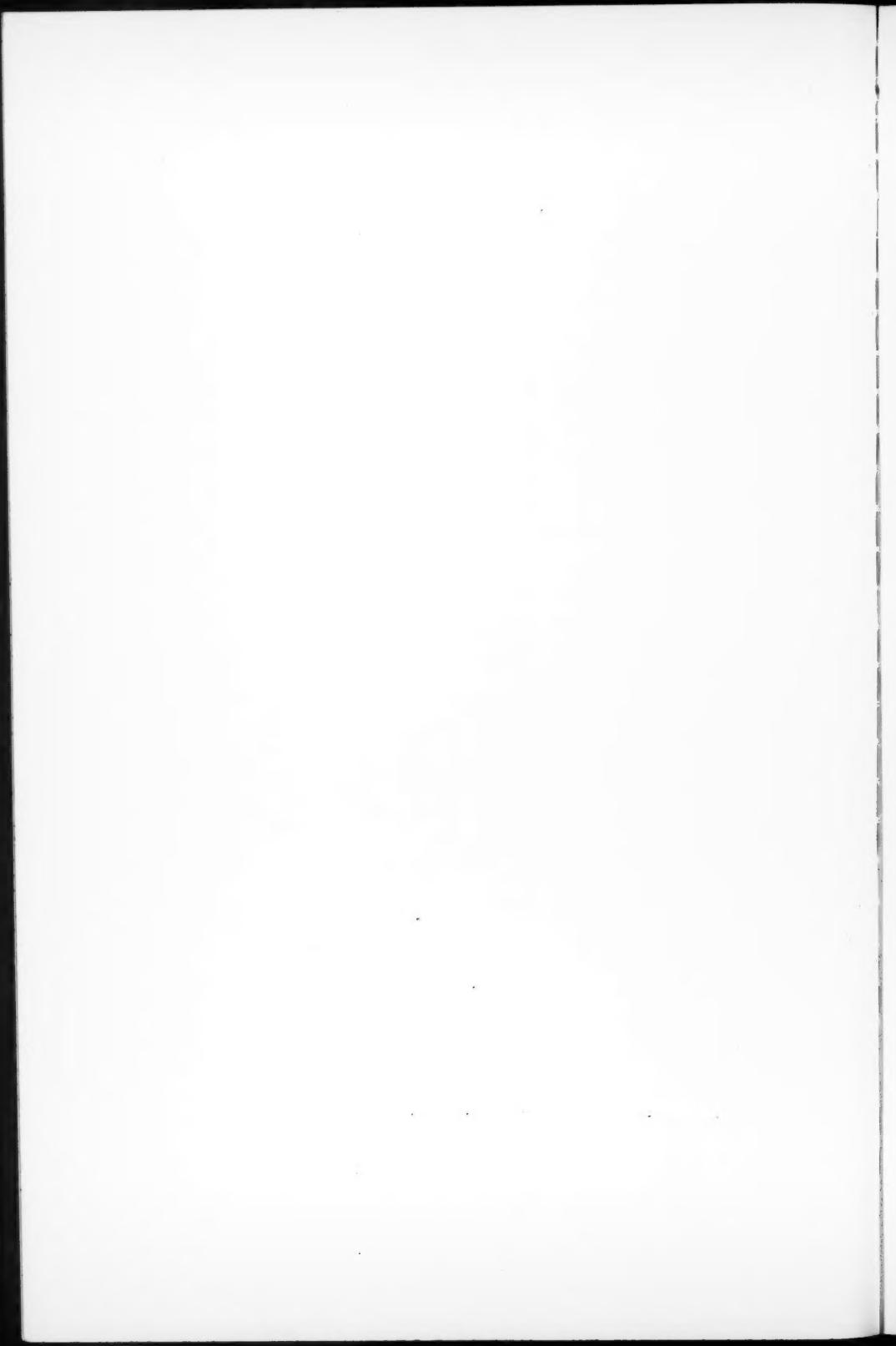




Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed - for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

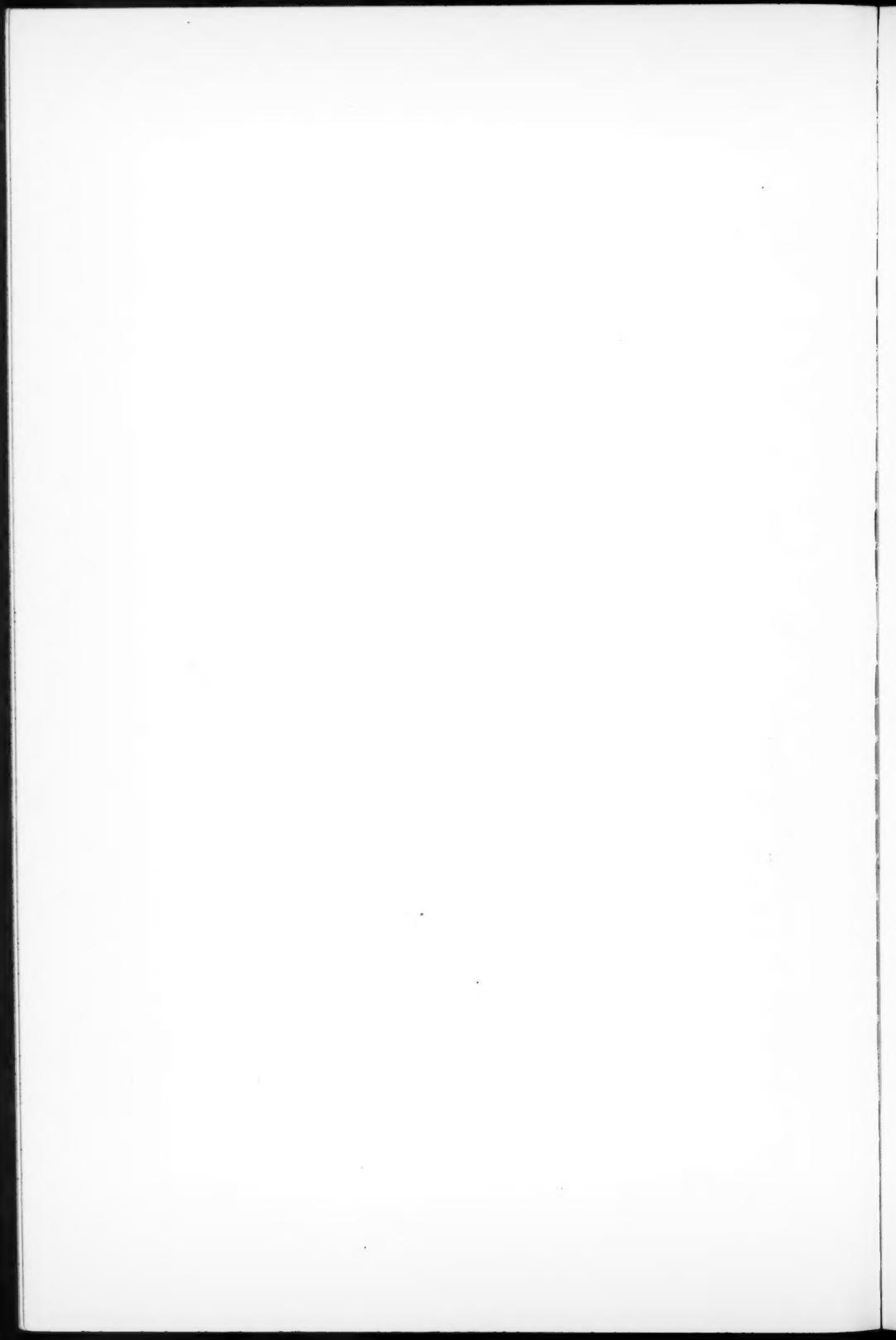


R. WEIR CROUCH





ST EYENDECKER



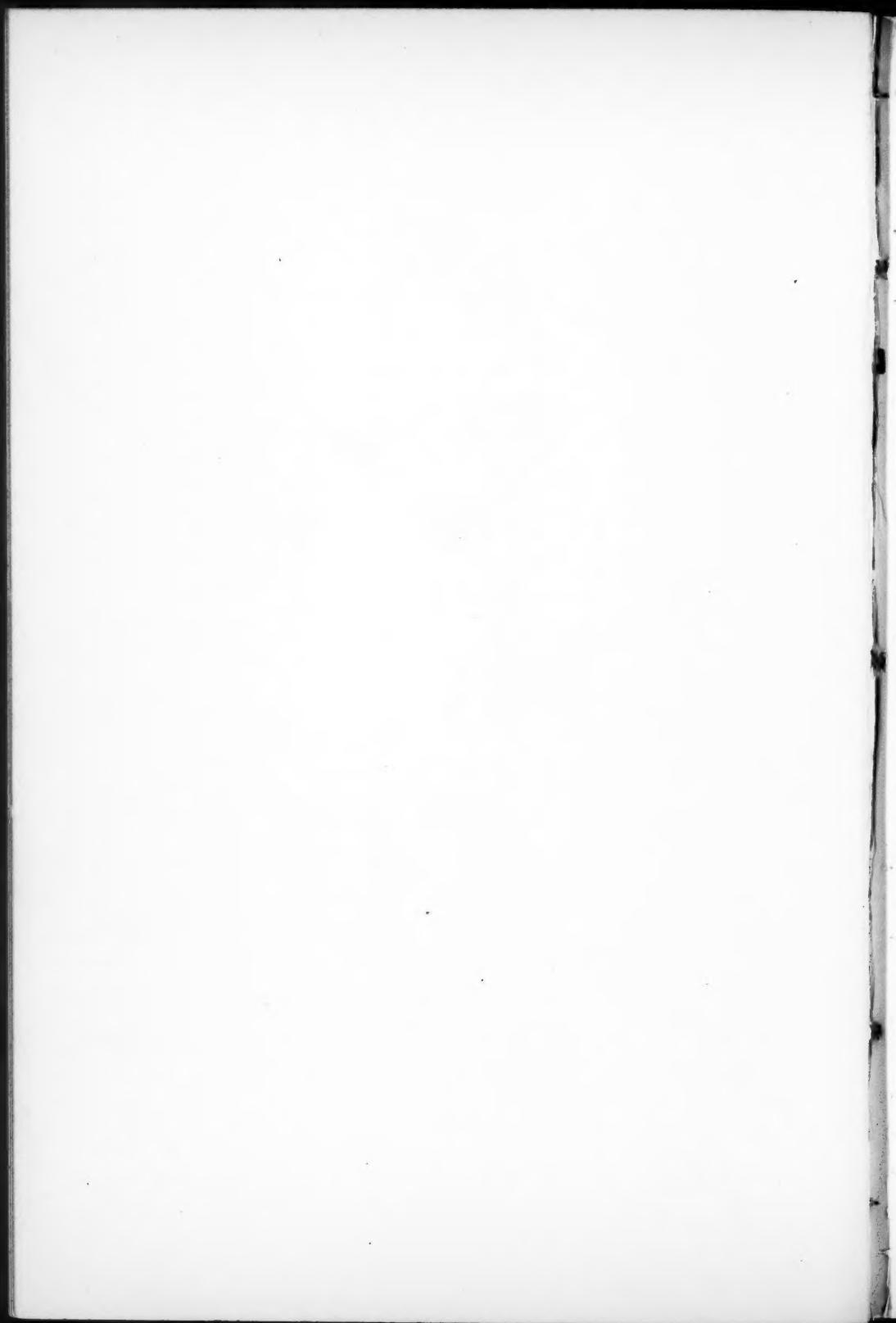


Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
 The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever-
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness-charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago !



R. WEIR CROUCH



STAR OF BETHLEHEM

BY MYRA KELLY

Author of "Little Citizens"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



ORD God of Israel, hear my wrongs," the rabbi prompted; "grant me vengeance on the accursed Christian."

"No, grandpa; I don't needs I should say mine wrongs prayers," Isidore pleaded; "I don't needs them."

"Recite thy wrongs," the rabbi commanded; "stand upright and begin."

"Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs," Isidore began in measured and sonorous Hebrew. "Let thine ear be attentive and thine arm swift to avenge. Look down upon thy servant and mark his suffering. Out of the town of a far country where we dwelt in love and peace with all men, out of the temple where my grandfather spent the years of his long life, out of the house wherein my mother was born and wherein she bore me, away from the friends who loved us, away from the friends we loved, the tyrant drove us. We came to the tyrant's land. Behold, there was no other place. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us. And my mother—" Rabbi Meirkoff covered his eyes with one long, thin hand and half sobbed, half groaned, "Thy mother!" Always at this point in the "wrongs prayers" he did these things, and Isidore, understanding as little of what he was saying as many another six-year-old understands of the Lord's Prayer, regarded this interruption as essential to the proceedings. So he resumed:

"My mother, the only child and daughter of this old man, they carried off to be their plaything for such time as her beauty should endure. My father they foully slew, and there remains of our ancient house a man too old for vengeance and a child too young. Cast, then, thine eyes

upon me, and hasten the day of my strength." Now can I go by the block?"

"Yea," said the rabbi, weakly; for no repetition could dull the agony which, at each new recital of his wrongs, tore his tired old heart with savage hatred and black despair. Each evening Isidore dragged him again through the scenes of that night whose evening left him in his stately library surrounded by his books and by his little family, and whose morning found him with other fugitives fleeing toward the frontier, a crying child beneath his cloak and a great fear in all his being. Five years had passed since then, and he was still afraid; still dazed; still, too often, hungry.

"Can I go by the block?" asked Isidore.

"If thou wilt shun the oppressor, hold no communion with him, and touch not of his food. And woe to them upon whom that monster of fire and flame which they call fire-engine comes suddenly! Go now, and with my blessing."

Isidore clattered out into the squalid hall, and a door at the farther end opened cautiously. With a rapturous chuckle he threw himself into the darkness beyond it, and was caught in a close embrace.

"Boy of my heart," whispered a fond old voice, "how are you to-night?"

"I'm healthy," Isidore replied as his hostess closed the door and lighted an inch-long candle which shone upon them redly from the cracked sides of what had once been a sanctuary lamp. "I'm healthy, and I guess I goes by the block."

"Is it like that you'd go?" Mrs. Keating demanded. "I will have to wash your face first."

"But you washed it yesterday," the boy objected. "I don't needs you shall wash it some more."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"NO, GRANDPA, I DON'T NEEDS I SHOULD SAY MY WRONGS PRAYERS"

"Then you can't go out."

"Then I 'll stay in."

Which was exactly what Mrs. Keating desired.

They spent a delightful evening. The hostess entertained the guest with reminiscences of far-off days in Connemara when her heart and her life were young. She was a relic of the time when East Broadway and all its environs had been a prosperous Irish quarter, and the years which had changed these stately homes to squalid tenements had changed her from the mistress of one of them to the worn and fragile sweeper of St. Mary's Church.

"My mother," she told the boy, "was a lovely girl; her hair was as black as the night, and her eyes were as blue as the sky."

"Mine mama had from the gold hair," the guest interrupted, "mine grandpa he tells me. From the gold hair, mit curls. On'y somethings comes by nights and takes my mama away."

"The saints preserve us! What kind of a thing?"

"I don't know what kind from a thing he was. I don't know the name from him out of English; on'y he kills my papa, and he takes away my mama, and he hits my grandpa a fierce hack. I guess maybe he had looks off the fire-engines. My grandpa he has a' awful fraid over fire-engines."

Mrs. Keating crossed herself devoutly. "And it was walking around alone?" she asked.

"Walkin' and yellin'."

"And it never touched you?"

"It ain't seen me; I sneaks behind my papa where he lays on the floor; they had a fraid from him, and while he was dead, blood comes out of him—it goes on mine dress. That's what my grandpa says."

"That's right, my dear; that's right," said the old woman. "Your dress was stiff with it when I found you."

"Tell me about how you found me some more," Isidore pleaded; "it is a' awful nice story."

"Well, I will," Mrs. Keating promised. "But first I must show you what I've got for you. I found it when I was sweeping the church." And she bestowed upon him a limp and shrunken paper bag containing six peanuts. As he rested happily on her knee and consumed this light refreshment, she began the story of which he, being the hero, never tired.

"It is five years ago this December, on a snowy night just like this, that I found you crying in the next room. You were all alone and very cold."

"Und I had a mad," the subject of this biography added with a chastened pride.

"You were as cross as two sticks," said his friend; "and you were dirty, and your dress was torn, and—"

"It had blood from off my papa?"

"Well, I did n't mind any of those things; I wanted a little boy, and I was glad to get him—glad to get even a dirty little boy."

Isidore's sensitive face flushed and his lip quivered. This was a digression and not at all to his mind.

"I was a baby," he urged; "a little bit of baby. I could n't to wash mine self, und mine grandpa he had a sad."

"Dear heart, that's a joke. I was only too glad to see you. You were as welcome as the flowers of May; and I picked you up and brought you here, where I had everything ready for you, because I knew that you were coming. I had waited years for you, I had prayed to Holy Mary for you."

"Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild," said Isidore, devoutly.

"Mother of God, I used to pray to her, 'you see that I am lonely; you know that empty arms can ache. Send me something to take care of; send me—'"

"And she sent you kittens," the enthralled audience interrupted. "She sent six crawly kittens mitout no eyes and mit whiskers by the face. She was awful good."

"The woman on the next floor was moving and gave them to me. But they soon grew up, and I was as badly off as ever."

"So you prayed some more," he said.

"I did, indeed; and Mary—"

"Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild," he again insisted.

"Sent me a little boy to take care of."

"Und you lays me on your bed, und you gives me I should eat, und you makes me I should sleep, und by mornings comes my grandpa mit fierce mads."

"Glory be to God! he was the maddest thing I ever saw; I thought he would have had a fit. First he cried over you, and then he cursed me—I did n't know a word he said, but I knew by the look of him—until he was as weak as a kitten."

"On'y Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild ain't sent *him*?" the boy interposed again.

"Indeed, she did not. And then he took you away into the next room and warned me—I did n't understand a word he said, but I knew by the look of him—never to go near you or to touch you again."

"And it makes mit you nothings?" said the boy.

"Nothing at all; when he was out I'd go and take care of you, and feed you, and dress you in the little shirts and things I made you out of Father Burke's old surplice and the tail of Father Jerome's cassock. And your grandfather, poor old gentleman! so queer in his head and so wild in his ways, walked up and down Grand street all day long—a sandwich-man, God help him!—and came home too tired to notice the clothes that were on you or to ask where they came from."

"He never says nothings on'y prayers," said Isidore, sadly. "All times he says prayers. I don't know what he says—they is out of Jewish; on'y they makes him awful mad."

"Dearie, you must n't bother him; you must be a good boy; because if you are good now, you'll grow up to be a good man."

"Und I'll go and kill that thing what kills my papa und steals my mama away—my mama what had from the gold hair, und a light face, und was loving so much mit my grandpa und miit me."

"Of course," said Mrs. Keating, "you must kill the beast—and oh, it must be a cruel beast to harm a lovely lady! I know she was a lovely lady," she explained as she laid her hand upon his golden head and turned his beautiful little face up to her own loving one; "I know she was lovely because a little bird told me so."

"I guess she was," Isidore agreed, "the while she was loving much mit us and my grandpa was loving much mit her; her name stands like that Leah, und all times my grandpa he makes prayers over it. By times he makes sad prayers over it; by times he makes mad prayers over it; by times he don't says no prayers at all, on'y 'Leah, Leah, Leah!' My poor grandpa! He has it pretty hard."

"He has, indeed," said the hostess; "and he'll be no better as long as the beast lives. So you must grow as strong and as fast as you can, and then go home and kill

it. And you'll never grow at all if you stay up late like this, talking to a foolish old woman. So come and say the prayer I taught you, and then go to bed. But first I'll light the altar."

Isidore helped her; it was his greatest joy, this little altar whose foundation was a three-legged table, and whose crowning glory was a much defaced and faded but still beautiful copy of a Raphael Madonna. There were other holy pictures of lesser size, several cracked red-glass bowls some broken vases, a paper flower or so, a spray of dried grass, bits of tinsel, and scraps of lace-edged linen.

Isidore was supplied with a broken-spirited taper and spent five minutes of reverent joy in lighting the innumerable candle-ends which his hostess had fixed to pieces of broken china or to circles of tin cut from the tops of corn- and tomato-cans.

Then the tinsel shone, the linen gleamed, the red glass glowed, and the gentle-eyed Madonna looked down upon a little face as fair and as pure as that resting against her breast, as Isidore knelt before her to say his evening prayer:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity mine and pity me,
And suffer me to come to thee."

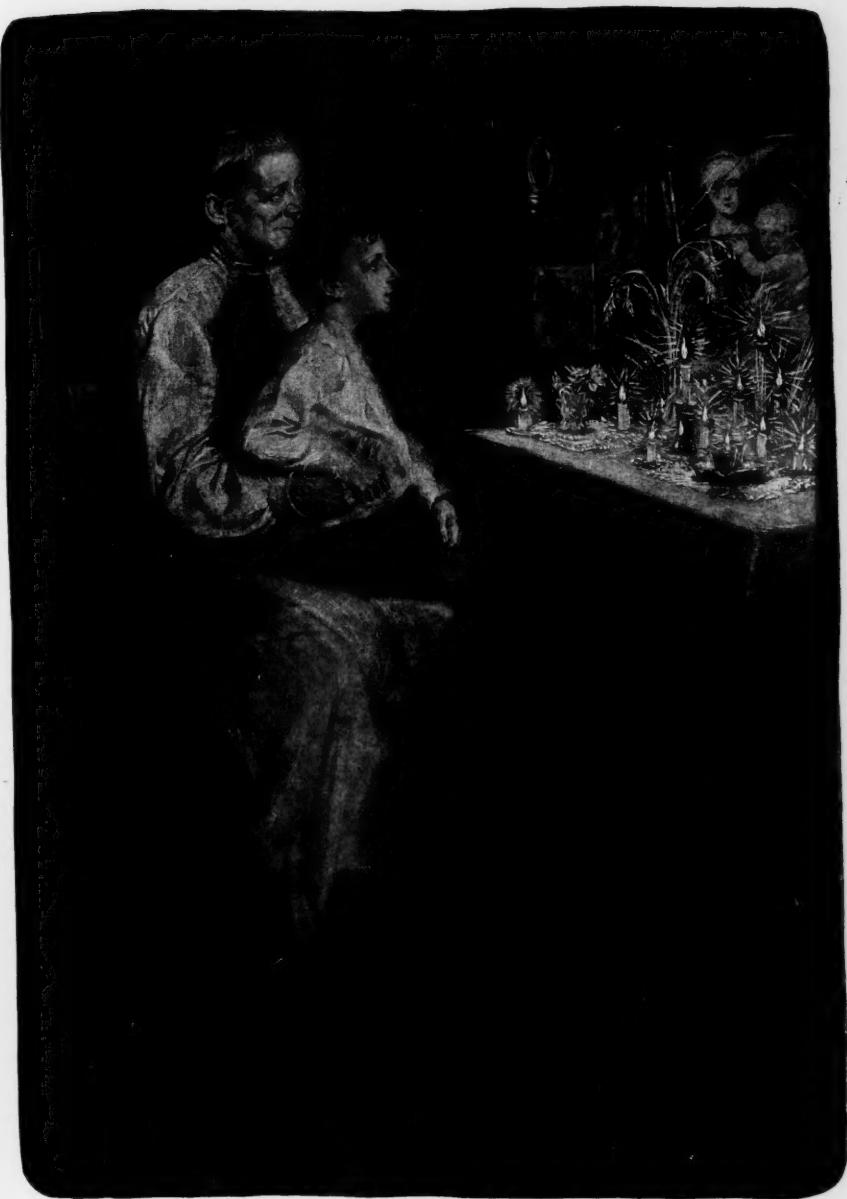
At the door he turned, "Good night, dear Lady-Friend," said he; and then, to the painted family over the altar, "Good night, Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild; good night, Gentle-Jesus-Meek-and-Mild." And Mrs. Keating never realized that all her efforts toward Isidore's conversion had culminated in the theory that the Holy Family's names, like their lives, were Gentle and Holy and Mild. "Mild," he decided was the surname.

Upon his return to his own room, Isidore was greeted by his grandfather's sad eyes and the constant question, "Thou hast held no communion with the oppressor?"

"No, grandpa," answered Isidore; "I ain't seen him even."

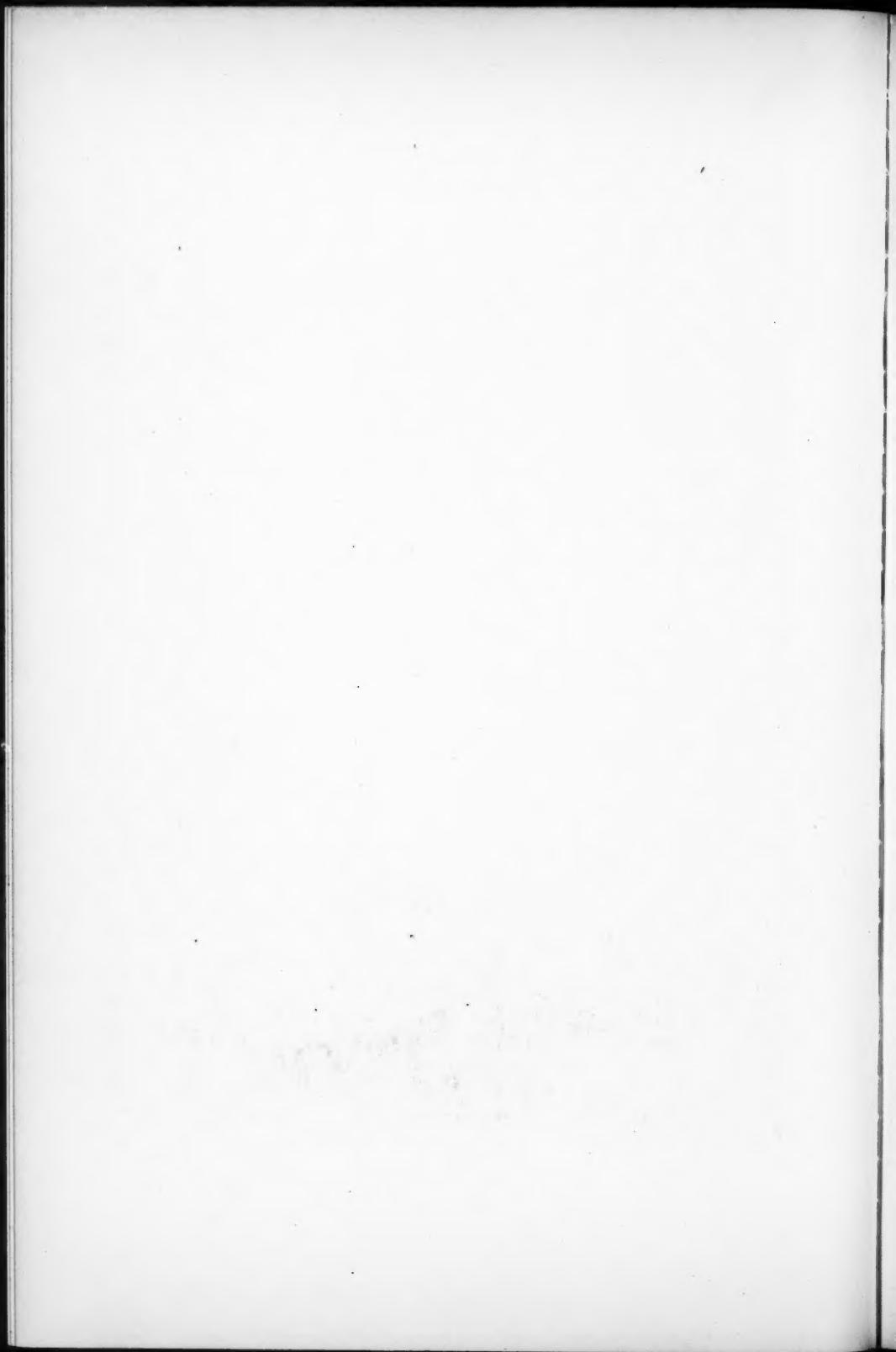
"There is time," said the Rabbi Meir-koff; "thou art as yet too young. But the God of Israel will grant thee vengeance. For has he not written, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth'? Aye, but what for such wrongs as ours?"

"Boy of my heart," said Mrs. Keating



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IT WAS HIS GREATEST JOY, THIS LITTLE ALTAR"



some mornings later, when Isidore knocked at her door, "is the old gentleman gone?"

"Sure is he," answered Isidore; "he puts him on mit them boards and he goes by Grand street. He won't never let me put me on mit them boards. I likes I shall wear them. Und my grandpa he don't likes he wear them. He has a fraid over the streets. He likes he shall sit where no noises und no peoples is. He has it pretty hard."

"Well, I have a treat for you," said Mrs. Keating. "I'm going over to the church to help with the crib, and I'm going to take you with me. You will be good and quiet, won't you?"

"Sure will I," said Isidore in his unchanging form of assent, and he began to be quiet and good upon the instant. He sat upon a cushion which once had graced a prie-dieu and still smelt faintly of dead incense, while his friend bonneted and shawled herself. He loved the church. To his mind, the only place approaching it in attractiveness was a stable, two blocks away, where a dejected horse and three dejected dogs lived in peace and unison with a dejected peddler. They were all his friends, though Mrs. Keating frowned upon the intimacy.

But of the church she approved, and in the church he was happy. The peace, the coolness, the spaciousness, of it appealed to the innate refinement of his little soul. The mystery of its dim-lit arches, its high galleries and choir, its sometimes sounding organ, and its one high lamp, pleased the poet in him. And everything interested the boy he was. But most of all he loved the flowers. The only other flowers he knew were in a florist's window, with cold glass interposed between them and their small lover. But in the church were less distant flowers, and one might touch them, smell them, fondle them, if one was so fortunate as to have a Lady-Friend whose privilege it was to dust the altar. Also there was a bell—a wonderful bell three stories high, and of an entrancing brightness; and from this one might extract booming responses with a small, tight knuckle when the attention of one's Lady-Friend was centered upon dusty cushions.

But to-day there were other things to watch and to wonder at. There were lights and people inside the high gold railing which separated the altar from the com-

mon ground. A noise of hammering echoed strangely through the silence which had never been disturbed save for the distant jangle of a horse-car or the rumble of a truck. And when Isidore's dazzled eyes grew clear he saw that the small altar where Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild had always stood had undergone a transformation. It was no longer an altar: it was a stable. And Isidore was very glad, for she could never again object to his visits to the peddler, the dejected horse, and the three dejected dogs; for behold, here was the whole heavenly choir assembled in a barn, benignly associating with a very small, very large-eared horse, a wide-horned cow, and three woolly lambs. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild, discarding her crown and lily, had come down from her pedestal to kneel beside the manger. Behind her stood Holy-Joseph-Father-Mild; while three other gentlemen, whom Isidore knew to be saints because they wore "like ladies clothes and from the gold somethings on their heads," offered gifts of price. Two long-winged angels knelt at the end of the manger; and in it, lying on shining straw, was Gentle-Jesus-Meek-and-Mild. Isidore was entranced. Mrs. Keating opened the golden gate and led him into the quiet group of adorers, where he knelt as reverently as any one of them, and looked as much a part of the picture. His Lady-Friend knelt by his side, and they said their prayers together, while high above them the great star of Bethlehem shone with an unsteady luster. Now the star of Bethlehem was used only on great festivals, and its attachment was insecure. As Isidore and Mrs. Keating prayed a helper at the main altar threw a heavy green garland over the high-hung gas-pipe which crossed the chancel. There was a quick cry of warning, and Isidore looked up in time to see that the star of Bethlehem had broken loose and his dear friend was in peril. The heavy blazing iron crashed down upon her thin shoulders, but Isidore's little body bore the brunt.

SOME hours later he opened his eyes upon the scene of all his joy and cherishment. Holy-Mary-Mother-Mild smiled down upon him from her accustomed frame as he lay in his friend's arms.

"Boy of my heart," she greeted him, "you should n't have done it."

"It was polite," he said. "Stars on the neck ain't healthy for you, und so I catches it. On'y say, it makes me a sickness."

"Go to sleep, dear," said Mrs. Keating. "Shut your pretty eyes and go to sleep."

Obediently Isidore closed them, and then suddenly reminded her:

"I ain't said mine prayers."

"Say them, then, sweetheart," she humored him. And when he had reconciled himself to a stiff unresponsiveness of his body which forbade his kneeling or even folding his hands, he turned his face to the lights and began:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity mine and pity me,
And suffer me to come to thee."

"To come to thee!" Mrs. Keating echoed. "To come to thee!"

"Und now," said Isidore, after some pause, "I guess I says mine wrongs prayers," and addressed the Lady of the altar in the tongue which had been hers in the days of her white virginity at Nazareth:

"Lord God of Israel, hear my wrongs!
Grant me vengeance upon the accursed Christian! We came unto their land. With curses they received us; with indignities they welcomed us—"

"Go to sleep, my darling," crooned his Lady-Friend and kissed him. "You can finish your prayers—later."

And presently she laid him—quite still—among the lights and the paper flowers on the altar of that faith whose symbol had crushed him, whose perversion had crushed his people, but whose truth had made all the happiness which his short life had known.



TO JESUS THE NAZARENE

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES¹

CLOSEST to men, thou pitying Son of Man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship,
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God,—
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One!
Brother of all the world, I come to thee!

Gentle as she who nursed thee at her breast
(Yet what a lash of lightnings once thy tongue
To scourge the hypocrite and Pharisee!)—
Nerve thou mine arm, O meek, O mighty One!
Champion of all who fail, I fly to thee!

O man of sorrows, with the wounded hands,—
For chaplet, thorns; for throne, a pagan cross;
Bowed with the woe and agony of time,
Yet loved by children and the feasting guests,—
I bring my suffering, joyful heart to thee.

Chaste as the virginal lily on her stem,
Yet in each hot, full pulse, each tropic vein,
More filled with feeling than the flow'r with sun;
No anchorite,—hale, sinewy, warm with love,—
I come in youth's high tide of bliss to thee.

O Christ of contrasts, infinite paradox,
Yet life's explainer, solvent harmony,
Frail strength, pure passion, meek austerity,
And the white splendor of these darken'd years,—
I lean my wondering, wayward heart on thine.

¹ Died September 19, 1905.

JEAN BAPTISTE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

Author of "Jules of the Great Heart"

SMOKÉ curled lazily from the top of the birch-bark tepee and drifted away until it was lost among the dark pines. The morning air was biting cold and the crust on the snow crackled sharply as two puppies rolled and snapped at each other on it. Then one obtained a firm hold of his comrade's ear; the result was a long screech from the persecuted one. The blanket over the tepee entrance was pushed aside and Jean Baptiste stepped out.

"Ah, you leet' diables, alway mak' nois'! Marche-an, allez!" Baptiste looked up at the heavens; they were threatening and dull; great brows of cloud writhed and twisted along, though there was no wind in the forest. Then his eyes swept the long white horizon that showed here and there through the trees.

"Mor' snow, by dam'!" he muttered as he gathered up some wood at his feet. "Marie, mak' déjeuner queeck; Ah mus' go see de trap befor' de storm he come!"

"B'en oui," a woman's voice answered from inside the wigwam.

Baptiste threw the wood past the blanket door, and proceeded to feed his six dogs with pemmican. They fought at once over the food.

"An' you Rico, you gourmand, alway steal somet'ing f'om oddaire. By gar, Ah geef you keeck!" Jean landed a rapid thrust with his toe, and the shaggy brute drew away growling.

Then silently the white flakes eddied down; in groups and one by one they gathered on the bark of the little home, clustered on the far-reaching branches of

the firs and hemlocks, and filtered slowly through the pine-needles.

"Wee-se-ne! [Breakfast!]"

Baptiste brushed the snow from his arms and shoulders, stamped his moccasins free of it, and went in.

A small fire burned hotly in the center; a girl sat beside it, gently shaking a frying-pan; a pannikin of tea, some pieces of bread and meat, and a bit of salt pork formed the breakfast fare. Jean spoke seldom during the meal, and Marie had curled herself up again in the rabbit-skin blankets.

"B'en adieu, chérie; Ah be back een two day a half eff no too beeg storm."

He bent over the delicate brown face and kissed it.

"Certainement be back, Jean?" the girl asked with a little catch in her voice.

"Certainement." And Baptiste picked up his snow-shoes, an ax, and a blanket in which Marie had put provisions; then he laughed softly.

"W'en you expec'—"

"Non, Jean; no say dat," she answered shyly.

He went back and sat down beside her. "Tell to moi, your Jean, chérie, so dat Ah be sure know, hein?"

She hid her face in his skin capote.

"Ah be ici sans doute." He laughed gaily.

"Au revoir, bo'-jou', bo'-jou', petite!"

"Bo'-jou', bo'-jou'," she answered steadily, though her big brown eyes were troubled and moist. He was gone.

No sound save a faint whisper of the forest caused by the wind that was coming slowly. Then the two puppies, lonely now that the dogs were away, nosed their

way past the blanket and stretched themselves by the dying fire. Marie lay there, thinking, wondering, sometimes sleeping, while the storm grew outside till the forest creaked and shook and its branches waved wildly to and fro. Suddenly a powerful blast brushed the blanket at the entrance aside, and whirled in, carrying myriads of snow particles, and waving the rabbit furs over the girl in turbulent ridges. She sat up, wakened by the cold, clammy bits on her face.

"Bon Dieu, vat tempête!" she whispered, and stood up. Her figure was not as lithe and slim as it had been some months before, and she seemed weak. Before fastening the blanket again, she looked out. Everywhere the snow, tossed and tumbled by the wind, drove in white sheets across the tiny clearing; she could hear the angry roaring of the pines and distinguish the whistling of the firs and the fierce droning of the hemlocks as gust after gust swept madly through them.

"Misère, misère!" she murmured, and built up the fire. The puppies whined at being disturbed and crept close to her. The girl then boiled some tea and ate a little food, —but very little,—and lay down again in the furs. Slowly the hours dragged by, but the storm yowled on with unabated force; gradually the gray light that came through the fire-hole in the tepee-top faded. From time to time Marie threw wood on the fire. Then it was dark. No light in the wigwam but that of the bright-red embers that cast their shadows on the circular bark wall; their glow was vague and mysterious because the gale sounds overcame the faint cracklings, and the fire-eyes shone ruddy and noiseless. A tin kettle in the corner diffused a green-white reflection on one spot, and the girl watched it unconsciously.

Suddenly the puppies jumped up and barked—not really barked, but did their best in short yelps and diminutive howls. Marie was wide awake instantly and listened. No unusual sound could she hear, but the dogs scratched and dug valiantly at the blanket she had securely fastened. The girl moved to rise, when a heavy body fell against the entrance and rolled almost to her feet, tearing the door with it. Marie leaped to her feet and stared, frightened at first. The body lay there motionless.

"Vone mans, b'en vrai!" she whispered, holding the rabbit-skins about her. She

went over softly and listened; no sound came from the blurred heap beside the embers. Then she leaned over and pulled from the man's face the blanket in which he was entangled.

"Bon Dieu!" she screamed, and looked again.

The face she saw was of snowy whiteness, except for a small round hole just under the black, dank hair, from which a red stream trickled heavily. The eyes were closed and the mouth was drawn out of shape with pain. To see better, she hurriedly threw nearly all the stock of wood Baptiste had left for her on the fire, and furiously blew at the embers till a strong blaze cast a lurid yellow glare in the interior. She bent down and listened at the man's chest, then started up in alarm.

"Jésu Christ! he alive an' Ah have noting for do for heem," she cried. The silence after her words was greater than ever. The wind had decreased and now sobbed fitfully; between the gusts the stillness was absolute.

Then from far in the white distance came the long, mournful howl of a wolf. The sound startled her, and her senses were at once alert; she chafed the man's hands and face with snow, listening now and again at his heart. Little by little its beats grew stronger and more regular; at last his eyes opened and roved blankly over the little interior.

"Ni-be, ni-be! [Water!]" he whispered. Marie poured a thin stream between his parched lips.

"Miguetch! [Thanks!]" But in the big, wandering eyes there was a look of terror, the fear of a hunted animal!

The girl questioned him softly in the Ojibway language, but he did not understand; then she tried French, but without success; in despair, she lapsed into the broken English frequently used by the Indians in conversing with men of different tribes whose language they do not know.

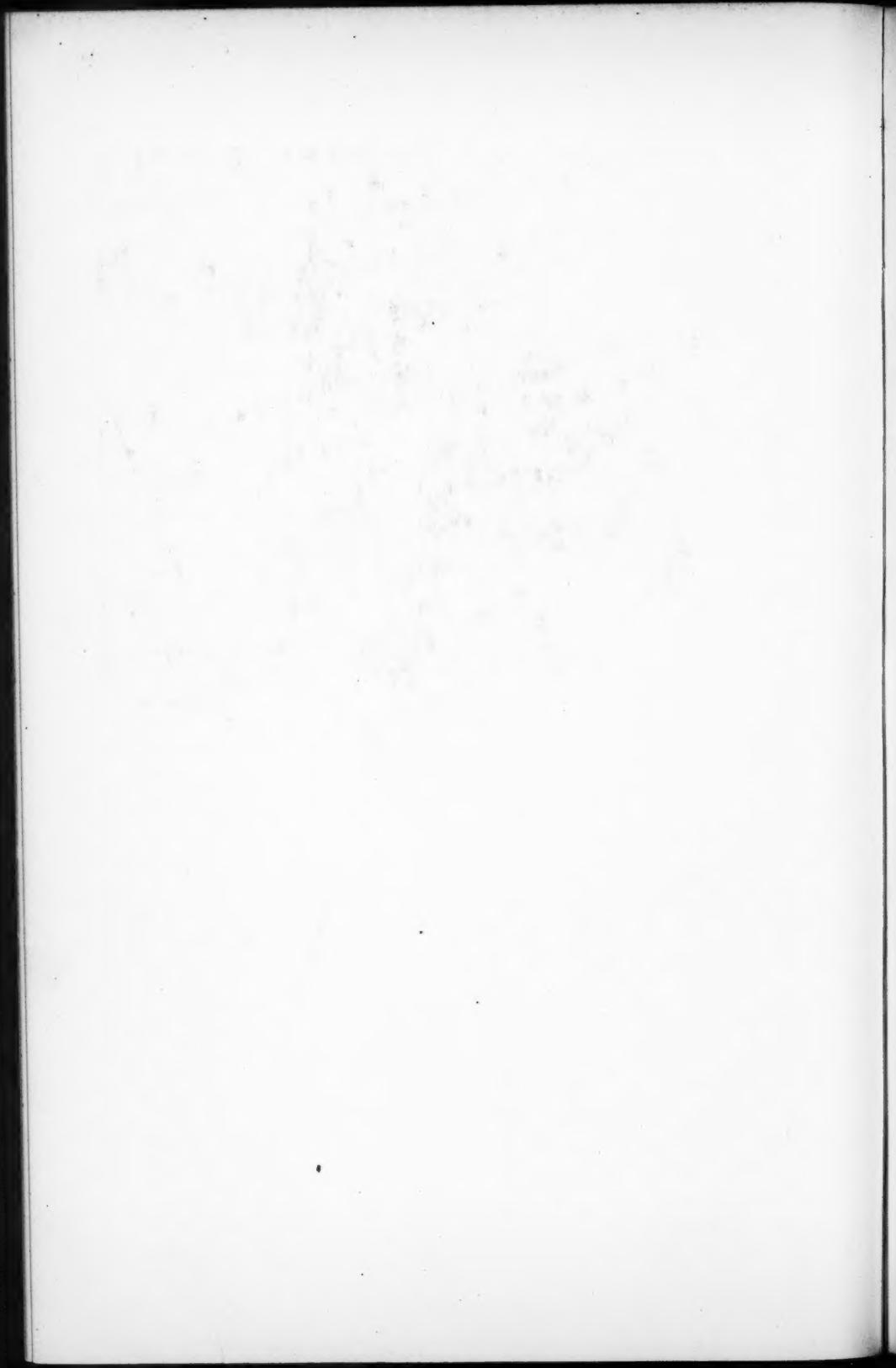
"Who you?"

"Gwinguish," he muttered feebly. "Cree f'om Longue Lac. Hodsonbaie mans send police aftaire *win* [me] for why Ah have no skins for paie de debt." Here he coughed, and the exertion started again the red flow from the tiny round hole under his hair. With deft fingers the girl wound her handkerchief about the wound



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'TAK' ME—NO HEEM!'"



and pressed it down firmly with her long, thin hands. The flow ceased.

"Las' night," the weak voice began again, "de police mak' shootin' at win. I fallin' down een de snow and mak' hide een bush; dey go pas' win, an' Ah comme creep, creep, t'rough de fores' teel Ah fin' dees place. Baim-by de police fin' de track my snow-shoe an' comme dees place, an—" the Indian's voice trailed off in a groan, and he rolled over, unconscious.

"Bon Dieu!" Marie whispered to herself. "Bon Dieu! pauvre diable! Ef Jean vas onlee here! Maintenant—vat Ah do?" She went to the entrance and listened; the storm had gone and the forest loomed massive and black against the dim, cold light of the snow underneath and beyond. No sound—not a whisper—disturbed the throbbing stillness. Uneven and jagged, the tops of the firs and hemlocks pointed straight upward to the heavens, where the northern lights fluttered and streamed in long pennants of drifting, shifting vividness.

"De tempête gone! Jean no back two day! Vat Ah do?" She spoke aloud in her distress. "Ah no can go fin' heem; am no strong 'nough. An' ef de police—Dieu!" She almost screamed then, as through the forest she heard the clinking of bits and the muffled plod, plod, of horses' feet in the heavy snow. Instantly she leaped back into the wigwam, her weakness and her expected child forgotten, and in her terror she shook the wounded Indian roughly.

"Ah—ah—ah!" he groaned, and opened his eyes.

"De police dey come!" she hissed. The words seared his mind and forced his brain to action; he tried to stagger up, but fell helpless.

"Be quiet—say notting!" she hissed again, covered his face with her rabbit blankets, rolled him by main force into a corner, his back to the fire, and leaped again to the entrance.

"Hillo! Hillo! Bo'-jou'!"

The mounted police—six of them—had reached the little clearing and stopped, seeing the tepee.

"Bo'-jou', bo'-jou'!" she answered steadily, though her heart-beats suffocated her. "What ees?"

"We air looking for a d—d scamp named Gwinguish; fired at him yesterday, saw blood on the snow, and lost him when

this rotten storm came up. Have n't seen him, have you?"

The girl clutched at her throat, as though to force her voice to steady speech.

"Non," she answered; "no see 't all."

"Curse the luck!" The man slid from his saddle as he spoke. "Chasing about this God-forsaken country, and then to miss our man! We—"

"Whose wigwam 's this?" one of the police asked in Ojibway.

"Jean Baptiste," Marie answered bravely.

"Free trapper?"

"Ah-hai [Yes]."

"We'll stop here and feed the horses, Ah-teg," the first man ordered; and the six tethered their horses to trees and drew the dark-blue blankets carefully over them.

"Got fire?" he asked, and the girl nodded.

The police stalked into the tepee, their spurs tinkling in the silence.

Marie shivered, and entered after them.

"Who 's that?" the leader asked quickly as the fire blazed up, pointing to the figure under the rabbit-skins.

"Baptiste." Her voice quivered, then was steady again. "He hurt hees foot yes'day."

"Too bad."

Soon the rattling of tea-pannikins filled the tepee, while the police joked and laughed, sometimes cursing their luck and the weather, and wondering if they could still catch Gwinguish.

"He 's making for Wabinoosh, sure."

"I don't think so; more likely to try for Fort Hope, and hide among the Indians there!"

"Say,"—the one who spoke Ojibway stood up, tall and swarthy in the yellow light,—"Ah goin' tak' look round."

"Go ahead, Michele; go ahead, and welcome." The sergeant chuckled as the man went out. "Always looking for things he can't find; but, by —! he 's a good trailer, boys! If it had n't been for that cursed snow-storm, he 'd have found our man sure enough."

Marie said nothing, but her heart was full of fear, because she knew that but little snow had fallen since Gwinguish had come, and that Michele was one of the best trackers in the whole mounted police force. She reasoned that the Indian would in all probability find the wavering, wandering

tracks made that night; and she shuddered at the result, because a short shrift is given thieves of the Hudson Bay Company, and she was friendly to the poor devil who sought to evade the company's crushing maw, because her husband was a free trader and trapper.

As the police ate and drank, the fear at her heart became unbearable. Strangely weak and dizzy she felt; nevertheless she stood up, and with wavering steps sought the cold air outside. Daylight was just coming over the eastern horizon. Leaning against the bark walls, she caught her breath quickly at seeing the tracker, Michele, hunting here and there like a hound, his dark figure dimly discernible in the faint light. As she stood there, a hand was laid on her shoulder, its fingers gripping her flesh.

"Jean," she sobbed, as the gaunt face peered into hers, "Gwinguish, honted, shot by police, een dere. Ah tell dat heem you. Pauvre diable, sauf heem for me!" And she fainted.

Jean Baptiste carefully laid Marie on the snow. "Chérie!" he muttered; "alway do somet'ing good! Ah sauf Gwinguish." He straightened up and listened.

Within the tepee the policemen laughed and chatted; without all was stillness, and his trained ears caught the light scrunch, scrunch, of the tracker's feet as the latter sought here and there.

Baptiste stiffened on his snow-shoes.

"By gar, dose confoun' police! Ah goin' fool dem!"

He moved noiselessly to the tepee entrance, his snow-shoes clicking but very softly. Then dashing the blanket aside—"You all too beeg dam' fool for to catch moi!" he called loudly, and darted away among the gray and black trunks.

"The devil!" The sergeant jumped to his feet. "Gwingush, by all that's holy!" He sprang to the entrance. "Michele! Blast you, you red devil, you're not worth your salt! Here's our man just here." The six tumbled helter-skelter into the clearing, rushed to their horses, rolled the blankets in a heap on the saddle-bows, and galloped away in the gloom.

Baptiste, the storm having covered his track, had decided to return to his camp for two reasons: the expectation of a "paoose" and the fact that fur was not plenty at the time of a heavy fall of snow.

When he approached his tepee he had heard the voices of the mounted police, and, free trapper though he was, had thought it best not to approach too openly. He left his dogs and sledge in the timber, crept carefully, met Marie, heard her warning and appeal, and was first with the task, a difficult one enough, of leading the police a vain chase.

The bushes had scarce closed behind his figure when they parted again as Michele slunk rapidly after the flying figure.

"Allez!" The team leaped to their work. Jean was a light man, and the sledge whirred fast over the snow.

"Matche—Manito!" Michele cursed as he floundered after; then, raising his head, he whooped, "Ho-e-e-e-a!"

Far off to the right the police answered, and he waited for them. Gray, pink, purple, the night clouds drifted away, hued by the coming sun, whose rays pierced the somberness of the forest and tinged the snow-laden branches white, gold, and silver. Nearer and nearer the horses' feet sounded; then:

"Damnation! Michele, where in thunder 'd he go?"

"Dees way," and he pointed out the sledge trail.

"After him—after him, men!" And away they went, the horses lurching heavily, the men growling and swearing.

BACK at the tepee, Marie opened her eyes and struggled to her feet. Everything was silent; the sun, two hours up, gilded the horizon in a dazzling glare. "Jean, Jean," she murmured vaguely, then she remembered. Her weak footsteps roused the figure in the blankets in the tepee, and Gwingush sat up.

"Who you?" he began, blankly staring before him.

"With feverish haste the girl knelt at his side.

"Jean he follow' by police. Dey t'ink heem you; Ah say so! You go 'way queeck!"

"Ah-hai," he moaned, and tried to stand up. A lurch, a stagger, and he fell, while Marie stood by, weak and dizzy.

"Stan' up—stan' up an' go!" she begged.

Again and again the wounded man tried, but always he tumbled at her feet.

Then the tears forced their way to the

girl's eyes; she understood at last that she was helpless, while the police were on her husband's trail. She sat down wearily by the faint embers of the fire, and waited.

Higher and higher the winter sun climbed in the heavens. Drip, drip, drip! the snow, melting in its heat, dropped to the crust beneath. Silence in the timber—deep silence. The puppies played outside, their sharp yelping echoing among the stalwart trunks and dark-green recesses.

"Hurrah!" And again, "H-u-r-r-a-h!"

With many whoopings and yells the mounted police came to the clearing again. Lashed securely behind a trooper was Jean Baptiste. They had cornered him in a blind gorge behind the mountains and captured him.

Stillness reigned in the wigwam as they approached. McPherson slipped from his horse and looked in.

"Whisht, b'ys; there's a chyild amang 'em nou!"

The other five dismounted and slid Baptiste from the horse.

"Strange, lads, that he ain't wounded! Sure we saw blood 'way out t' other side of Mackenzie Mountain!" They searched the prisoner for a wound, but not even a scratch rewarded their efforts, Jean meanwhile standing mute and firm before them.

"Well, we got him, anyhow," one policeman said cheerfully, "woun' or nae woun'; but 't is vera, vera cur'ous, na'ertheless," he finished in a whisper.

As the police talked and built a fire, Gwinguish, inside the tepee, heard, understood, and staggered to his feet. His head troubled him frightfully, but in the corner his bleared eyes saw the girl, and, tottering body and soul as he was, he understood what she had done for him. He fell to his knees, then rolled over, picked himself up

again, dragged his body the length of the tepee, and crawled out.

"What's this? An', i' faith, 't is Baptiste!" the sergeant said; then, seeing the blood-soaked neckerchief over the forehead—"but the girl said he'd hurted his foot."

Gwinguish by an awful effort got to his knees. Jean stood silent and grave, looking at him.

"No Baptiste me. Me Gwinguish you shoot yes'day; de girl, hees *eqwe* [woman], she tell you me heem; he try for let me get 'way. Ah 'm *m'guetch* [thanks] to heem; tak' me—no heem!" The body of the senseless man sagged between Baptiste and the sergeant.

"I'll be clean dahmned!" the latter muttered.

Unnoticed, Saunders, the youngest of the force, thumbed his report-book. "Lads, it's Christmas day."

The sergeant looked up quickly. "Christmas, did ye say? I would na hae thought it."

Every man was silent. From within the tepee came the faint wailings of a newborn child. Jean Baptiste must have heard, but he gave no sign. The wounded man tossed and muttered incoherently.

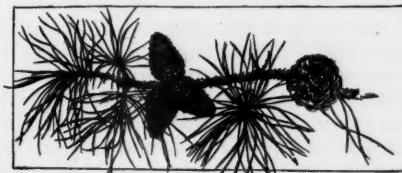
"Loose him, men!"

Jean was free.

"I'm a lang, lang way from th' Hie-lands, lad! but God bless ye—an' a merry Christmas!" the sergeant said hoarsely. "Mount, men! Ride!"

Plud-a-plud, plud-a-plud, plud-a-plud! The horses' feet, striking the soft snow, sounded fainter and fainter and fainter; then they were gone.

"Dieu merci!" and Jean stepped over the unconscious Indian and disappeared in the tepee, while the midwinter sun shone its short hours over the great wilderness.



THE SOUL OF O SANA SAN

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs," "Sandy," etc.



SANA SAN stood in the heart of a joyous world, as much a part of the radiant, throbbing, irresponsible spring as the golden butterfly which fluttered in her hand. Through the close-stemmed bamboos she could see the sparkling river racing away to the Inland Sea, while slow-moving junks, with their sixfold sails, glided with almost imperceptible motion toward a far-distant port. From below, across the rice-fields, came the shouts and laughter of naked bronze babies who played at the water's edge, and from above, high up on the ferny cliff, a mellow-throated temple bell answered the call of each vagrant breeze. Far away, shutting out the strange, big world, the luminous mountains hung in the purple mists of May.

And every note of color in the varied landscape, from the purple irises whose royal reflection stained the water below, to the rosily-tipped clover at the foot of the hill, was repeated in the kimono and *obi* of the child who flitted about in the grasses, catching butterflies in her long-handled net.

The constant echo of war that sounded around her disturbed her no more than it did the birds overhead. All day long the bugles sounded from the parade-grounds, and always and always the soldiers went marching away to the front. Around the bend in the river were miniature fortifications where recruits learned to make forts and trenches, and to shoot through tiny holes in a wall at imaginary Russian troopers. Down in the town below were long white hospitals where twenty thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay. No thought of the horror of it came to trouble O Sana San. The cherry-trees gladly and

freely gave up their blossoms to the wind, and so must the country give up its men for the Emperor. Her father had marched away, then one brother, then another, and she had held up her hands and shouted, "Banzai!" and smiled because her mother smiled. Everything was vague and uncertain, and no imagined catastrophe troubled her serenity. It was all the will of the Emperor, and it was well.

Life was a very simple matter to O Sana San. She rose when the sun climbed over the mountain, bathed her face and hands in the shallow copper basin in the garden, ate her breakfast of bean-curd and pickled fish and warm yellow tea. Then she hung the quilts over poles to sun, dusted the screens, and placed an offering of rice on the steps of the tiny shrine to Inari, where the little foxes kept guard. These simple duties being accomplished, she tied a bit of bean-cake in her gaily colored handkerchief, and stepping into her *geta*, went patterning off to school.

It was an English school, where she sat with hands folded through the long mornings, passively permitting the lessons to filter through her brain, and listening in smiling patience while the kind foreign ladies spoke incomprehensible things. Sometimes she helped pass the hours by watching the shadows of the dancing leaves outside; sometimes she told herself stories about "The Old Man Who Made Withered Trees to Blossom," or about "Momotaro, the Little Peach Boy." Again she would repeat the strange English words and phrases that she heard, and would puzzle out their meaning.

But the sum of her lore consisted in being happy; and when the shadow of the mountains began to slip across the valley,

she would dance back along the homeward way, singing with the birds, laughing with the rippling water, and adding her share of brightness to the sunshine of the world.

As she stood on this particular morning with her net poised over a butterfly, she heard the tramping of many feet. A slow cavalcade was coming around the road,—a long line of coolies bearing bamboo stretchers,—and in the rear, in a jinrikisha, was a foreign man with a red cross on his sleeve.

O Sana San scrambled up the bank and watched with smiling curiosity as the men halted to rest. On the stretcher nearest her lay a young Russian prisoner with the fair skin and blond hair that are so unfamiliar to Japanese eyes. His blanket was drawn tight around his shoulders, and he lay very still, with lips set, gazing straight up through the bamboo leaves to the blue beyond.

Then it was that O Sana San, gazing in frank inquisitiveness at the soldier, saw a strange thing happen. A tear formed on his lashes and trickled slowly across his temple; then another and another, until they formed a tiny rivulet. More and more curious, she drew yet nearer, and watched the tears creep unheeded down the man's face. She was sure he was not crying, because soldiers never cry; it could not be the pain, because his face was very smooth and calm. What made the tears drop, drop on the hard pillow, and why did he not brush them away?

A vague trouble dawned in the breast of O Sana San. Running back to the field, she gathered a handful of wild flowers and returned to the soldier. The tears no longer fell, but his lips quivered and his face was distorted with pain. She looked about her in dismay. The coolies were down by the river, drinking from their hands and calling to one another; the only person to whom she could appeal was the tall English nurse who was adjusting a bandage for a patient at the end of the line.

With halting steps and many misgivings, she timidly made her way to his side; then placing her hands on her knees, she bowed low before him. The embarrassment of speaking to a stranger and a foreigner almost overwhelmed her, but she mustered her bravest array of English, and pointing to the stretcher, faltered out her message:

" Soldier not happy very much is. I sink soldier heart sorry."

The Red Cross nurse looked up from his work, and his eyes followed her gesture.

" He is hurt bad," he said shortly; " no legs, no arms."

" So—deska ?" she said politely, then repeated his words in puzzled incomprehension: " Nowarms? Nowarms?"

When she returned to the soldier she gathered up the flowers which she had dropped by the wayside, and timidly offered them to him. For a long moment she waited, then her smile faded and her hand dropped. With a child's quick sensitivity to rebuff, she was turning away when an exclamation recalled her.

The prisoner was looking at her in a strange, distressed way; his deep-set gray eyes glanced down first at one bandaged shoulder, then at the other, then he shook his head.

As O Sana San followed his glance, a startled look of comprehension sprang into her face. " Nowarms!" she repeated softly as the meaning dawned upon her, and with a little cry of sympathy she ran forward and gently laid her flowers on his breast.

The cavalcade moved on, under the warm spring sun, over the smooth white road, under the arching cryptomerias; but little O Sana San stood under the yellow disk of her big sunshade and watched it with troubled eyes. A dreadful something was stirring in her breast, something clutched at her throat, and she no longer saw the sunshine and the flowers. Kneeling by the roadside, she loosened the little basket which was tied to her *obi* and gently lifted the lid. Slowly at first, and then with eager wings, a dozen captive butterflies fluttered back to freedom.

ALONG the banks of the Upper Flowing River, in a rudely improvised hospital, lay the wounded Russian prisoners. To one of the small rooms at the end of the ward reserved for fatally wounded patients a self-appointed nurse came daily, and rendered her tiny service in the only way she knew.

O Sana San's heart had been so wrought upon by the sad plight of her soldier friend that she had begged to be taken to see him and to be allowed to carry him flowers with her own hand. Her mother, in whom

smoldered the fires of dead samurai, was quick to be gracious to a fallen foe, and it was with her consent that O Sana San went day after day to the hospital.

The nurses humored her childish whim, thinking each day would be the last; but as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, her visits became an established fact.

And the young Russian, lying on his rack of pain, learned to watch for her coming as the one hour of brightness in an interminable night of gloom. He made a sort of sun-dial of the cracks in the floor, and when the shadows reached a certain spot his tired eyes grew eager, and he turned his head to listen for the patter of the little *tabi* that was sure to sound along the hall.

Sometimes she would bring her picture-books and read him wonderful stories in words he did not understand, and show him the pictures of Momotaro, who was born out of a peach and who grew up to be so strong and brave that he went to the Ogres' Island and carried off all their treasures,—caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which made the tide come or go, coral and amber and tortoise-shell,—and all these things the little Peach Boy took back to his kind old foster mother and father, and they all lived happily forever after. And in the telling O Sana San's voice would thrill, and her almond eyes grow bright, while her slender brown finger pointed out the figures on the gaily colored pages.

Sometimes she would sing to him, in soft minor strains, of the beauty of the snow on the pine-trees, or the wonders of Fuji-San.

And he would pucker his white lips and try to whistle the accompaniment, to her great amusement and delight.

Many were the treasures she brought forth from the depths of her long sleeves, and many were the devices she contrived to amuse him. The most ambitious achievement was a miniature garden in a wooden box—a wonderful garden where grasses stood for tall bamboo, and a saucer of water, surrounded by moss and pebbles, made a shining lake across which a bridge led through a *torii* to a diminutive shrine above.

He would watch her deft fingers fashioning the minute objects, and listen to her endless prattle in her soft, unknown tongue, and for a little space the pain-racked body

would relax and the cruel furrows vanish from between his brows.

But there were days in which the story and the song and the play had no part. At such times O Sana San slipped in on tiptoe and took her place at the head of the cot where he could not see her. Sitting on her heels, with hand folded in hand, she watched patiently for hours, alert to adjust the covers or smooth the pillow, but turning her eyes away when the spasms of pain contorted his face. All the latent maternity in the child rose to succor his helplessness. The same instinct that had prompted her to strap her doll upon her back when yet a mere baby herself, made her accept the burden of his suffering, and mother him with a very passion of tenderness.

Longer and sultrier grew the days; the wistaria, hanging in feathery festoons from many a trellis, gave way to the flaming azalea, and the azalea in turn vanished with the coming of the lotus that floated sleepily in the old castle moat.

Still the soul of the young Russian was held a prisoner in his shattered body, and the spirit in him grew restive at the delay. Months had passed before the doctor told him his release was at hand. It was early in the morning, and the sun fell in long, level rays across his cot. He turned his head and looked wistfully at the distance it would have to travel before it would be afternoon.

The nurse brought the screen and placed it about the bed—the last service she could render. For hours the end was expected, but moment by moment he held death at bay, refusing to accept the freedom that he had so earnestly longed for. At noon the sky became overcast and the slow falling of rain was heard on the low wooden roof. But still his fervent eyes watched the sun-dial, and he waited for her coming.

At last the sound of *geta* was heard without, and in a moment O Sana San slipped past the screen and dropped on her knees beside him. Under one arm was tightly held a small white kitten, her final offering at the shrine of love.

When he saw her quaint little figure, a look of peace came over his face and he closed his eyes. An interpreter, knowing that a prisoner was about to die, came to the bedside and asked if he wanted to leave any message. He stirred slightly,

then in a scarcely audible voice asked in Russian what the Japanese word was for "good-by." A long pause followed, during which the spirit seemed to hover irresolute upon the brink of eternity.

O Sana San sat motionless, her lips parted, her face full of the awe and mystery of death. Presently he stirred and turned his head slowly until his eyes were on a level with her own.

"*Sayonara*," he whispered faintly, and tried to smile; and O Sana San, summoning all her courage to restrain the tears, smiled bravely back and whispered, "*Sayonara*."

It was scarcely said before the spirit of the prisoner started forth upon his final journey, but he went not alone. The soul of a child went with him, leaving in its place the tender, new-born soul of a woman.



A CHARACTER

BY HENRY AUSTIN

I KNEW him well; the last of a proud race;
Proudest and last. Years of unjust disgrace,
Of poverty, of insult, of neglect,
Deep sickness, deeper sorrow, had not wrecked
The Argo of his love-dreams; had not flecked
The clearness of that high, far-darting intellect.

His a deep brain impassioned to know all
Of boon or bane which may to man befall.
A deeper heart, e'en larger than his brain,
To which no living thing appealed in vain :
No man so vile or low he would not bend,
In sympathy, to show himself a friend.

He measured each man's weakness by his own.
He knew the longings which, perhaps, atone
For frequent lapses in the Eye that sees
With perfect love Life's endless mysteries.
The vexing limitations of his friends;
The virtues of his enemies; the ends,
Vast and profound, to which Creation tends
With slow, majestic step (albeit with blends
Of discord in her music), were by him
Felt clearly ever; never fancies dim.

Not stars alone as ordered things he saw,
But meteors likewise moving well, by law:
Law, beautiful and sweet, if stern at times,
Like Milton's verse without a need of rhymes
To make it poesy, sublime, supreme !
So lived he; died he; clasping close the dream,
The Dream August of Human Brotherhood,
Of Boundless Beauty and Eternal Good;
And, throned in worlds below as those above,
Life, Life Divine, and Everlasting Love!

AN INTIMATE STUDY OF THE PELICAN¹

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Associate Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NO one can look a pelican squarely in the eye without being impressed by the bird's reserved, grave dignity. The same patriarchal bearing in a man suggests years of fruitful experience and the learning of sages and prophets.

Is the bird a feathered caricature of a human prototype, or does its white head contain even a fraction of the wisdom its owner's outward appearance so strongly proclaims? In short, where in the psycho-

logical scale shall we place this bird of imposing presence?

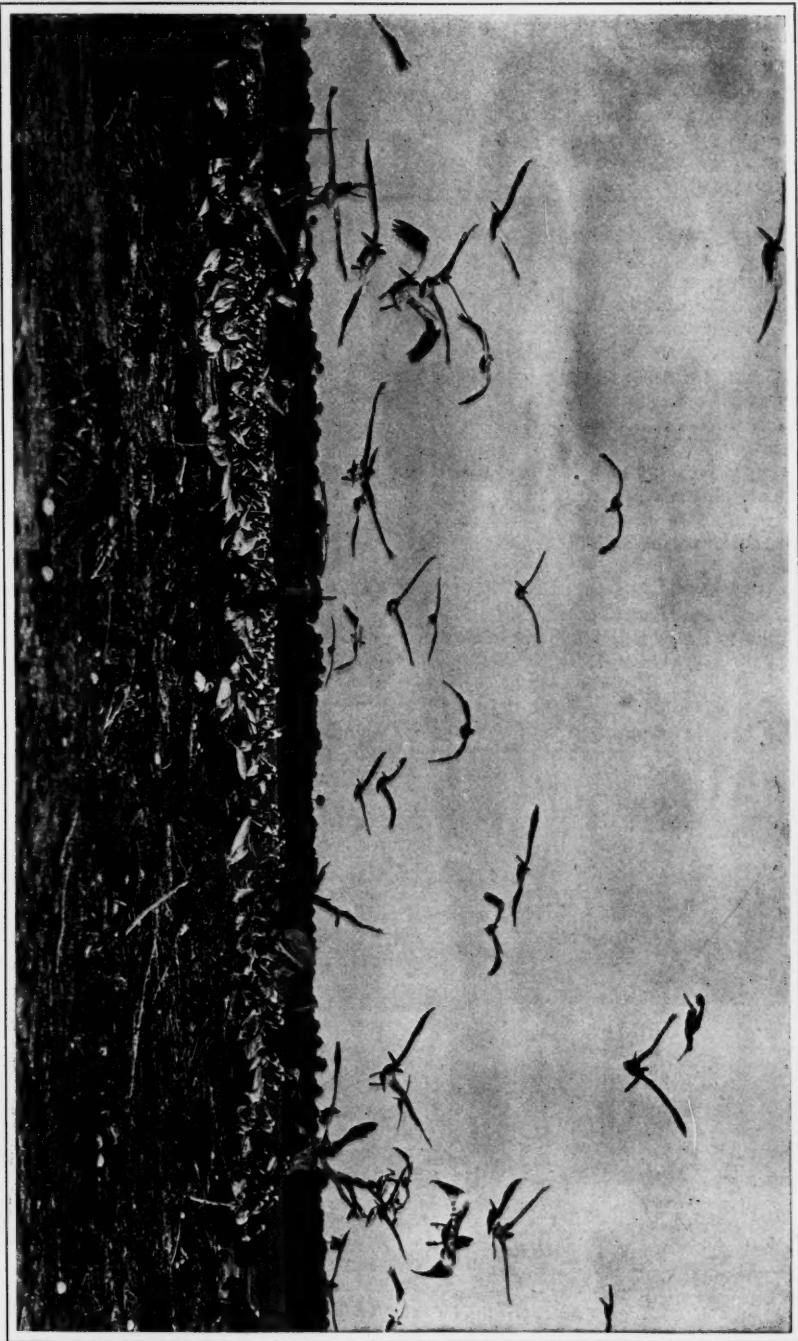
To answer this question, I decided to go to the land of pelicans; establish, if possible, personal relations with the inhabitants; and from an intimate, minute study of their daily life attempt to determine their mental status. At the same time it was proposed to secure photographs and information upon which to base an accurate representation of pelican life in the American Museum of Natural History.

¹ Readers of THE CENTURY will recall Mr. Chapman's remarkable article, "A Flamingo City," in the number for December, 1904.—THE EDITOR.



"THE BROAD-PINIONED BIRDS SWEPT BY ME WITHIN ARM'S LENGTH"

THE PELICAN AT HOME. No. I.



We have in America two kinds of pelicans, the white and the brown. Of the former, I can only say that it does not encourage the advances of the avian psychologist. Invasions of its strongholds on remote lake islets in Manitoba and in Nevada have resulted in their complete desertion by every white pelican old enough to spread a wing; and success here is doubtless not to be looked for so long as this snowy-plumaged bird remains a shining mark for every roving rifleman.

With the brown pelican I have been more fortunate, having obtained an opportunity to study its home life, domestic and

social relations, such as has been accorded to few students of birds in nature.

HISTORY OF PELICAN ISLAND

IN that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian River, there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets; but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting - resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian

River, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida.

The brown pelican, unlike its white cou-



THE PELICAN AT REST



THE INITIAL UPWARD STROKE OF THE WING
IN FLIGHT, REVEALING A SURPRISING
DIVERGENCE OF THE FIVE OUTER FLIGHT-FEATHERS

sin, nests normally in low trees and bushes; and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name, it was well grown with black and red mangroves in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.

No one can remember when pelicans did not nest upon their chosen land, and on only two occasions have its feathered occupants failed to establish on it their yearly pelican nursery. Once they were driven away by a number of singular creatures who seemed either to fear or to hate the great birds which, to most people, form so picturesque and pleasing an element of Florida coast life. Landing on the pelicans' islet, they shot the inhabitants in large numbers and left them to rot in the mud. The survivors retreated, but established quarters on the nearest islet.

The second time the pelicans deserted their ancestral home they were driven away, not by enemies, but by friends. Prior to the passage of the present admirable bird-protective law in Florida, the pelicans were at the mercy of every man with a gun. A demand from milliners arose for their wing-quills,



ILLUSTRATING THE ELLIPTICAL OPENING TO THE POUCH, FORMED BY A DRAWING IN OF THE TIP AND SPREADING OUT OF THE SIDES OF THE LOWER MANDIBLE

and it was feared that at any time Pelican Island might be attacked. An effort was made to buy it from the government, but the red-tape knots of the Land Office defied untangling until, on presentation of the case to President Roosevelt, he promptly disentangled them and created Pelican Island a Federal reserve. The Audubon Society immediately appointed a warden, who was empowered to prevent trespass, and erected on the island a large sign proclaiming its population the wards of the government.

The future safety of the pelicans now seemed assured, when, to the surprise and disgust of their would-be friends, the birds expressed their disapproval of the whole arrangement by deserting the island in a body. Not a nest was made or an egg laid upon it, but two smaller neighboring islands were covered with the dissenting birds.

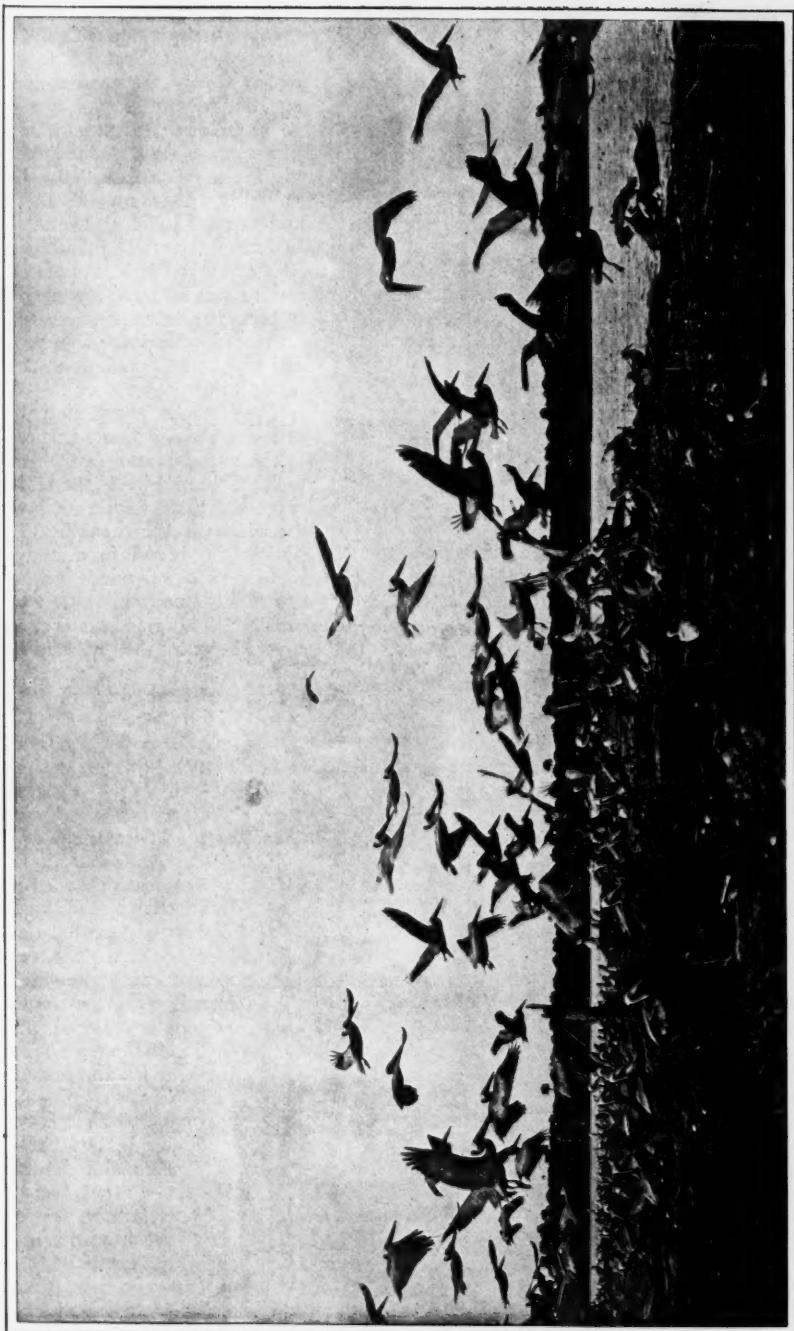
At the beginning of the next nesting-season (1904-1905), when the pelican clans began to gather, it was evident that the great sign announcing Federal possession of the home of their forefathers appeared to cause them much uneasiness, whereupon the warden, who had long suspected the root of the trouble, removed the offending boards, and the birds at once returned to their heritage, built their homes, and reared their families, as the accompanying pictures, made during the season in question, abundantly prove.

Consequently, we may infer from this incident either that the pelican can read and has strong political prejudices, or that



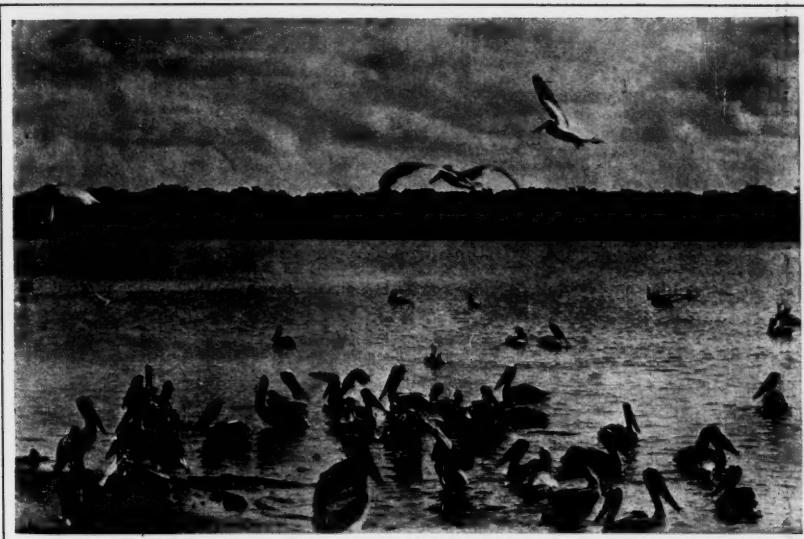
"THE BIRDS BEGAN TO RETURN TO THEIR NESTS"

THE PELICAN AT HOME. No. 2.



it lacks sufficient discrimination to realize that a board painted white with black marks and held upright by two posts is perfectly harmless. However this may be, the fact remains that, to the great satisfaction of their well-wishers, the birds have

within. With birds the season of reproduction is periodic, and with migratory species, whether the journey be to a near-by island or to another zone, the return to the breeding-ground is only one phenomenon in a physiological cycle of development which



A BATHING SCENE

accepted the guardianship of the government. One of the most remarkable and easily accessible bird-resorts in America should, therefore, long continue to delight visiting nature-lovers, as well as to supply our South Atlantic coast with a singularly interesting form of life.

THE PELICANS' YEAR; A SKETCH OF THE ISLAND'S LIFE

YEAR after year, in the first week in November, with singular exactness the pelicans come to their unattractive little mud flat. Some come from up, some from down the river, all evidently moved by a common impulse. What is it? It is not a question of food, for the pelicans rarely feed near their nesting-place; it is not a question of climate, for they do not go far enough from their breeding-ground to experience climatic change when returning to it.

The journey is doubtless prompted from

includes, in regular order, migration, courtship, egg-laying, incubation, the care of the young, the molt, and the retreat to winter quarters.

Even in the tropics, birds, as a rule, do not nest until spring and early summer; but the pelican woos his mate in November and begins housekeeping in the first month of winter. Among such dumb and undemonstrative birds courtship must be a very solemn affair, but no one seems to know much about it. Apparently, however, it is conducted to the satisfaction of both contracting parties, and with the happiest results; for never have I seen indications of domestic troubles among the indigenes of pelicanland. The warden, to whom I am indebted for these dates of arrival and nesting, tells me that the first mated birds resort to the trees, where a bulky nest of sticks lined with coarse grasses is built upon a platform made by laying heavier sticks from crotch to crotch. When the arboreal sites are taken, the remaining

birds, numbering about one thousand pairs, build upon the ground a nest containing, as a rule, more grass and fewer sticks than are employed by their relatives in the trees.

Unfortunately, the island is so low that

elimination, the high-ground colony is established through the disaster which befalls all those that do not resort to it.

The first of the three eggs to which the pelicans limit themselves is laid by De-



A PELICAN YAWN

a "norther" raises the water sufficiently to flood all but a sand-bar at its eastern end. Only those ground-nesting birds which build upon the sands, therefore, are secure from the waves. Consequently, if one should visit Pelican Island in April, after the season of northerns had passed, and see the close-set nests on the sand-bar, with the rest of the island unoccupied, one might credit the survivors with ability intelligently to select a nesting-site above the reach of the waters. Whereas, in truth, the earlier homes of many of these same birds, built on low ground, had been inundated, and their eggs, washed from the nests, were still scattered about the island. Apparently, then, there is here no conscious selection evolved by experience. Year after year, birds nest on the low ground and suffer the consequences, while, by

ember 1. One might imagine that even in Florida winter was a singularly inappropriate season for hatching eggs; but pelicans are large-bodied birds, and husband as well as wife is faithful to the duties of incubation, one going on the nest as the other leaves it. Normally, therefore, the eggs are never exposed, and after about four weeks' sitting the little pelican announces itself by a characteristic choking grunt, uttered even before it leaves the shell.

It is not an attractive creature at birth, but in about eighteen days its black, naked ugliness is concealed beneath a down so thick, soft, and white that it might grace a swan. The young of tree-nesting pelicans do not leave their nest-tree until they make their first attempt at flight; but if the young pelican chances to be born on the ground,

it will go swimming for the first time when about six weeks old, and at the age of ten weeks it will have learned to use its wings.

In March, if all goes well, the pelicans may close their house for the season, take their family, and go traveling; but June 1 sometimes finds birds still occupied with domestic affairs. This extension of the nesting-season is doubtless due in part to some individual irregularity in the time of laying, but more largely to disaster of one kind or another which befalls early efforts at housekeeping.

High water, cold weather, or exposure to the sun before they are clothed, are all factors in creating a high mortality among young pelicans; and few, indeed, are the parents which succeed in raising a family of three.

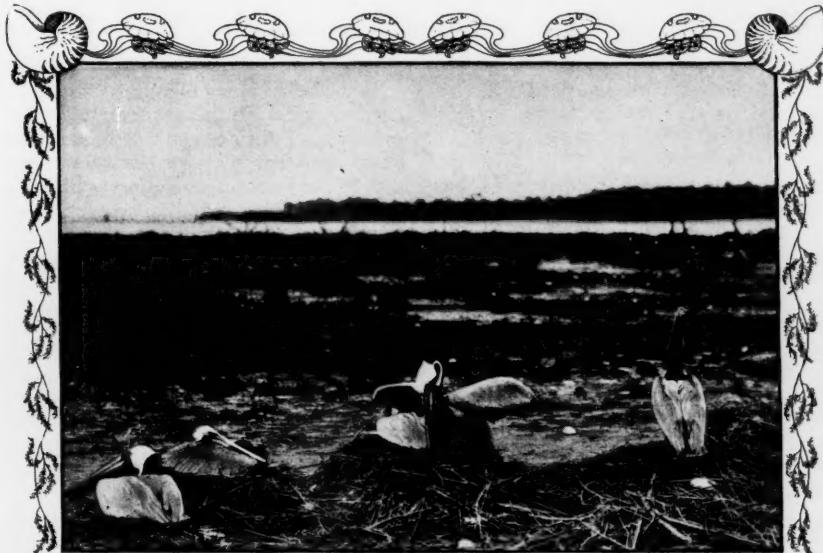
A VISIT TO THE ISLAND; PELICAN LIFE STUDIED FROM A BLIND

THIS marked variation in the dates of the phenomena of nesting-time makes a visit to Pelican Island far more interesting than one to an equally large colony of birds whose eggs are laid and hatched and whose young take flight at approximately

the same date. A day with the pelicans gives one an epitome of their home life, from the building of the nest to the flight of the first-born.

Furthermore, we have to encounter here no dangers of sea or cliff such as threaten one when visiting the birds of isolated rocky islets; no flood and desolation of Bahaman "swash"; no mosquitos and moccasins of noisome marsh. On the contrary, a trip to Pelican Island is as delightful an outing as one may take in Florida. One has only to secure the needed permit of Warden Kroegel at Sebastian, when all the rest is plain sailing or "motoring," as the case may be.

While the birds have become comparatively tame since the appointment of a warden has assured them safety from marauders, they are still far from regarding man as above suspicion. If, therefore, one would enter the inner circles of pelican society, he must adopt some disguise or method of concealment which will not attract attention. An umbrella-blind, successfully employed on former occasions, was found to answer admirably the needs of the case. Erected among the thickly set nests, the nearest of which was only four feet away, it was shortly accepted as



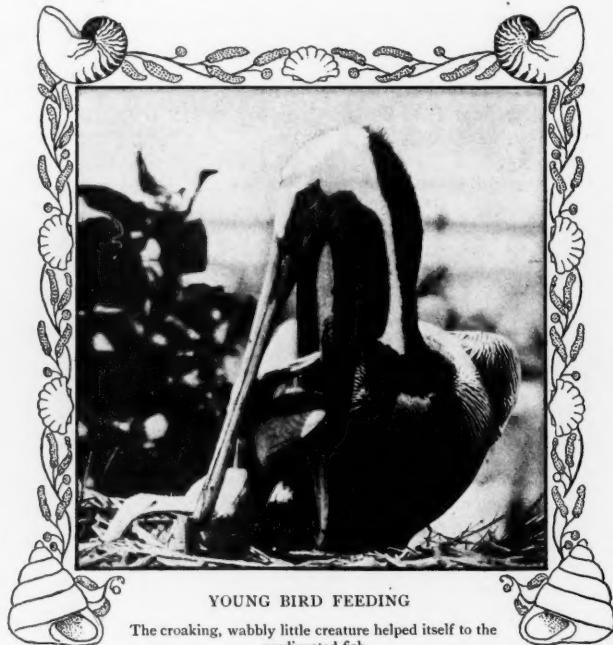
"THE NEW-COMER ALIGHTS NEAR THE NEST, AND, WITH BILL POINTED
TO THE ZENITH, ADVANCES SLOWLY"

a part of the landscape, and, so far as the pelicans were concerned, I might have been a spirit of the air.

There is a wholesome sense of satisfaction and a quite indescribable fascination in being closely surrounded by wild, shy

ingly at invaders of their nesting precincts, the pelicans might dispense with the services of a warden.

It is true, a bird which had placed its nest on a stump six feet from my shelter snapped its bill loudly at me when I peered



YOUNG BIRD FEEDING

The croaking, wabbly little creature helped itself to the predigested fish

creatures, that, unaware of your existence, live their lives in an absolutely natural manner.

On several former occasions I had attempted to study the life of Pelican Island; but, whether from a boat moored for days near by or from the shelter of the island's scanty vegetation, probably at no time were the birds wholly at ease.

Within three minutes after I entered my blind, however, the birds began to return to the nests which they had reluctantly deserted at my approach, and in a few minutes more the routine of Pelican Island life was resumed. With a wing-spread of between seven and eight feet, a pelican is an impressive bird even at a distance; but when dozens of the broad-winged birds swept by me within arm's length, oralighted almost at my feet, I realized that, given the excitable, courageous nature of terns or gulls, which dart and dive so threaten-

through the slit in my blind nearest to her. The young defend themselves in a similar manner until their wings will bear them, when, like their seniors, they show their faith in the valorous discretion of flight.

Birds of all ages and voices, from the grunting, naked, squirming new-born chick, or the screaming, downy youngster, to the silent, dignified, white-headed parent, were now within a radius of a few yards. At a glance, I could see most of the activities of pelican home life: nest building, laying, incubating, feeding and brooding young, bathing, preening, sleeping, fighting,—all could be observed at arm's length. Surely here was a rare opportunity to add a footnote to our knowledge of animal life.

When several thousand birds of one species not only select the same bit of ground for a residence, but build their homes side by side, one infers that they

possess marked sociability of character and looks for manifestations of it. But I waited in vain for any positive evidence of friendly or communal relations between the thickly grouped pelican households.

Under only one condition have I ever

tion between the parents and of recognition of their young. The first was best shown by a very pleasing little performance which I have called the ceremony of nest-relief. It appears that both sexes incubate as well as brood; and as it is quite essential that neither eggs nor young be exposed, it follows that, unless disturbed, the bird on the nest does not leave its charge until its mate arrives to take its place. The new-comer alights near the nest, and, with bill pointed to the zenith, advances slowly, waving its head from side to side. At the same time the sit-



"THEY EXTEND THEIR FEEDING EXCURSIONS INTO THE THROAT OF THE PATIENT PARENT"

heard an adult wild pelican utter a note, and this virtual voicelessness implies in itself a limited means of communication. The birds steal one another's nesting-material with an air which plainly bespeaks a knowledge of their guilt and that they expect to be attacked by the bird they have robbed. Such an attack may lead to a bloodless fight, when the contestants grasp each other by the bill, snapping their mandibles together with a pistol-like report. Theft and battle, however, are not usually considered expressions of loving friendship, and my studies leave the colonial life of pelicans unexplained.

In the pelican family, as one might suppose, there are evidences of communica-

THE BILL OF A FISH MAY BE SEEN EXTENDING FROM THE POUCH OF THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND BIRD

ting bird sticks its bill vertically into the nest and twitches its half-spread wings while uttering a low, husky, gasping *chuck*, the only note I have ever heard issue from the throat of an adult wild pelican. After five or six wand-like passes of its upraised head, the advancing bird pauses, when both birds at once, with apparent unconcern, begin to preen their feathers, and a moment later the bird that has been

on duty steps off the nest, and the other bird at once takes its place.

Doubtless this act possesses some sexual significance, but since male and female pelicans are externally alike, it is not possible to tell which part either plays on these occasions. Observation, however, leads to the conclusion that the relieving bird is the male, and that the ceremony is omitted when he gives place to his mate.

There was apparently no such regularity in this event as one finds, for example, among incubating pigeons, in which each sex has its appointed time to come or go.

The relieved bird usually flew directly to the water, there to bathe with much loud flapping of the wings and dashing of spray; after dressing its feathers on a neighboring sand-spit, it would make a

fishing excursions now receive added importance. The old bird has not merely to satisfy its own hunger, but the insatiable and growing appetite of its offspring. Nor is it merely a matter of quantity which has to be considered: quality as well must be taken into account, and the size of the fish



NEARLY GROWN YOUNG ONES STRUGGLING TO BE FED BY AN ADULT JUST ARRIVED FROM THE FISHING-GROUNDS

leisurely start for some fishing-ground up or down the coast: for it is not a little remarkable that the pelicans rarely, if ever, fish in the waters about their home. If the birds are not hungry, the morning bath is followed by an aerial promenade, when they rise a thousand feet or more above their home, and, on set wings, sail in wide circles for long periods of time, apparently for pure enjoyment of the exercise.

With the addition of triplets to the pelican family, domestic problems become more complicated and correspondingly more interesting. For at least ten weeks the young are wholly dependent on their parents for every morsel of food which passes down their capacious throats. The

captured be regulated by the size of the throat it is intended to go down.

Ten miles up the coast I have seen pelicans headed for still more distant fishing-grounds; and it is said that some go to the Canaveral Shoals, forty miles from their home.

Early birds leave the island at the first hint of dawn, and the last arrivals return to it when it is too dark to distinguish the minor

details of the landscape, sweeping by with a rush of wing so near that it is evident they do not see one in the gloom. Generally leaving alone, they fall in with fellow-fishers by the way, and gather thus in parties of from six to a dozen or more, flying diagonally, one behind the other, all flapping and sailing in unison; traveling high in the air, before the wind, or low over the curling breakers when going to windward.

They are daring, dashing fishermen, these sedate birds, and from a height of thirty to forty feet plunge headlong and with a resounding splash on their prey. At the moment of striking, the tip of the lower bill is drawn in and its sides bowed widely out, forming an elliptical opening to the



THE YOUNG AFTER FEEDING

pouch, and enabling them to capture fish fully fourteen inches in length.

Menhaden form a large proportion of the fish captured, and, large or small, they are carried in the crop, not in the pouch. When returning, the single-file formation is maintained until the birds reach the occupied part of the island, when they proceed directly to their nests, situated, perhaps, in widely different parts of the colony. No time is lost in administering food to the expectant and clamorous young, and this operation of feeding is the most remarkable performance which the watcher on Pelican Island will observe.

Long had I wondered how the naked, apparently helpless pelican, a day or two old, was fed by its great-billed parent. But with the utmost ease the croaking, wabbly little creature helped itself to the predigested fish which, regurgitated by the parent into the front end of its pouch, was brought within reach of its offspring.

This method is fol-

lowed until the young are covered with down, when, evidently requiring a larger supply of food than their parents can prepare for them, and no longer needing partly digested nourishment, they extend their feeding excursions into the throat of the patient parent, finding there entire fish, which they swallow before withdrawing their head. Two and even three well-grown chicks will thus actively pursue their search for food at the same time, and only their extended and fluttering wings seem to keep them from disappearing in the depths of the cavernous pouch.

Not for a moment do they stop a high-voiced squealing, and the rise and fall of their partly muffled screams indicate the nature of their success in getting food.

Occasionally the poor judgment of the parent, allied to the greed of the young, leads the latter to attempt to



"THRUST HER BILL DEEP INTO THE NEST, APPARENTLY SEARCHING FOR HER CHICKS"

swallow too large a fish, when the old bird saves its offspring from choking to death by forcibly pulling the fish from the throat it refuses to go down.

More frequently the young pelican secures a fish not too large, but too long for it, when it swallows it as far as it will go, and, with the tail sticking from its pouch, quietly waits for the head to digest before it can encompass the whole prize. In one such instance, the victim chanced to be a needle-fish, which, refusing to go down head first, was finally taken in the reverse direction.

It is, however, when the brown wing feathers begin to grow and the young leave the nest that feeding occasions the greatest excitement. Although each bird has its own particular abiding-place, from which, unless disturbed, it does not wander far, it never hesitates to demand food of any grown bird which comes near it. When, therefore, an old bird arrives from a fishing expedition, all the nest-graduates in the immediate vicinity rush toward it, with a resulting riotous uproar and clashing of wings; but the old bird is not to be "held up" so peremptorily: with threatening motions of the bill it

resists the entreaties of the struggling mob until its own offspring approaches, when the pouch is opened and feeding follows. At once all the other loud-voiced claimants subside, and in not one instance are they seen to disturb their more fortunate comrade.

As the young increase in size, feeding becomes a more serious proceeding for all concerned. At the age of flight, the young birds average slightly larger and heavier than old ones, and the physical shock of feeding is so great that the parents supply only one bird at a time, and that at long intervals;

while the young seem so overcome by the prolonged stay in the parental pouch, as well, doubtless, as by the size of the meal they have secured there, that on emerging they are in a dazed and helpless condition. Laying the head on the ground with wings relaxed, they act as though they had received a violent blow at the base of the brain. This apparent semi-consciousness is followed by the most violent reaction, as the reviving bird sud-



"DEVOURING BY A SCAVENGING VULTURE, WITH WHOSE MEAL THE SURROUNDING PELICANS SHOWED NO CONCERN"



THE PELICAN IN FULL FLIGHT, THE HEAD DRAWN IN, THE POUCH HIDDEN

denly grasps itself by the wing and whirls about like a demented creature, pausing only long enough to bite at the other wing before turning in the opposite direction.

If this surprising exercise be intended as an aid to digestion, it is evidently effective, since, at its conclusion, the bird settles down to sleep.

Beyond supplying them with the food and shelter essential to their existence, the parent pelicans seem to take very little interest in their offspring. In one instance, however, a parent whose family of two had died through exposure to the sun showed evident concern at her loss. For two hours she (I assume it was the mother) stood near the nest containing the bodies of the unfortunate little pelicans, returning to it at intervals to thrust her bill deep into the nest, and toss the material about, apparently searching for her chicks, which, disguised in death, she seemed not to recognize. Happening to touch one of them with her bill, it was flung from the nest as an object of no interest, and later was devoured by a scavenging vulture, with whose meal the surrounding pelicans showed no concern.

This incident was virtually the only variation observed in the routine of pelican existence. While it expresses a certain individuality, it emphasizes also the limited range of the bird's intelligence. But as one considers the conditions under which pelicans live, there appear to be no factors to stimulate mental development. Their food-supply never fails, and is secured without competition; after the first few weeks of their lives their climatic surroundings are favorable in the extreme; in disposition they are non-combative; while the nature of their nesting-resorts protects them from predatory animals.

Man alone appears to threaten their continued existence, and from him, fortunately, those of their kin who live on Pelican Island are now happily protected. While they cannot repay their defenders with the music of thrushes or a display of those traits which so endear the higher animals to us, they may at least claim success in filling their place in nature, while the charm of every water-scene is increased by the quaint dignity of their presence.

THE HONOR OF SEXTON MAGINNIS¹

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



HE deep red of the Virginia creeper, through which the mellow light of an afternoon late in the autumn glowed, was reflected on the carefully scrubbed floor of the parlor of St. Kevin's rectory. This was Father Blodgett's study and office. Maginnis, who was again his sexton, had just brought to him a list of the pew-holders.

"T is worse nor a mixed marriage!" exclaimed Maginnis, desirous that the rector should cease reading and lighten the hour with conversation. "I wonder the bishop allows it. T is a crime!"

Father Blodgett raised his eyes to Maginnis's face in an absent-minded way.

"Maginnis," he answered, with a note of unusual sharpness in his voice, "I've taken you as sexton on your solemn promise that you'd tell the truth, keep your word, and not exaggerate."

Maginnis toyed with his disheveled straw hat, and sighed. Father Blodgett was moved by the sigh. Maginnis felt this, and went on:

"Little Ellen Reilly—she was like an angel when St. Rose's Sodality played 'The Lady of Lyons'—has made up her mind to marry John Moldonovo."

Father Blodgett smiled.

"Good!" he said. "She's a nice girl, and I know John to be fair and square. I'm glad to hear it, Maginnis."

Maginnis stood as if turned to stone; even his struggling beard seemed to grow rigid.

"He's a dago," he articulated at last—"dago!—a spaldeen of an Eye-talian!"

"A very respectable American of Italian descent," said Father Blodgett; "with sound ideas on civic virtue, I find. What's the matter with him?"

"He wants to marry Reilly's daughter, and his father, who has grown rich sellin' chickens to the poor and takin' the bread out of decent men's mouths, is going to run him for mayor. Of course he has n't the ghost of a show, for every Kerry man, and even the Tips, are against him; but he 'll vote all the dagos and nagurs in town, if he does be let. When Reilly found out that the dago was waitin' on little Ellen, he acted like a man beside himself. 'I'll not give him up!' says little Ellen; 'but I'll wait until he's mayor of Bracton, and then I'll be married from my father's house!' It almost broke Reilly's heart to hear them words," continued Maginnis, not noticing that Father Blodgett was lost in the list. "'If the dago is elected, you can have him,—my word on it!' says Reilly; 'and I'm a man of my word.' 'I'll marry him from my father's house, or not at all,' says the ungrateful girl; and she'll disgrace her family by doing it, if she can. But she can't," added Maginnis, "because honest citizens like myself are against it."

"I was not listening,—I beg your pardon," Father Blodgett said, laying down the list; "but I heard enough to know that you are not in perfect charity with your neighbors. You must remember that some of the most glorious martyrs, the Holy Father himself,—" he forgot himself in the list,—"are Italians," headded, after a pause.

"The saints be between me an' har-r-r-um!" murmured Maginnis. "And him a priest speakin' like *that!* Sure, 't is civic virtue that spoils even our natural leaders. But nary a nagur or dago shall vote, if I can prevent it. If," he said aloud, "you've nothin' else for me, your reverence, I'll go now."

"Oh, Maginnis," said Father Blodgett,

¹ See other stories by Mr. Egan in this series in THE CENTURY for May, 1902; December, 1903; March, 1904; August, 1904; and February, 1905.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'FAITH, WHEN HE 'S MAYOR OF BRACTON, YOU CAN HAVE HIM'''

raising his head, "I am afraid of the saloons on Election day. Their influence is bad at all times; but, with Bracton crowded with voters from Jamesville and the other suburbs, there will be danger of grave sins. I am told that you are very popular. Do you think that you could get up some sports outside the town to draw off the

crowds? You might manage a tournament, with nothing stronger than lemonade; a base-ball game,—I disapprove of foot-ball,—or something of that sort. I've been thinking this matter over. If we had a higher standard of civic virtue in the council—" Father Blodgett sighed.

Maginnis's face glowed.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"MARY ANN,' HE SAID, . . . 'IS IT DESTROYIN' MY HONOR YOU 'D BE?'"

"You're right!" he exclaimed; "'t is a great idea,—every politician in town will have to contribute. Sure, you'll make enough to run the church for a year. Savin' your presence, father," said Maginnis, with admiration in every line of his face, "I did n't think it was in you!"

"You misunderstand me," said Father Blodgett, flushing slightly. "I was not thinking of a money-making plan, but merely of one to keep the men innocently employed while they're not voting."

"Glory be!" cried Maginnis.—"There's some of them won't have any time for anything else," he added, under his breath.

"Well," said the rector, "perhaps it is impractical. I'll make one last effort to have the council close the saloons."

"A picnic," reflected Maginnis, on his way home. "Sure, he's *that* innocent! 'T is a good idea," and he chuckled. "Faith, we'll give a chicken barbacue for the nagur an' Eye-talian!"

Frost had again touched the hardy wild white asters in the fields around Bracton, and the bell for vespers seemed to be muffled by the lazy autumn haze, when Mrs. Magee, her green-gloved hands tightly holding a purple-velvet prayer-book with a golden clasp, bowed coldly

to Reilly the blacksmith. Reilly was standing on the street corner nearest St. Kevin's; he had just parted from her son-in-law, Maginnis. Reilly was a big, raw-boned man; his loud and dominant voice was accentuated by a pronounced Kerry brogue. Maginnis still lived at Brierly, in the extreme confines of the parish. The coldness of Mrs. Magee's bow—it was so slight that the red cherries in her best bonnet hardly stirred at all—was due to an insult that Reilly had "offered" her when they both lived in the bishop's own city, before the hegira of so many Kerry people to Bracton. He had maliciously spread abroad the rumor that she was a "Tip"; and even that most devoted of Kerry women, good Sister Margaret, had believed it. It is true that Mrs. Magee's mother had been a Macgeogeghan of the County Tipperary, but it was not becoming for the likes of Reilly, whose ancestors were eating potato-skins and all in darkest Donegal, while hers on the paternal side were respected citizens of Tralee, with lusings and leavings of pig's head, greens, and tea galore.

This was her thought—hers, like all great minds, was given to melancholy—as she passed Maria Moldonovo, wife to that Giuseppe Moldonovo whose success with the chicken-farms outside of Bracton was the theme of much discussion. Maria, a matron of over fifty, was on her way to vespers. Of late she had discarded her long gold ear-rings and the blue shawl for her head, and achieved a crimson hat bearing a magenta plume, and a mauve gown which made her swarthy complexion seem almost chocolate-colored. Mrs. Magee gave Maria a very cold nod, too, though it was Sunday, and she believed herself to be at peace with the whole world.

"Sure," Mrs. Magee murmured, "the Moldonovo creature would look a deal better with a crazy-quilt on her head, like that ould hag Giulio."

Julia Giulio, her head adorned with a red and yellow shawl, and her big gold and blue enamel ear-rings flashing in the afternoon sunlight, entered the vestibule of the church, first meekly dipping her right forefinger into the holy-water font, and politely offering the sacred drops to Mrs. Magee, who, with a look of intense disapprobation, plunged her hand full into the lustral fluid, and, making the sign of the cross with

the independence of proprietorship and the ease of super-civilization, sprinkled sparkling rain right and left. She piously doused the scarlet poppies in little Ellen Reilly's new hat, and for the moment closed the left eye of John Moldonovo, who followed in the wake of the attractive Ellen.

"Little Ellen will marry the dago yet," reflected Mrs. Magee, with bitter satisfaction, as she fumbled in her capacious bag for her beads; "and a girl that will do that will do anything,—and it's her father, sure, that called me a Tip!"

The stately current of her thoughts was turned awry by the appearance of her son-in-law moving through the open space within the sanctuary rails, and carrying an incense-boat. She looked scornfully under her eyelids at Maginnis's cuffs, which projected elegantly below the sleeves of his official frock-coat.

"T would be like him to send his shirts to the Chinee!" she groaned mentally, for her laundry business was dear to her heart. "Mary Ann could never put that pagan gloss—which is mostly poison—on his cuffs like that."

Little Ellen Reilly's eyes were red, for there had been a scene at home. She inclined her head gracefully as John Moldonovo opened the pew door for her, and then became intent on her prayers. Maria Moldonovo, observing all this, cast a look of triumph at Julia Giulio, whose eldest daughter was once—before John went to the law school in Washington—supposed to have designs on him. But the Giulios were Sicilians, and the Moldonovos Genoese.

The elder Moldonovo had almost had an apoplexy when his son escorted Teresita Giulio from the Ladies of Charity's euchre-party.

"San Antonio!" Moldonovo had cried; "the Sicilians are brigands; they care not for education! And the Giulios!" He was usually a quiet man, but he seemed to tear the stars from heaven and crush them between his hands to powder. John went to the law school, and when he came home he saw little Ellen Reilly as *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons." It was enough.

John was brown-haired, brown-eyed, tall and slender,—not quick at all,—and by no means of the usual Italian type. He met Reilly's burst of wrath, when he called

on little Ellen, with polite self-respect. Ellen was blonde, exquisitely graceful, well dressed, and "accomplished." She had taken the medal for "vocal" at St. Rose's Academy, and she taught the five-finger exercises and other melodious passages to a half-score of young Bractonites.

It was John Moldonovo's opinion that parents had nothing to do with marriages. His father's real-estate operations paid him good commissions, and he had suggested immediate matrimony; but no! little Ellen was bent on no maimed rites: there must be a reception at her father's house. Just before little Ellen had started for vespers, Reilly had uttered sarcastic comments about John.

"With his waxed mustache," cried Reilly, "and his patent-leather shoes! And is it mayor of Bracton he's trying for? The whippersnapper! He's the laughing-stock of every man in Bracton that hates the foreigners. Faith, when he's mayor of Bracton, you can have him!"

Reilly roared until the house seemed to shake with sarcastic mirth.

Little Ellen's eyes flashed.

"If mother were alive you would n't treat me this way, father; but I'll keep my word, if you'll keep yours. I'll not be married except from your house—and the house that mother worked for when she lived," little Ellen said, a break coming into her voice. She was thinking of all this as she bent her head while the organ rolled and vespers began at St. Kevin's.

John Moldonovo, watching her gradually lose herself in prayer, turned over in his mind schemes for blasting the hopes of his adversaries,—very ineffectually, he admitted, as he awoke from his dreams and the chorus of voices in the organ-gallery finished the last "Gloria."

Mrs. Magee, observing that Maginnis joined Reilly on the street corner, took the trolley-car going toward Brierly for a hasty visit to her daughter Mary Ann. Little Ellen Reilly, dismissing John Moldonovo at the church door, hastened to join her. Little Ellen felt that prayer had inspired her.

Mrs. Magee was rather haughty in her manner toward little Ellen at first; but, as they were the only occupants of the car, the small blonde maiden soon found an opportunity to pour her tale into Mrs. Magee's ear, which heard with delight that

there might be a chance of circumventing her traducer, the same Reilly. Before the pair reached the road that led to Brierly lane, Mrs. Magee had determined to throw away all racial prejudices and help to marry Reilly's daughter to a dago, if she could.

When, on her return, little Ellen dropped from the car at the corner of the street in which her father lived, John Moldonovo was waiting for her.

"Little Rose!" he said, with a soft cadence which alien influences were driving from his speech—"little Rose! a time will come when I shall not sneak to your father's door; let us make it now. We can marry at once."

"No," said little Ellen, firmly, though her hand upon his arm trembled. "People would think you were afraid of the result of the election. Father has *dared* you to win the election and marry me at the same time. Father is a natural politician, and he's got Maginnis with him. It will be hard; but we'll have to beat him first—then I'll forgive him. Mary Ann Maginnis is with us. I've won her over, and if you can gain over a man's wife you've won half the battle."

"I believe it," said John Moldonovo, looking at Ellen and the moonlight at the same time, and roused to enthusiasm by both.

"We must win," said Ellen, giving her little, white-gloved hand to Moldonovo. "It will be a fair fight." And she raised her head proudly in the American fashion.

The street door was half opened and a roar of barbaric laughter came out.

"It will be a fair fight, little Ellen, and let the best man win!" said Reilly's voice.

"There are times," Maginnis remarked, when he had settled himself in the glowing kitchen of Brierly before a pile of buttered toast, "when principle is everything. I know just how Reilly feels, as if 't was my own child that's marryin' beneath her."

"As if Reilly's child *could* marry beneath her!" said Mary Ann, fanning herself with her apron, for she had been making the toast. "And him calling my own mother out of her name!" Mary Ann added, thinking of the recent conversation with that lady.

"True for you!" said Maginnis, helping himself to another slice of toast, and closing the eye farthest from Mary Ann. "It's not

Reilly's feelin's I 'm thinkin' of,—for I can't afford to let my heart go into politics,—but it's of the party that has stud for liberty, so that a time has come when Brian Boru himself would n't be ashamed to serve as President of the United States. It has come to this, and I prophesy," continued Maginnis, raising his hand to heaven, "that some jaintlemen at Washington will be replaced by real men who won't waste all their time on American affairs, but give a helpin' hand to prostrate Ireland."

"Principle!" broke in Mary Ann, "what's principle to do with politics?"

Maginnis lowered his voice to a whisper. "'T is well, Mary Ann," he said, "that you've sent the childer to bed. I would n't have them hear such words from their mother for the wide world. 'Daniel O'Connell himself would n't blush to find himself on the same ticket as Joseph O'Keefe,' said Reilly to me to-day. What's behind that but principle?"

Maginnis saw by Mary Ann's look that she was not sympathetic. "She's growin' like Herself!" he thought, referring to Mrs. Maginnis's mother. "You want me to go against Reilly, I see, Mary Ann; but my honor is pledged. Sure, changin' my party principles would be like changin' my religion. 'T is an apostate I'd be. I'd be little better than a souper. Mary Ann—Mary Ann," he said, throwing as much pathos into his voice as he could with his mouth full, "is it destroyin' my honor you'd be?"

"You're very firm, Maginnis," said Mary Ann.

"I'm a rock," said Maginnis. "Reilly met me goin' to vespers, and gave me the Kerry 'Sentinel.' 'T was like bein' at home again, to see all the Tralee names in its columns. 'You'll take the nagurs and the dagos for a picnic out to Moldonovo's chicken-farm in the afternoon,' says he. 'T will be a bit of recreation for our people, as you said,' and he winked; 'and we'll carry everything for O'Keefe.' 'In the interest of civic virtue,' says I. 'There's danger,' says he. 'How?' says I. 'Sure, we've never had anny opposition before. This time,' says he, 'the Eye-talians will vote with the nagurs for Moldonovo. If there's a political menace to the country,' says he, 't is the dago. The nagurs can be managed,' says he, 'by strategy,' says he, 'and they never had a chance here to

be destructive to the ballot,' says he. 'Do you think you can get them out of the way until the polls close?' 'I can,' says I—'I can.' 'And you'll call it a chicken barbecue,' says he, laughin'. And I split my sides, Mary Ann. In a few days there won't be a colored man, woman, or child that won't know there's to be a chicken barbecue at Moldonovo's farm. The dagos will all be in Bracton to vote at noon. The trolley-cars will be runnin' out, five minutes apart, until one o'clock,—O'Keefe's vice-president of the company,—but at one o'clock the power will give out, and there'll be no cars comin' back till after the polls close. Moldonovo is to give a big meal to the dagos at twelve o'clock before they vote; but just as they're sittin' down to their macaroni and red ink they'll hear that the nagurs are among the chickens, and off they'll go by the first trolley,—and devil a wan will go back! There'll be a beggarly vote for Moldonovo." Maginnis uttered an arpeggio of chuckles, but Mary Ann did not respond.

"Maginnis," she said, "you've no heart. You're all principle."

"I am," said Maginnis, with a look modeled on the smoked picture of Byron's "Corsair" over the fireplace, "when my honor's engaged. Father Blodgett gev me a great song-and-dance yesterday about honor."

"Little Ellen was here, as pale as a ghost," said Mary Ann, folding up her apron and giving Maginnis his pipe. "'Maginnis,' says she, 'has a heart, a noble heart, but he's my father's slave.'"

"She said *that*?" asked Maginnis, in a truculent voice.

"'I'm a free-born American,' said she, 'and I'll marry the man of my choice, as you married the man of yours, Mrs. Maginnis,' said she. "'T is John Moldonovo,' said she, flushing like a piny; 'he's as good as I am, and I'll not be married to him from a hole and corner; but it's a reception I'll be having in my father's new house after the ceremony at high noon at St. Kevin's.' And she began to cry until all the childer bawled out loud for company. 'I know that Maginnis has great influence,' little Ellen went on, when I'd given her a drink of water, 'and I said so to father.' 'Maginnis,' said he—'Maginnis—why, he's only a straw man in my

hands.' 'I'll appeal to Mary Ann,' the poor child said. 'Is it his wife?' said Reilly, with a blood-curdling laugh; 'why, he's no heart! A word from me would go a dozen times further than a hundred from her; he's bound hand and foot to the party.'

"Ah-a!" murmured Maginnis, forgetting his frown. "He said *that!*"

"To hear such things about Maginnis," said little Ellen, pathetic-like, 'almost turns me against marriage; for to me your husband has always been a model.' But, said she, 'I reckon he has feet of clay, like the rest of them,' and she sighed fit to break a heart already bursting. 'If Maginnis is what father says he is, I'll die an old maid,' said she, the tears on her cheeks."

"She said *that*, did she?" asked Maginnis, puffing out his chest.

"Something very like it. And here you're making a trap to defeat John Moldonovo, who's a thousand times better than that clay-pipe Reilly. You've no heart, Maginnis; and it's sorry I am that I ever left my poor mother to the cold winds of the world."

"Whisper, Mary Ann, whisper!" Maginnis began; "my honor's at stake—the honor of a Maginnis."

Mary Ann would not listen.

"You're a slave, Maginnis!" she exclaimed, leaving the kitchen with a rustle of her Sunday silk gown that added dignity to an effective exit. Maginnis reflected, and the more he reflected the more anger he felt against Reilly.

"What is he, to be comin' between man and wife?" he asked. "I'll never go back on my word,—'t was never heard that a Kerry man would do it,—but Reilly will see that Maginnis has a heart. Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" he called.

Mary Ann was silent; and silence was the one thing in life, above all others, that Maginnis could the least endure.

Mary Ann, for the three days before the election, went about her work "like a dyin' picture," Maginnis remarked.

"I don't blame you," she said several times. "You're not better than other men." And she regretted in plaintive tones that she had ever left a mother with a heart!

"Herself!" Maginnis thought, gnashing his teeth mentally. "Herself—such is the delusion of female minds; but we have to

live with them," he added sadly, "and the easiest way's the best."

On Election day the O'Keefe faction in Bracton rejoiced. Reilly was in high spirits, and the betting was heavily against John Moldonovo. Little Ellen stayed at home: she had not sufficient poise to give her music-lessons.

The day was crisp and frosty. All the red was not gone from the maples, and the air of Bracton was full of the aromatic scent of burning leaves. O'Keefe, an expert manager of his own campaign, went out in three trolley-cars, with a brass band, to bring in triumphantly the voters from the outlying suburb of Killarney; and Reilly, absolutely confident in Maginnis's promise that he would engage the opposition at Moldonovo's farm, had gone to work the other suburb of Jamesville, where there was a Donegal colony with very delicate feelings.

As soon as O'Keefe and Reilly had departed,—and this was about nine o'clock,—the Genoese and some of the Sicilians, as well as groups of colored folk, began to come into town earlier than Reilly expected. The colored folk, under the guidance of Maginnis, departed, to the music of a brass band, before eleven. The Italians remained. Among them were a number of Sicilian tenant-farmers in the suburbs, disliked heartily by the Genoese and despised by all other whites because they hired out to negroes. As they were about to sit down in Giuseppe Moldonovo's warehouse to macaroni and red wine, one of Maginnis's acolytes gave the alarm: "The nagurs are stealin' the chickens!"

Off flew the Genoese, with wrathful eyes and empty stomachs, to the waiting trolley-cars. Reilly, arriving at this moment with his group of reluctant voters, bent almost double with laughter.

"Maginnis," he said, "you're a broth of a boy!" And he slapped him on the back.

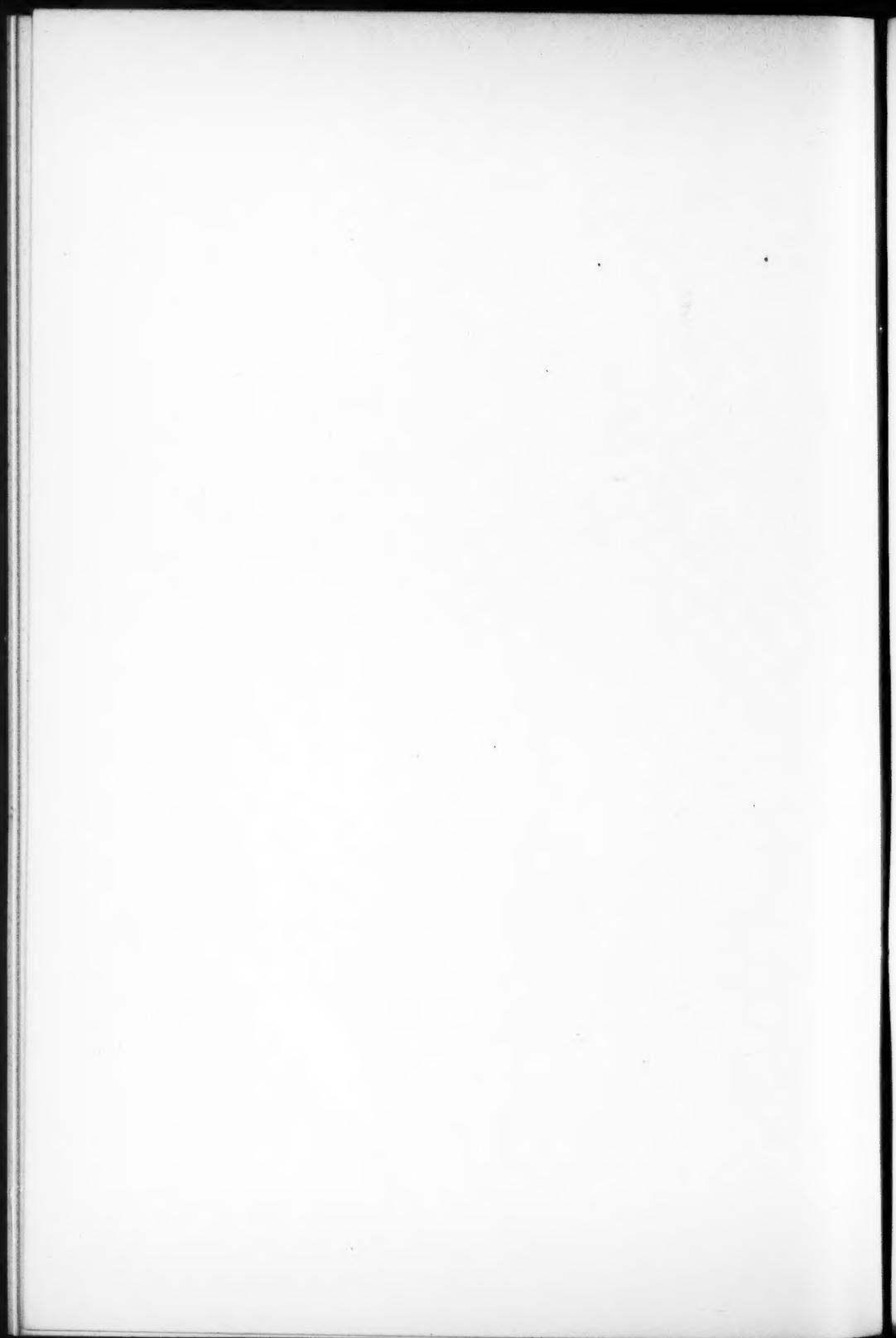
"My honor is sacred," said Maginnis, with dignity; "and you'll find, Reilly, that my heart's in the right place."

"Maginnis!" exclaimed Reilly, whose face, from frequent and early libations, was as red as his crimson necktie, "I owe it all to you that little Ellen has n't made worse nor a mixed marriage! And if the place of city clerk was n't promised to another man, you should have it!"



"...AND SHE BEGAN TO CRY UNTIL ALL THE CHILDREN BAULED OUT LOUD FOR COMPANY..."

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins



"I'm keepin' my word, that's all," said Maginnis. "I promised Father Blodgett I'd stick to the truth, and I've done it. The dagos and the nagurs are havin' their picnic, and they can't get back to town before the polls close,—and they don't need to."

At eight o'clock Reilly drove out in a

vote, after all! It should have been more."

"What did you do with the dagos and nagurs?" wailed Reilly. "I'm disgraced! What did you do with them?"

"Voted them before they left Bracton—airly," said Maginnis. "Sure, I kept my word; I gave them a picnic."



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AH-A!" MURMURED MAGINNIS, 'HE SAID THAT!'"

buggy to Brierly, where Maginnis was quietly eating his supper. Reilly could hardly speak; he waved away the chair Mary Ann offered him.

"Maginnis," he said, "do you know the vote?"

"How should I?" asked Maginnis, innocently; "I've been in the bosom of my family for an hour."

"Moldonovo's elected by a majority of twenty-six!"

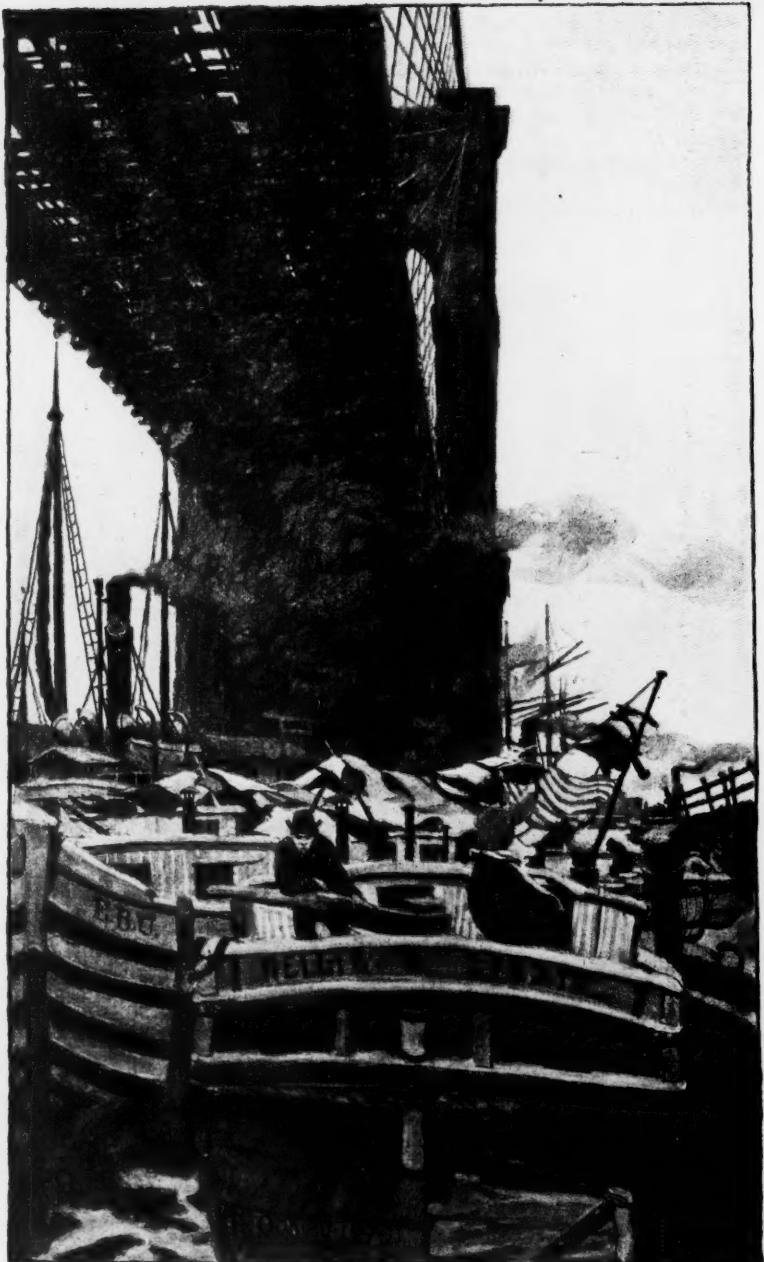
"Glory be!" began Maginnis. "'T was a close shave. Them dirty Sicilians did n't

You've disgraced me!" said Reilly.

"I kept my word," said Maginnis; "and Father Blodgett will see now that I am all in for civic virtue. Besides, Reilly,—whisper!—I've pleased Mary Ann and Herself. The women," he added, lowering his voice still further, "are a saycret society, and we'll be on the outside, no matter what we do; but, Reilly, we've got to live with them."

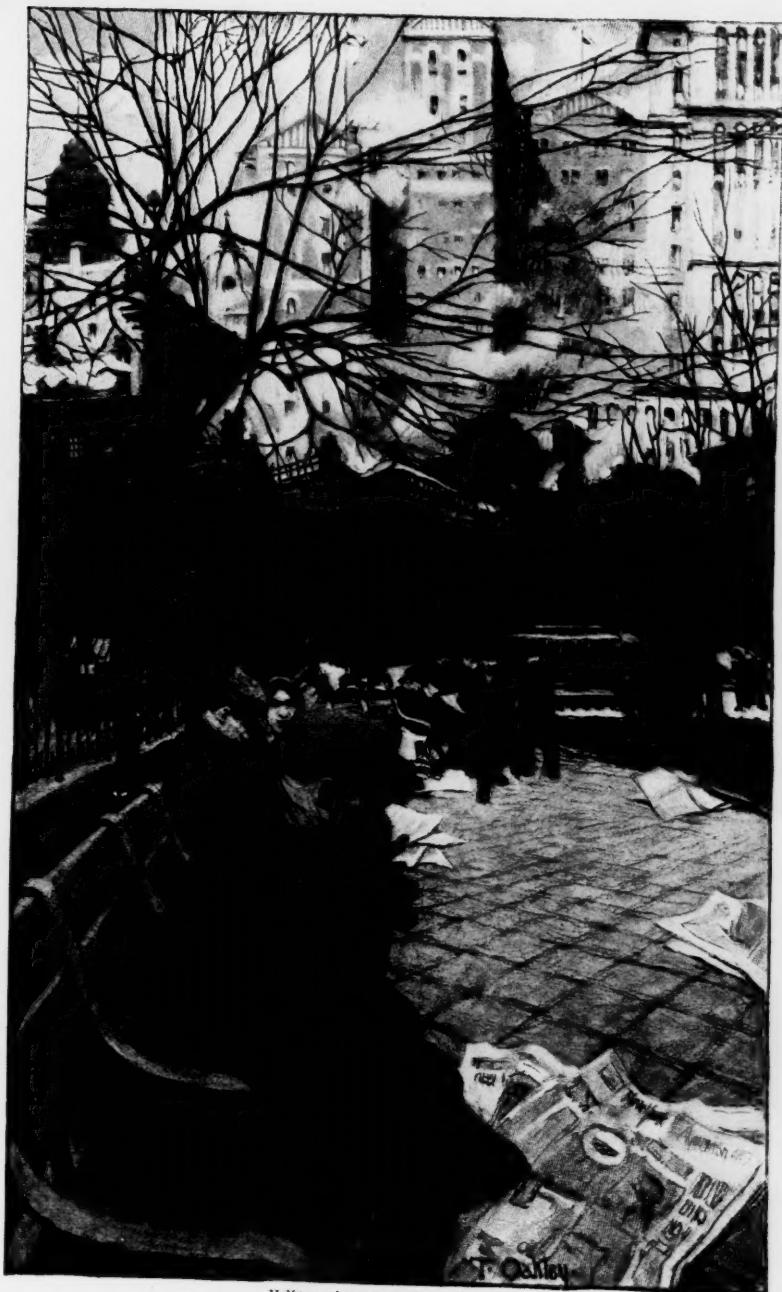
Reilly bowed his head. In his mind's eye he saw little Ellen walking down the steps of St. Kevin's with a dago.





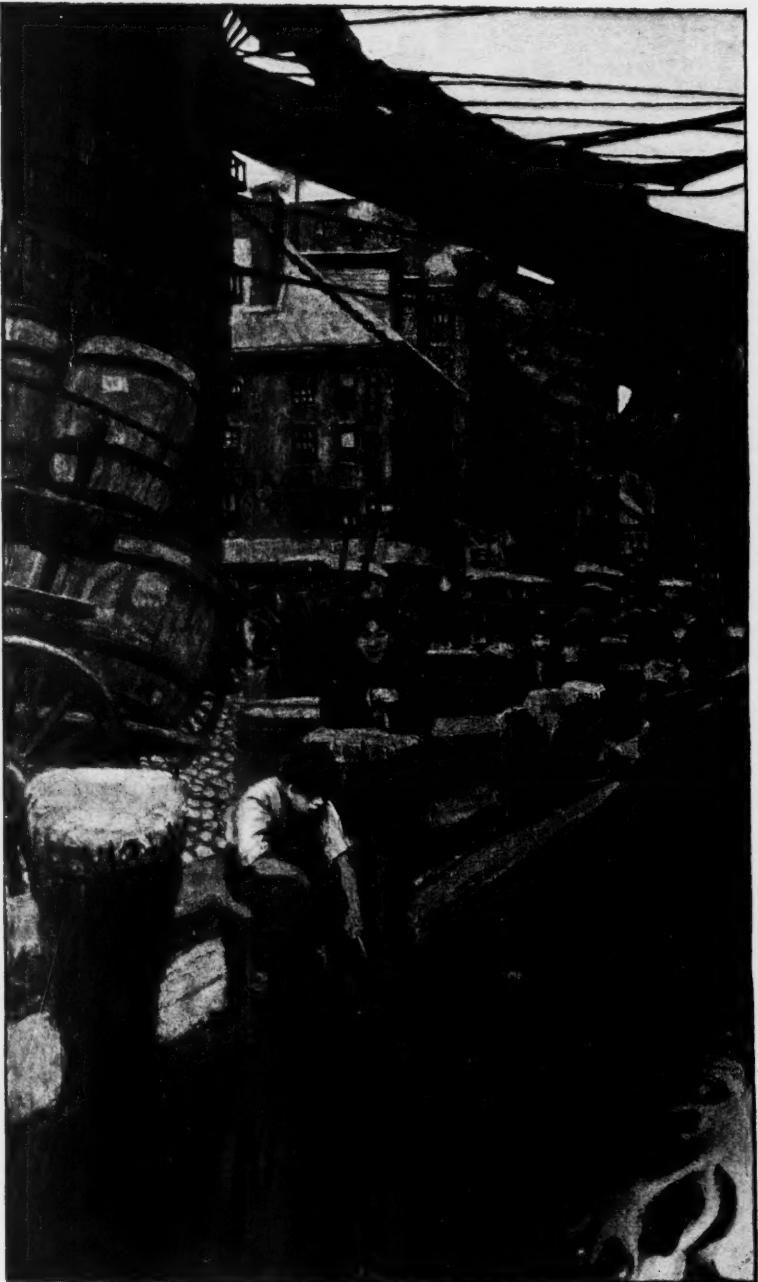
Drawn by Thornton Oakley. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SCENES IN LOWER NEW YORK
UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, FOOT OF DOVER STREET



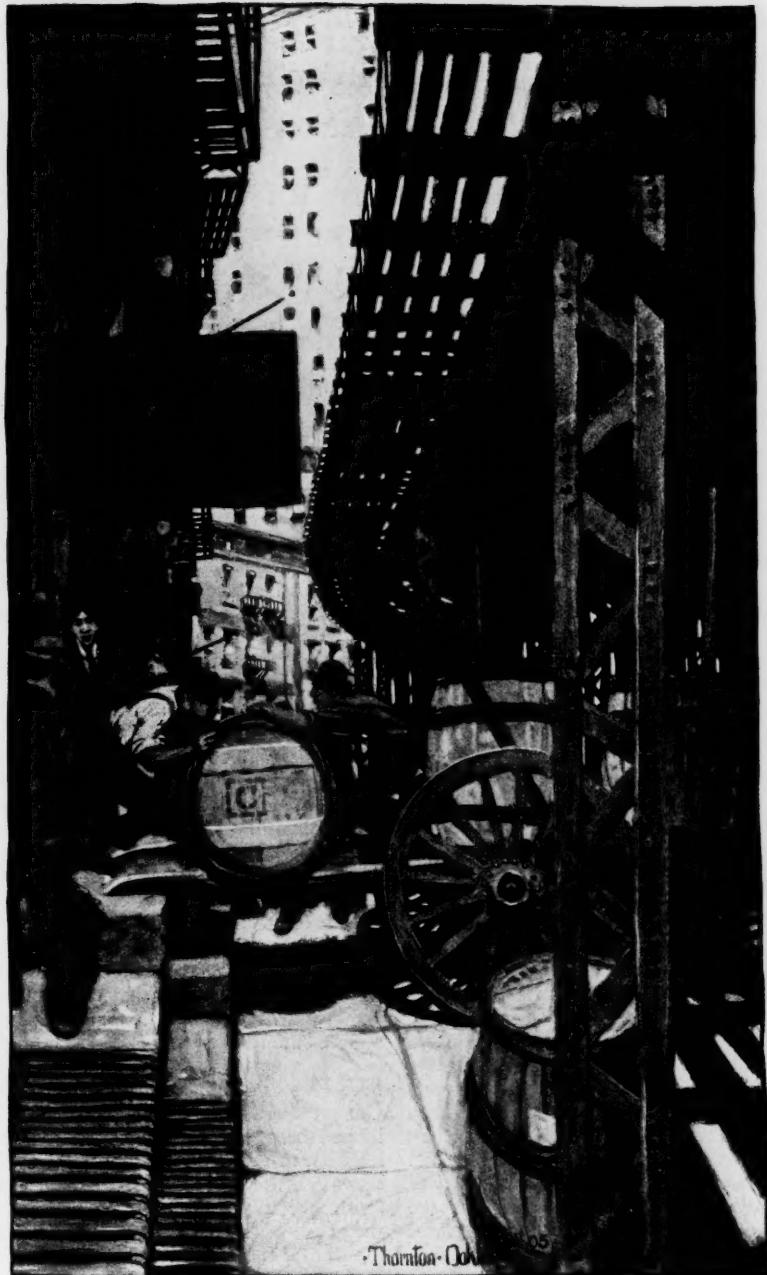
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

COENTIES SLIP



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE WATER FRONT, SOUTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM FOOT OF WALL STREET



Half-tone plate engraved by Felix Levin

PEARL STREET NEAR COENTIES SLIP

THE SNOW-BABIES' CHRISTMAS

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

[*"THE SNOW-BABIES"* is the name given (last winter) to the crippled children in the Sea Breeze Hospital on Coney Island, where outdoor treatment all the year round is working miracles of cure. The visit of President Roosevelt to Sea Breeze last summer gave the impetus to a movement to build a hospital to house four hundred instead of the present forty-five. It is to be built by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.]

 ALL aboard for Coney Island!" The gates of the bridge train slammed, the whistle shrieked, and the cars rolled out past rows of houses that grew smaller and lower to Jim's wondering eyes, until they quite disappeared beneath the track. He felt himself launching forth above the world of men, and presently he saw, deep down below, the broad stream with ships and ferry-boats and craft going different ways, just like the tracks and traffic in a big, wide street; only so far away was it all that the pennant on the topmast of a vessel passing directly under the train seemed as if it did not belong to his world at all. Jim followed the white foam in the wake of the sloop with fascinated stare, until a puffing tug hustled across its track and wiped it out. Then he settled back in his seat with a sigh that had been pent up within him twenty long, wondering minutes since he limped down the Subway at Twenty-third street. It was his first journey abroad.

Jim had never been to the Brooklyn Bridge before. It is doubtful if he had ever heard of it. If he had, it was as of something so distant, so unreal, as to have been quite within the realm of fairyland, had his life experience included fairies. It had not. Jim's frail craft had been launched in Little Italy, half a dozen miles or more up-town, and there it had been moored, its rovings being limited at the outset by babyhood and the tenement, and later on by the wreck that had made of him a castaway for life. A mysterious something had attacked one of Jim's ankles, and, despite

ointments and lotions prescribed by the wise women of the tenement, had eaten into the bone and stayed there. At nine the lad was a cripple with one leg shorter than the other by two or three inches, with a stepmother, a squalling baby to mind for his daily task, hard words and kicks for his wage; for Jim was an unprofitable investment, promising no returns, but, rather, constant worry and outlay. The outlook was not the most cheering in the world.

But, happily, Jim was little concerned about things to come. He lived in the day that is, fighting his way as he could with a leg and a half and a nickname,—“Gimpy” they called him for his limp,—and getting out of it what a fellow so handicapped could. After all, there were compensations. When the gang scattered before the cop, it did not occur to him to lay any of the blame to Gimpy, though the little lad with the pinched face and sharp eyes had, in fact, done scouting duty most craftily. It was partly in acknowledgment of such services, partly as a concession to his sharper wits, that Gimpy was tacitly allowed a seat in the councils of the Cave Gang, though in the far “kid” corner. He limped through their campaigns with them, learned to swim by “dropping off the dock” at the end of the street into the swirling tide, and once nearly lost his life when one of the bigger boys dared him to run through an election bonfire like his able-bodied comrades. Gimpy started to do it at once, but stumbled and fell, and was all but burned to death before the other boys could pull him out. This act

of bravado earned him full membership in the gang, despite his tender years; and, indeed, it is doubtful if in all that region there was a lad of his age as tough and loveless as Gimpy. The one affection of his barren life was the baby that made it slavery by day. But, somehow, there was that in its chubby foot groping for him in its baby sleep, or in the little round head pillow'd on his shoulder, that more than made up for it all.

Ill luck was surely Gimpy's portion. It was not a month after he had returned to the haunts of the gang, a battle-scarred veteran now since his encounter with the bonfire, when "the Society's" officers held up the huckster's wagon from which he was crying potatoes with his thin, shrill voice, which somehow seemed to convey the note of pain that was the prevailing strain of his life. They made Gimpy a prisoner, limp, stick, and all. The inquiry ensued as to his years and home setting, the while Gimpy was undergoing the incredible experience of being washed and fed regularly three times a day, set in motion the train of events that was at present hurrying him toward Coney Island in mid-winter, with a snow-storm draping the land in white far and near, as the train sped seaward. He gasped as he reviewed the hurrying events of the week: the visit of the doctor from Sea Breeze, who had scrutinized his ankle as if he expected to find some of the swag of the last raid hidden somewhere about it. Gimpy never took his eyes off him during the examination. No word or cry escaped him when it hurt most, but his bright, furtive eyes never left the doctor or lost one of his movements. "Just like a weasel caught in a trap," said the doctor, speaking of his charge afterward.

But when it was over, he clapped Gimpy on the shoulder and said it was all right. He was sure he could help.

"Have him at the Subway to-morrow at twelve," was his parting direction; and Gimpy had gone to bed to dream that he was being dragged down the stone stairs by three helmeted men, to be fed to a monster breathing fire and smoke at the foot of the stairs.

Now his wondering journey was disturbed by a cheery voice beside him. "Well, bub, ever see that before?" and the doctor pointed to the gray ocean line

dead ahead. Gimpy had not seen it, but he knew well enough what it was.

"It's the river," he said, "that I cross when I go to Italy."

"Right!" and his companion held out a helping hand as the train pulled up at the end of the journey. "Now let's see how we can navigate."

And, indeed, there was need of seeing about it. Right from the step of the train the snow lay deep, a pathless waste burying street and sidewalk out of sight, blocking the closed and barred gate of Dreamland, of radiant summer memory, and stalling the myriad hobby-horses of shows that slept their long winter sleep. Not a whinny came on the sharp salt breeze. The strident voice of the carpenter's saw and the rat-tat-tat of his hammer alone bore witness that there was life somewhere in the white desert. The doctor looked in dismay at Gimpy's brace and high shoe, and shook his head.

"He never can do it. Hello, there!" An express-wagon had come into view around the corner of the shed. "Here's a job for you." And before he could have said Jack Robinson, Gimpy felt himself hoisted bodily into the wagon and deposited there like any express package. From somewhere a longish something that proved to be a Christmas-tree, very much wrapped and swathed about, came to keep him company. The doctor climbed up by the driver, and they were off. Gimpy recalled with a dull sense of impending events in which for once he had no shaping hand, as he rubbed his ears where the bitter blast pinched, that to-morrow was Christmas.

A strange group was that which gathered about the supper-table at Sea Breeze that night. It would have been sufficiently odd to any one anywhere; but to Gimpy, washed, in clean, comfortable raiment, with his bad foot set in a firm bandage, and for once no longer sore with the pain that had racked his frame from babyhood, it seemed sounreal that once or twice he pinched himself covertly to see if he were really awake. They came weakly stumping with sticks and crutches and on club feet, the lame and the halt, the children of sorrow and suffering from the city slums, and stood leaning on crutch or chair for support while they sang their simple grace; but neither in their clear childish voices nor yet in the faces



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEY DREW NEAR THE FIRE, AND HEARD THE DOCTOR TELL STORIES"

that were turned toward Gimpy in friendly scrutiny as the last comer, was there trace of pain. Their cheeks were ruddy and their eyes bright with the health of outdoors, and when they sang about the "Frog in the Pond," in response to a spontaneous demand, laughter bubbled over around the table. Gimpy, sizing his fellow-boarders up according to the standards of the gang, with the mental conclusion that he "could lick the bunch," felt a warm little hand worming its way into his, and, looking into a pair of trustful baby eyes, choked with a sudden reminiscent pang, but smiled back at his friend and felt suddenly at home. Little Ellen, with the pervading affections, had added him to her family of brothers. What honors were in store for him in that relation Gimpy never guessed. Ellen left no one out. When summer came again she enlarged the family further by adopting the President of the United States as her papa, when he came visiting to Sea Breeze; and by rights Gimpy should have achieved a pull such as would have turned the boss of his ward green with envy.

It appeared speedily that something unusual was on foot. There was a subdued excitement among the children which his experience diagnosed at first flush as the symptoms of a raid. But the fact that in all the waste of snow on the way over he had seen nothing rising to the apparent dignity of candy-shop or grocery-store made him dismiss the notion as untenable. Presently unfamiliar doings developed. The children who could write scribbled notes on odd sheets of paper, which the nurses burned in the fireplace with solemn incantations. Something in the locked dining-room was an object of pointed interest. Things were going on there, and expeditions to penetrate the mystery were organized at brief intervals, and as often headed off by watchful nurses.

When, finally, the children were gotten up-stairs and undressed, from the head-post of each of thirty-six beds there swung a little stocking, limp and yawning with mute appeal. Gimpy had "caught on" by this time: it was a wishing-bee, and old Santa Claus was supposed to fill the stockings with what each had most desired. The consultation over, baby George had let him into the game. Baby George did not know enough to do his own wishing, and the

thirty-five took it in hand while he was being put to bed.

"Let's wish for some little dresses for him," said big Mariano, who was the baby's champion and court of last resort; "that's what he needs." And it was done. Gimpy smiled a little disdainfully at the credulity of the "kids." The Santa Claus fake was out of date a long while in his tenement. But he voted for baby George's dresses, all the same, and even went to the length of recording his own wish for a good baseball bat. Gimpy was coming on.

Going to bed in that queer place fairly "stumped" Gimpy. "Peelin'" had been the simplest of processes in Little Italy. Here they pulled a fellow's clothes off only to put on another lot, heavier every way, with sweater and hood and flannel socks and mittens to boot, as if the boy were bound for a tussle with the storm outside rather than for his own warm bed. And so, in fact, he was. For no sooner had he been tucked under the blankets, warm and snug, than the nurses threw open all the windows, every one, and let the gale from without surge in and through as it listed; and so they left them. Gimpy shivered as he felt the frosty breath of the ocean nipping his nose, and crept under the blanket for shelter. But presently he looked up and saw the other boys snoozing happily like so many little Eskimos equipped for the North Pole, and decided to keep them company. For a while he lay thinking of the strange things that had happened that day, since his descent into the Subway. If the gang could see him now. But it seemed far away, with all his past life—farther than the river with the ships deep down below. Out there upon the dark waters, in the storm, were they sailing now, and all the lights of the city swallowed up in gloom? Presently he heard through it all the train roaring far off in the Subway and many hurrying feet on the stairs. The iron gates clanked—and he fell asleep with the song of the sea for his lullaby. Mother Nature had gathered her child to her bosom, and the slum had lost in the battle for a life.

The clock had not struck two when from the biggest boy's bed in the corner there came in a clear, strong alto the strains of "Ring, ring, happy bells!" and from every room childish voices chimed in. The nurses hurried to stop the chorus with the

message that it was yet five hours to daylight. They were up, trimming the tree in the dining-room; at the last moment the crushing announcement had been made that the candy had been forgotten, and a midnight expedition had set out for the city through the storm to procure it. A semblance of order was restored, but catnaps ruled after that, till, at daybreak, a gleeful shout from Ellen's bed proclaimed that Santa Claus had been there, in very truth, and had left a dolly in her stocking. It was the signal for such an uproar as had not been heard on that beach since Port Arthur fell for the last time upon its defenders three months before. From thirty-six stockings came forth a veritable army of tops, balls, wooden animals of unknown pedigree, oranges, music-boxes, and cunning little pocket-books, each with a shining silver quarter in, love-tokens of one in the great city whose heart must have been light with happy dreams in that hour. Gimpy drew forth from his stocking a very able-bodied base-ball bat and considered it with a stunned look. Santa Claus was a fake, but the bat—there was no denying that, and he *had* wished for one the very last thing before he fell asleep!

Daylight struggled still with a heavy snow-squall when the signal was given for the carol "Christmas time has come again," and the march down for breakfast. That march! On the third step the carol was forgotten and the band broke into one long cheer that was kept up till the door of the dining-room was reached. At the first glimpse within, baby George's wail rose loud and grievous: "My chair, my chair!" But it died in a shriek of joy as he saw what it was that had taken its place. There stood the Christmas-tree, one mass of shining candles, and silver and gold, and angels with wings, and wondrous things of colored paper all over it from top to bottom. Was there ever such a Christmas-tree before? Gimpy's eyes sparkled at the sight, skeptic though he was at nine; and in the depth of his soul he came over, then and there, to Santa Claus, to abide forever—only he did not know it yet.

To make the children eat any breakfast, with three gay sleds waiting to take the girls out in the snow, was no easy matter; but it was done at last, and they swarmed forth for a holiday in the open.

All days are spent in the open at Sea Breeze—even the school is a tent, and very cold weather only shortens the brief school hour; but this day was to be given over to play altogether. Winter it was "for fair," but never was coasting enjoyed on New England hills as these sledding journeys on the sands where the surf beat in with crash of thunder. The sea itself had joined in making Christmas for its little friends. The day before, a regiment of crabs had come ashore and surrendered to the cook at Sea Breeze. Christmas morn found the children's "floor"—they called the stretch of clean, hard sand between high-water mark and the surf-line by that name—filled with gorgeous shells and pebbles, and strange fishes left there by the tide overnight. The fair-weather friends who turn their backs upon old ocean with the first rude blasts of autumn little know what wonderful surprises it keeps for those who stand by it in good and in evil report.

When the very biggest turkey that ever strutted in barnyard was discovered steaming in the middle of the dinner-table and the report went around in whispers that ice-cream had been seen carried in in pails, and when, in response to a pull at the bell, Matron Thomsen ushered in a squad of smiling mamas and papas to help eat the dinner, even Gimpy gave in to the general joy, and avowed that Christmas was "bully." Perhaps his acceptance of the fact was made easier by a hasty survey of the group of papas and mamas, which assured him that his own were not among them. A fleeting glimpse of "the baby," deserted and disconsolate, brought the old pucker to his brow for a passing moment; but just then big Fred set off a snapper at his very ear, and thrusting a pea-green fool's-cap upon his head, pushed him into the roistering procession that hobbled round and round the table, cheering fit to burst. And the babies that had been brought down from their cribs, strapped, because their backs were crooked, in the frames that look so cruel and are so kind, lifted up their feeble voices as they watched the show with shining eyes. Little baby Helen, who could only smile and wave "by-by" with one fat hand, piped in with her tiny voice, "Here I is!" It was all she knew, and she gave that with a right good will, which is as much as one

can ask of anybody, even of a snow-baby.

If there were still lacking a last link to rivet Gimpy's loyalty to his new home for good and all, he himself supplied it when the band gathered under the leafless trees—for Sea Breeze has a grove in summer, the only one on the island—and whiled away the afternoon making a "park" in the snow, with sea-shells for curbing and boundary stones. When it was all but completed, Gimpy, with an inspiration that then and there installed him leader, gave it the finishing touch by drawing a policeman on the corner with a club, and a sign, "Keep off the grass." Together they gave it the air of reality and the true local color that made them feel, one and all, that now indeed they were at home.

Toward evening a snow-storm blew in from the sea, but instead of scurrying for shelter, the little Eskimos joined the doctor in hauling wood for a big bonfire on the beach. There, while the surf beat upon the shore hardly a dozen steps away, and the storm whirled the snow-clouds in weird drifts over sea and land, they drew near the fire, and heard the doctor tell stories that seemed to come right out of the darkness and grow real while they listened. Dr. Wallace is a Southerner and lived his childhood with Br'er Rabbit and Mr. Fox, and they saw them plainly gamboling in the fire-light as the story went on. For the doctor knows boys and loves them, that is how.

No one would have guessed that they were cripples, every one of that rugged band that sat down around the Christmas supper-table, rosy-cheeked and jolly—cripples condemned, but for Sea Breeze, to lives of misery and pain, most of them to an early death and suffering to others. For their enemy was that foe of mankind, the White Plague that for thousands of years has taken tithe and toll of the ignorance and greed and selfishness of man, which sometimes we call with one name—the slum. Gimpy never would have dreamed that the tenement held no worse threat for the baby he yearned for than himself, with his crippled foot, when he was there. These things you could not have told even the fathers and mothers; or if you had, no one there but the doctor and the nurses would have believed you. They knew only too well. But two things you could make out,

with no trouble at all, by the lamplight: one, that they were one and all on the homeward stretch to health and vigor—Gimpy himself was a different lad from the one who had crept shivering to bed the night before; and this other, that they were the sleepiest crew of youngsters ever got together. Before they had finished the first verse of "America" as their good night, standing up like little men, half of them were down and asleep with their heads pillow'd upon their arms. And so Miss Brass, the head nurse, gathered them in and off to bed.

"And now, boys," she said as they were being tucked in, "your prayers." And of those who were awake each said his own: Willie his "Now I lay me," Mariano his "Ave," but little Bent from the East-side tenement wailed that he did n't have any. Bent was a newcomer like Gimpy.

"Then," said six-year old Morris, resolutely,—he also was a Jew,—"I learn him mine vat my fader tol' me." And getting into Bent's crib, he crept under the blanket with his little comrade. Gimpy saw them reverently pull their worsted caps down over their heads, and presently their tiny voices whispered together, in the jargon of the East Side, their petition to the Father of all, who looked lovingly down through the storm upon his children of many folds.

The last prayer was said, and all was still. Through the peaceful breathing of the boys all about him, Gimpy, alone wakeful, heard the deep bass of the troubled sea. The storm had blown over. Through the open windows shone the eternal stars, as on that night in the Judean hills when shepherds herded their flocks and

"The angels of the Lord came down."

He did not know. He was not thinking of angels; none had ever come to his slum. But a great peace came over him and filled his child-soul. It may be that the nurse saw it shining in his eyes and thought it fever. It may be that she, too, was thinking in that holy hour. She bent over him and laid a soothing hand upon his brow.

"You must sleep now," she said.

Something that was not of the tenement, something vital, with which his old life had no concern, welled up in Gimpy at the touch. He caught her hand and held it.

"I will if you will sit here," he said. He could not help it.

"Why, Jimmy?" She stroked back his shock of stubborn hair. Something glistened on her eyelashes as she looked at the forlorn little face on the pillow. How should Gimpy know that he was that mo-

ment leading another struggling soul by the hand toward the light that never dies?

"Cause"—he gulped hard, but finished manfully—"cause I love you."

Gimpy had learned the lesson of Christmas,

"And glory shone around."



LOVERS IN HEAVEN

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Author of "Archibald Malmason," etc.



N earth we had been perplexed and separated.

I do not mean that we had been separated by earthly spaces. We had dwelt together, kissed, and loved—yes, assuredly we had loved; yet were there obstacles, and our hands, reaching toward one another, had not fully met. The life of the body often misleads that of the soul, being affected by traditions, distrusts, prejudices, and chiefly by ignorances, and the illusion that we must take care of ourselves. These inveigle the life of the body, and by degrees divorce it from the life of the soul, which becomes secluded, and is seen in occasional glimpses only, which we then call dreams of fancy. For it is the wisdom of divine things thus to put on garments of incredibility.

The chief peril to which man is exposed is that of profanation of what is holy, from which he is shielded by shutting him up in the circle of his senses, and restricting him to the shallows of his reason. Within that circle, and in those shallows, he acquires what he believes is wisdom, pursues what he names ambitions, suffers what he fancies are pain and sorrow, wreaks what he intends for revenges, commits what he calls sins, indulges what he mistakes for love, and, in a word, lives what it is given him to imagine is human life. Yet in all that span of existence there is but a handful of hours when he truly lives the life that is his own and not

a pretense, an evasion, or an error; and those few hours appear to him—save at the instant of their revelation—as hallucinations. Nevertheless they are the porticos and pillars, halls and gardens, sun and stars of his heaven; which he pragmatically and complacently puts away from him, and turns himself to what seems to him his heaven, but is his hell. Truly, this is a pity and a loss!

Yet, compared with the ruin which profanation would work on him, it is salvation; and in no other way may he escape profanation. Profanation is grievous because it is committed with the connivance of the soul; and inasmuch as the immortal soul holds seeds of infinity, that which it does cannot be changed or brought within the mercy of time's oblivion. But profanation is rare; for, in the moment when man contemplates it, the gates between him and his soul are closed, and neither can he penetrate them from without, nor can the soul from within pass them, till all be fulfilled. Moreover, the deeds of man are valid only when in harmony with the destiny of man, which deeds of evil can never be. For evil separates and is in discord, and good and truth only unite and are in tune.

Now, most of us have been prone to profanations; therefore are we betimes expelled from the Eden of our soul, and the way thereto is guarded thenceforth by the flaming sword; whence arise the perplexities and aberrations from which I, and she also in her degree, had suffered. But by

dint of these thorns, darknesses, and insanities does the body do its office for man, till he be reconciled; it is offered up a sacrifice for the soul's security, as was the body of Him whose name is hallowed. But in time to come it shall be, as was His, transfigured, and there shall be no more death; death being not that symbol which is physical dissolution, but the divergence of the body from the path of the soul.

II

BUT my beloved and I were now in heaven, and in our place there.

The desire of true love is not fulfilled on earth, no man or woman being strong enough to endure it. Yet, since love only is incompatible with the limitations of earth, love only has kept alive there the longing for heaven. The inmost delights of love on earth do but render more sensible the barriers which earth interposes between love and its goal. The lips of his beloved rob the lover of her kiss; her warm bosom and ardent arms withhold him from her embrace; the light that he drinks from her eyes does but tantalize his immortal thirst; the words she speaks are but stammering parodies of the poignancy she means. All true lovers say they are in love with death—meaning with that life from which death is removed. Love on earth is gagged, blindfolded, fettered, and misdoubted; yet is he our sole redeemer to the heights that are our home. By the chains that bind him our flesh is galled; we are suffocated in the strangling of his breath; and by his struggles to be free are we scourged to our own deliverance.

Why do we supremely desire that which we have never known, and can never, even in heaven, fully know? Other things we overtake or pass; but Love leads us forever, and Love therefore alone is life. He gives us the power and the motive wherewith we pursue him, and the more our power and will to pursue him increase, the more divine become his unconquerable summits. The clearer our eyes to recognize his perfection, the more does that perfection outstrip our following of him.

The difference between love on earth and love in heaven is not to be conveyed in words; but in tranquil and pure moods it may, even on earth, be apprehended by the sight of the spirit. Love in heaven has

realized all that earthly love aspires to; and from that goal its progress begins, never to cease. The sky toward which it yearned in the world has become the ground on which it stands here; but now another sky is above it. We forecast heaven as repose and peace, the fulfilling of the heart's desire, the immortal presence with us of beauty and happiness. But man is not so poorly content. We leave behind us on earth the obstacles of the body, and in heaven we labor not for bread, raiment, and shelter; hearts are not parted by space and time; we deceive not, strive not one against the other, scheme not to outdo others for the gain of our own name and fame. Yet in heaven are labor, emulation, ambition, love's holy fear, and humility deeper than hell is deep below the heavens. Tears we have also, and awe of that want which only the divine fullness can supply. There are moods in which our sun sinks and twilight broods over the hills and vales of paradise. Nor is there ever an hour when the lover feels himself worthy his beloved, or, gazing in her eyes, dares say, "Thou art mine!" For she is love's, and love is God, and from God is the life that gives being to the love wherewith the beloved is loved by her lover, and he by her.

No: in heaven are no gardens of idleness or beds of ease. In the divine forges the silver and golden hammers of the smiths ring from eternity to eternity, shaping the secret axles on which spin stars and planets, laying the shining track of the zodiac, forming the rafters of the temple of the Most High,—and not the less spinning the invisible threads that fasten the heart of mother to infant, which cannot be broken; or broadening forth the adamantine shield of charity, whose lovely splendor bridges the abyss between the dead and the quick. Here are wrought causes, and are sowed in your deserts, to make them blossom as the rose; and here are lit and kept aflame the uses which kindle men into angels, and brighten on angels' brows as the signet of the finger of the Lord.

III

WHEN I found my beloved in heaven I laughed for joy.

In the face of a beloved woman on earth, in the moment when her lips meet the lips of her lover, there is revealed—

but to his eyes only—a beauty which is of heaven.

Such a divine moment, but made immortal, and beyond measure exalted and increasing, is heaven, and such are the basis and constancy of the heavenly life. This is our daily breath; but beyond this are things which (lest he perish of too much light and fire) the tongue of man may not utter, nor his ears receive.

Therefore, when in paradise I found my beloved, I laughed for joy. Often while still on earth had we affirmed to each other our faith that we would meet and know each other in heaven. Yet, from its hither side, the grave seems deep and wide; and when my beloved had gone down thither before me, I had trembled with the terror of loneliness. Though the death of the body be but death's counterfeit, yet has that counterfeit power to freeze the marrow of the bones of the soul; and, gazing into the grave of my beloved, I had said, "Did we but dream?"—against which saying there is no other protection than the Lord. But he was nearer to me than my fear; and he put forth his hand and healed me.

IV.

I WILL relate how I found my beloved in heaven.

The journey from this to the heavenly world is made in darkness, silence, and peace.

On his way the traveler is guided and guarded by the Lord alone, and the divine life fills and upholds him from zenith to nadir. Therefore has death a sacredness that can belong to the conscious life of neither man nor angel; then only may the Creator enter unveiled into the creature; because only in that hour are the senses of the creature holden, so that he cannot think, "I am I!"

The silence, the peace, and the darkness are not as are those things on earth.

Darkness on earth is when the waves of the ocean of light cease to break upon the shores of sight; but the darkness of death is because those shores have been removed, and the waves of the light which is not of earth flow on unimpeded.

Nor is the silence of death the extinction of sound; but the very symphony of

the Lord unrolls its music in a temple chastened of echoes.

And the peace of death is not a pause from strife and effort; but it is the peace of him who from the beginning sees the end, and reconciles perfect action with perfect rest.

These things, which, during death, are accomplished in him, the creature knows not; and nevertheless he knows them. For the glory of their sojourn in him is inscribed on the secret places of his soul, and are remembered as the unimaginable pageant of a holy dream.

My hour passed; and then through my closed eyelids came, first, a sense of dawn. Dim was it, subdued, and sweet; a pearly obscurity, slowly blooming onward to spiritual intelligence. In it appeared no form or motion, but only the promise of life to come. Fain was I (could I then have chosen) that it continue forever, for never had I known such content; yet was this but the earliest glimmering of heaven's delight. This dawn is caused, not by the nearer approach of the Lord, but by his withdrawal to the inmost shrine of that mystery which, in the conscious life of man and angel, is his abiding-place and the veil of his splendor.

As I lay quiescent, but pregnant of immortal energies, golden melodies were distilled into my ears, warbling like the notes of secluded birds, and chiming like bells that welcome to the home of his childhood one who has tarried long in exile. But I knew them for voices of friends that loved me, in whose love dwelt innocence such as to soften the heart to tears, yet exalted with fragrance of angelic wisdom. It was the utterance, not of thought, but of that wherefrom thought is born,—the language which describes not, but creates.

The heavenly senses, each in its perfection, flow one into the other, giving to each the completeness of all, which is perception. So, my eyes, now opened, beheld the angels' speech. I saw as it were a wilderness, in which walked divine children, bearers of good tidings; and as they traversed the wilderness from end to end, it became a garden, wholesome with trees and fair with flowers; which garden was myself, and the angels' words, the children.

So I arose, being now a spirit; and that

which I was, made the place in which I stood; though—save for the Lord—I and my place were naught. The angels smiled upon me, and were withdrawn, since henceforth their place could not be mine. I looked abroad, and my soul yearned for my beloved.

In the east stood the sun; to its left ascended a lofty mountain from a wide plain, diversified with forests, meadows, lakes, and streams, and containing cities, towns, and hamlets, and also separate habitations, some small and lowly, others magnificent. Upon all rested a light as of a myriad earthly suns, yet soft, not dazzling; and from the objects themselves proceeded a radiance—the soul of beauty, light, and life; so that from every feature of this landscape flowed, into every part of my heart and mind, messages of love and understanding, making me as it were one with itself. And such was the power and penetration of the eyes of my spirit that things the most remote and minute appeared distinct and near, yet without confusion.

I looked toward the mountain; and there, on a terrace before a house white like crystal, I saw the figure of my beloved, and her eyes were turned upon me; but she was far away, so that a world seemed to intervene between us.

v

As I stood gazing and longing thus, a man approached me familiarly and accosted me. While he was yet at some distance I thought him a stranger; but as he drew near he seemed like one I knew, and when he stood before me, and our eyes met, I could have called him brother: for he was as my mirror, and I as his. I felt an inclination toward him, and nevertheless I feared him.

"I perceive you have recognized her that stands yonder," he said. "She is your own, and that house is yours, which is in heaven. By claiming what is your own, you also may come thither; for heaven is the possession of the heart's desire. Follow me, and I will guide you on your way."

Now, as he spoke, his voice won me; but the petals of a rose which I had plucked were withered and fell to the ground; and the green moss shrank away from the bank on which I stood, and left bare rock; also, the light of the sun became

overcast, and the mountain seemed more remote. I felt anxiety lest, in the dusk and remoteness, she be lost to me, and I said to the man, "Which is the road?"

"I am come to show it to you," he replied, taking me by the arm. "Come—I alone can bring you to her. I am the link that binds you to her."

These words seemed to be the utterance of my own will; but the sun became obscured, and my lungs labored, as if something within me were closed. Nevertheless, his hand was on my arm, and he said, "We must hasten!" Thereupon, I saw a path extending toward the west, away from the mountain; and further on it bent to the right, and its inclination was downward.

"How can this be the way?" I asked.

"There is a cliff the other way," he replied, "which is perilous to descend in the darkness; but this road passes round its base and so fetches us safely on our way. We often gain our desire by first turning our back upon it. Fix your thought on what you desire, and resolve to possess it, and all will be well. Trust to me, for none but I can aid you!"

His persuasiveness wrought on me, though I felt misgivings. Looking down the path, there appeared in the midst of the duskiness a glow, as of fire seen through smoke. A dark beast with wings flapped past me heavily; a reptile scuttled between the stones. My intelligence was obscured, so that the evil I had done on earth rose up before me, and seemed sweet.

Because of that sweetness, I strove no longer to look toward the mountain; but I peered eagerly through the smoke and fire; and I beheld therein the face of a woman bearing a likeness to that of my beloved. She beckoned to me, laughing; and in her laughing eyes was that which kindled in me passion to possess her, and, rather than lose her, to destroy mankind and heaven with its angels, and even the Lord himself. The hatred within me against all opposition flamed up in my heart, and the smoke of it was united with the smoke from the abyss. The man who was as my brother dragged me onward.

He muttered in my ear, "Come—she is there—she is waiting for you! That which you mistook for her upon the mountain was a phantom fashioned of cold mists; but the warm flesh and the passionate lips

are here, hungering and thirsting for you! She is all your own; and there is no other heaven! When you hold her in your arms there is no other God except you! One more plunge and she is yours! Come!"

Lord! even then didst thou again put forth thy hand to save me.

Blessed be the mother of mine unconscious infancy, who, receiving from the Lord the holy tenderness of maternity, did implant in the inmost chamber of my soul seeds of love so pure and innocent that the gates of hell could not prevail against it in this mine extremity!

From those seeds, also, had I drawn strength to love thee, O my beloved, with the love of reality and of truth! Not of myself could I have contended against the evil which was myself; but only by the sword and shield of the Almighty One, given to me while yet a little child, sheltered in the selfless bosom of her through whom I gathered life, before I learned to say that I was I!

Thus, upon the very brink of the abyss, with that false semblance of my beloved beckoning to me from within, I was given to know that he whose delicious blasphemies dinned in my ears was the Satan of mine own self; and the mercy of the Lord enabled me to stand.

"I will not go with you!" I said. "Not to possess the beloved, but to give all to her, is the desire of love. From God, who is love, lovers love and are beloved; how then should they possess each other? All of them that is lovely is his loveliness; no good can be their own, save the will freely to bestow the delight of it upon each other. That in my beloved which I worship, which is my life, is him through her; what of him in her I claim for mine own becomes accursed. And accursed be thou, Satan, who art that in me wherein God hath no part! With the help of the Lord, I defy thee!"

Then, with a howl, he grappled with me. I felt his nails sink in my flesh, and his teeth burn in my throat. On the verge of the pit, in deadly struggle, we swayed; and in my ears roared a tumult as of the crash of battles.

VI

I LAY in the deep softness of cool grass. Flowers of tender perfume bent between my face and the sky. Whether it were the

singing of birds that I heard, or a song in my own heart, I could not tell. Methought I was an infant, with no strength of my own, but a part of all strength; devoid of knowledge, but through whom flowed the tides of all wisdom; whose heart beat not of its own beating, but with the pulsation that rose and fell in the bosom of the heavens; the breath of whose lungs was not my own breath, but the tranquil respiration of the angels of God. No riches had I, save the infinite riches of the love that succors the helpless; nor any life save the infant's helpless joy in receiving life from Life. Naught of myself could I find in myself; it lay beneath me in the abyss; and in the blessedness of that release I knew myself an angel.

The warm air, serene and free, sparkled with rainbow atoms. Through the transparent veins of the grass I saw coursing the sweet green sap; in the cups of the flowers smiled fairy faces; clear and refreshing as truth, the waters of the near-by brook sang their chorus, and the pebbles over which they sloped and swirled could not hide the living changes of their crystallizations. The gentle majesty of yonder tree, whose myriad leaves explored the secrets of the sunshine and the breeze, had a life at one with my own perception of angelic mysteries; and the love of common things that pastured in my heart, and the far-speeding conceptions that coursed along my brain, found their reflection in the white sheep upon the hillside, and the horses whose fleet limbs bore them so lightly across the plain. All that was within me assumed form outwardly in the light of heaven; and my home was all about me, because the familiar joy and peace which are home were in my soul.

In heaven there is a voice in things seen, of which, presently, I became aware; and, listening to it, it sounded like the voice of my beloved. Then I stood upon my feet:—was she not near? I saw her not; but, far down the sky toward the east, where the sun still stood, passed a shining figure with mighty wings pointed upward; he became lost in the greater brightness over against him. Thereupon, freed of my burden, and light of foot, I took up my way, guided from my heart, and mistrusting nothing.

As buds of flowers unfold in sunshine, there were in my soul unfoldings which

bore me onward; and heights of vision, one above another, revealed within me, lifted me out of the valleys to the hills, and higher, to the splendor of the mountains. At times my discernment slackened, and I lingered by the way; anon, ardor burned anew like a star in my forehead, and vast spaces passed swiftly beneath my feet. I was not as a wanderer in a strange country, but I moved in the places of my own heart. For the heart is infinite, because the Lord creates therein immortally the life of his creature, and from it surrounds him with the things which he loves and knows. Nor can any man or angel, through eternity, complete the journey to the horizons of his eternally growing heart.

Ever, as I journeyed, I met the glory and freshness of the morning. On earth are hours and days, but in heaven growth in wisdom and increase in love. To the soul that lives there are no times and seasons, yesterdays and to-morrows, but from the bottomless cup of to-day he quaffs forever his fill of joy. There was for me no weariness of the way, nor anxious haste of the belated traveler, but, as it were, a constant setting forth in faith and vigor, and a constant arriving at the goal of felicity. For each step of angelic progress is fulfilment of present capacity. Therefore I had no impatience even to reach my beloved, knowing that, though still invisible, she was with me, and would be disclosed to me when the chambers of my soul should have become worthy her habitation.

Albeit in heaven the traveler journey alone, he is never unaccompanied. By unseen communications of love and sympathy he is united with the heavenly host, which sends rainbow promises to arch his way, and secret omens in bending flowers and whispering leaves. Clouds, like fair white ships, voyaged before me toward the haven of my pilgrimage, and the singing of nightingales assured me of the good to come. As the lover leaps to the arms of her whom he loves, cataracts leaped into light and were joined with their streams; and the opaline veils of the mountain gorges drew aside to show me the path my feet should follow. And from hollows of distant slopes, tinted with mists of amethyst and emerald, there came the soft flowing of a breeze upon my face, bearing messages ineffable of love from her who is the fulfilment of my soul.

vii

ONCE, in the days of our love on earth, we had come to a high place overlooking the sea. Far off in that warm azure little islands lay, with white shores, their heights covered with verdure, softened by the transparent mists of the sea. We stood on a level space, whose green turf yielded beneath our feet; behind us, and on either hand, mighty trees, some bearing crimson flowers, lifted themselves in stately groups. Near us were clumps of bushes and vines, with trumpet blossoms tangled over them, amidst which flitted jeweled hummingbirds; from the declivity on the left breathed the perfume of orange-flowers. But in front the marble cliffs fell vertically till they were merged in the general slope of the mountain-side; whence plunged downward rugged ravines, densely clothed with immemorial forest, and at last trending outward in gentle declinations to the coral beach on which broke the surf, but so distant that the music of it was lost in the murmur of the trees.

We stood long on the verge of the cliff, filling our souls with gazing; her hand was in mine, but otherwise we were silent. At last we turned and paced back across the grass till we reached a natural terrace, not high, but of ample area; and on a mossy rock in the midst of this, on which grew harebells and columbines, we found a seat. Never before had we visited this place, nor after this day did we again see it; but as we sat in the mossy seat, and my beloved turned her face toward me,—as was her way when she was happy,—I kissed her on the mouth, and we knew that even as this would be our home.

Now, when the path of my pilgrimage in heaven brought me to the brow of a white cliff high above the sea, suddenly my heart burned within me. For, as a woman's face, radiant with the joy and holiness of her bridal, resembles her visage seen in a dim, sad picture, so was the divine loveliness of the scene which I now beheld, compared with the earthly beauty which, long ago, I had beheld with my beloved. This was the living soul and reality of the other, freed from the obscurity of lifeless garments, and throbbing with the secret impulses of immortal growth communicated from God through my own soul. Yonder dreamed our islands in the blue;

hitherward from the diadem of the shore clambered the splendor of the forest; the lofty majesty of the trees, like organ-tones, encircled the green happiness of the glade; the scent of marriage-flowers, exquisite with love, wrought a crown of glory in the air. And I felt no need for further journeying; the things which made my life were here; hitherward would flow forever the divine sustenance of my will and thought; here would I be encompassed with the kindred love of angels; and hence, from this center, should issue without end, like rivulets from their spring, the loving sympathy and service to all which were the utterance of my worship of Him by whom, from eternity, were laid the foundations of the heavens, and to eternity were maintained.

But it was with the assurance of a good sweeter still than this that my heart burned within me. The joy of angels is fed not on the beauty and glory which surround them, but on the incorruptible peace of a human heart which mirrors the infinite union in all things of wisdom with love, and therein knows itself to be at home with its beloved.

I remembered the terrace and the mossy rock with its flowers in the midst of it, and how, seated there, our souls had found their meeting in a kiss. I turned, and where the rock had been rose a comely dwelling, white and pure, and harmonious in its parts; but cold and still like a fair body that awaits its informing spirit. It seemed familiar, and yet strange; I was

drawn toward it, yet with some fear. The delicate wild-flowers, which I had gathered and she had placed in her bosom and in her hair, were gone; and lilies grew on either side of the marble steps, and round the portico hung clusters of roses; but the blossoms were in the bud, as if they slept.

At the foot of the steps I paused; if there were none to welcome me here, then had I missed my way to heaven. All was silent; no breeze moved; the trees stood breathless; the singing of the birds was hushed, nor did my pulses beat in that eternal moment of suspense.

Then, from within, I heard the light fall of hastening feet, whose unforgotten rhythm sent the current of life bounding through my veins. With it came the tender outcry of a voice fluttering dove-like to my ears, long widowed of it. Like the awakening whisper of the bridegroom in his chamber, the wind swept amid the leaves; and the sweet tumult of the birds shrilled in dispersed waves of melody. The roses bloomed in crimson chorus; the white lilies unfolded their deep petals; and the walls of the dwelling, grown translucent, shone with an inner sunshine. And as music dawns out of silence, through the open doorway brightened the form of her in whom my soul delighted; in the blessedness of her bosom harebells clustered, and the scarlet and gold of columbines glowed in the darkness of her hair. In her eyes and lips was joy eternal, and in the holy circle of the arms of my beloved I found my heaven and my home.



THE ANSWER

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"PROOF," asks the Soul, "that that which is, shall be?
That which was not, persist eternally?
Faith fails before the mortal mystery."

Yet more miraculous miracle were this:
The mortal, dreaming Immortality;
The finite, framing forth Infinity;
The shallow, lightly plumbing the Abyss;
Ephemeral lips, creating with a Kiss;
The transient eye, fixed on Eternity!

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

III

WHY does that fellow up-stairs always pass you as though he were in a passion with somebody?" said Richard Watson, stepping back as he spoke, palette on thumb, from the picture upon which he was engaged. "He almost knocked me down this morning, and I am not conscious of having done anything to offend his worship."

His companion in the dingy Bloomsbury studio, where they were both at work, also put down palette and brush, examining the canvas before him with a keen, cheerful air.

"Perhaps he loathes mankind, as I did yesterday."

"And to-day it's all right?"

"Well, come and look."

Watson crossed over. He was a tall and splendid man, a "black Celt" from Merionethshire, with coal-black hair, and eyes deeply sunken and lined, with fatigue or ill-health. Beside him, his comrade, Philip Cunningham, had the air of shrewd clerk or man of business—with his light alertness of frame, his reddish hair, and sharp, small features. A pleasant serviceable ability was stamped on Cunningham's whole aspect; while Watson's large, lounging way and disheveled or romantic good looks suggested yet another perennial type—the dreamer entangled in the prose of life.

He looked at the picture which Cunningham turned toward him, his hands thrust into the vast pockets of his holland coat. It was a piece of charming *genre*, a crowded scene in Rotten Row, called "Waiting for the Queen," painted with knowledge and grace; owing more to Wilkie than to Frith, and something to influences more modern than either; a

picture belonging to a familiar English tradition, and worthily representing it.

"Yes—you've got it!" he said at last, in a voice rather colorless and forced. Then he made one or two technical comments, to which the other listened with something that was partly indulgence, partly deference; adding finally, as he moved away: "And it'll sell, of course—like hot potatoes!"

"Well, I hope so," said Philip, beginning to put away his brushes and tubes with what seemed to be a characteristic orderliness,—or I shall be in Queer street. But I think Lord Findon wants it. I should n't wonder if he turned up this afternoon."

"Ah!" Watson raised his great shoulders with a gesture which might have been sarcastic, but was perhaps more than anything else languid and weary. He returned to his own picture, looking at it with a painful intensity.

"Nobody will ever want to buy that," he said quietly.

Cunningham stood beside him, embarrassed.

"It's full of fine things," he said after a moment. "But—"

"You wish I would n't paint such damned depressing subjects?"

"I wish you'd sometimes condescend to think of the public, old fellow."

"That—never!" said the other, under his breath. "Starve—and please yourself! But I sha'n't starve—you forget that."

"Worse luck!" laughed Cunningham. "I believe Providence ordained the British Philistine for our good—drat him! It does no one any harm to have to hook the public. All the great men have done it. You're too squeamish, Master Dick!"

Watson went on painting in silence, his

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lips working. Presently Cunningham caught — half lost in the beard : "There's a public of to-day, though,—and a public of tomorrow!"

"Oh, all right," said Philip,— "so long as you take a public of some sort into consideration!—I like your jester."

He bent forward to look into the front line of the large composition crowded with life-size figures on which Watson was engaged. It was an illustration of some Chaucerian lines describing the face of a man on his way to execution, seen among a crowd :

a pale face
Among a press . . .

so stricken that amid all the thronging multitude "men might know his face that was bestead," from all the rest.

The idea—of helpless pain in the grip of cruel and triumphant force—had been realized with a passionate wealth of detail, comparable to some of the early work of Holman Hunt. The head of the victim bound with blood-stained linen, a frightened girl hiding her eyes, a mother weeping, a jester with the laugh withered on his lip by this sudden vision of death and irremediable woe,—and in the distance a frail, fainting form, sweetheart or sister,—each figure and group, rendered often with very unequal technical merit, had yet in it something harshly, intolerably true. The picture was too painful to be borne, but it was neither common nor mean.

Cunningham turned away from it with a shudder.

"Some of it's magnificent, Dick—but I could n't live with it if you paid me!"

"Because you look at it wrongly," said Watson, gruffly. "You take it as an anecdote. It is n't an anecdote—it's a symbol."

"What?—the world?—and the victim?—from all time?—and to all time?—Well, that makes it more gruesome than ever—Hullo, who's that? Come in!"

The door opened. A young man, in some embarrassment, appeared on the threshold.

"I believe these letters are yours," he said, offering a couple to Cunningham. "They brought them up to me by mistake."

Philip Cunningham took them with thanks, then scanned the newcomer as he was turning to depart.

"I think I saw you at Newman street the other night?"

John Fenwick paused.

"Yes," he said awkwardly.

"Have you been attending all the summer?"

"Pretty well. There were about half a dozen fellows left in August. We clubbed together to keep the model going."

"I don't remember you in the Academy."

"No. I come from the north. I've painted a lot already,—I could n't be bothered with the Academy!"

Watson turned and looked at the figure in the doorway.

"Won't you come in and sit down?"

The young man hesitated. Then something in his look kindled as it fell on Watson's superb head, with its strong, tossed locks of ebon-black hair, touched with gray, the penthouse brows, and the blue eyes beneath, with their tragic force of expression. It was the face, one might have said, of Charles II informed with the scaffold-soul of Charles the Martyr.

Fenwick came in and shut the door. Cunningham pushed him a chair, and Watson offered him a cigarette, which he somewhat doubtfully accepted. His two hosts—men of the educated middle-class—divined at once that he was self-taught and risen from the ranks. Both Cunningham and Watson were shabbily dressed; but it was an artistic and metropolitan shabbiness. Fenwick's country clothes were clumsy and unbecoming, and his manner seemed to fit him as awkwardly as his coat. The sympathy of both the older artists did but go out to him the more readily.

Cunningham continued the conversation, while Watson, still painting, occasionally intervened.

They discussed the personnel of the life-school Fenwick was attending, the opening of a new atelier in North London by a well-known academician, the successes at the current "Academy," the fame of certain leading artists. At least Cunningham talked; Fenwick's contributions were mostly monosyllabic; he seemed to be feeling his way.

Suddenly, by a change of attitude on the painter's part, the picture on which Dick Watson was engaged became visible to Fenwick. He walked eagerly up to it.

"I say!"—His face flushed with ad-

miration. "That figure's wonderful." He pointed to the terror-stricken culprit. "But that horse there—you don't mind, do you?—that horse is wrong!"

"I know he is. I've worked at him till I'm sick. Can't work at him no more!"

"It should be like this." He took out a sketch-book from his pocket, caught up a piece of charcoal, and rapidly sketched the horse in the attitude required. Then he handed the book to Watson, who looked first at the sketch and then at some of the neighboring pages, which were covered with studies of horses observed mostly on the day of some trade-union procession, when mounted police were keeping the road.

Watson was silent a moment, then, walking up to his picture, he took his palette-knife and scraped out the whole passage.

"I see!" he said, and, laying down the knife, he threw himself into a chair, flushed and discomposed.

"Oh, you'll soon put it right!" said Fenwick, encouragingly.

Watson winced—then nodded.

"May I see that book?" He held out his hand, and Fenwick yielded it.

Watson and Cunningham turned it over together. The "notes," of which it was full, showed great brilliancy and facility, an accurate eye, and a very practised hand. They were the notes of a countryman artist newly come to London. The sights, and tones, and distances of London streets,—the human beings, the vehicles, the horses,—were all freshly seen, as though under a glamour. Cunningham examined them with care.

"Is this the sort of thing you're going to do?" he said, looking up, and involuntarily his eye glanced toward his own picture on the distant easel.

Fenwick smiled.

"That's only for practice. I want to do big things—romantic things—if I get the chance."

"What a delightful subject!" said Cunningham, stooping suddenly over the book.

Fenwick started, made a half-movement as though to reclaim his property, and then withdrew his hand. Cunningham was looking at a charcoal study of a cottage interior. The round table of rude black oak was set for a meal, and a young woman was feeding a child in a pinafore who sat in a high

chair. The sketch might have been a mere piece of domestic prettiness; but the handling of it was so strong and free that it became a significant, typical thing. It breathed the north, a life rustic and withdrawn, the sweetness of home and motherhood.

"Are you going to make a picture of that?" said Watson, putting on his spectacles and peering into it. "You'd better."

Fenwick replied that he might some day, but had too many things on hand to think of it yet awhile. Then with no explanation and a rather hasty hand he turned the page. Cunningham looked at him curiously.

They were still busy with the sketch-book, when a voice was heard on the stairs outside.

"Lord Findon," said Cunningham.

He colored a little, ran to his picture, arranged it in the best light, and removed a small fly which had stuck to one corner.

"Shall I go?" said Fenwick.

He too had been clearly fluttered by the name, which was that of one of the best-known buyers of the day.

Watson in reply beckoned him on to the leads, upon which the Georgian bow-window at the end of the room opened. They found themselves on a railed terrace looking to right and left on a row of gardens, each glorified by one of the plane-trees which even still make the charm of Bloomsbury.

Watson hung over the rail, smoking. He explained that Lord Findon had come to see Cunningham's picture, which he had commissioned, but not without leaving himself a loophole in case he didn't like it.

"He will like it," said Fenwick. "It's just the kind of thing people want."

Watson said nothing, but smoked with energy. Fenwick went on talking, letting it be clearly understood that he personally thought the picture of no account, but that he knew very well that it was of a kind to catch buyers. In a few minutes Watson resented his attitude as offensive; he fell into a cold silence; Fenwick's half-concealed contempt threw him fiercely on his friend's side.

"Well, I've done the trick!" said Cunningham, coming out jauntily, his hands in his trousers pockets—then, with a jerk of the head toward the studio, and a lowered voice, "He's writing the check."

"How much?" said Watson, without

turning his head. Fenwick thought it decent to walk away, but he could not prevent himself from listening. It seemed to him that he heard the words, "Two hundred and fifty," but he could not be sure. What a price!—for such a thing. His own blood ran warm and quick.

As he stood at the farther end of the little terrace ruminating, Cunningham touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, have you got anything to show up-stairs?"

Fenwick turned to see in the sparkling eyes and confident bearing of the Scotchman success writ large, expressing itself in an impulse of generosity.

"Yes; I've got a picture nearly finished."

"Come and be introduced to Findon. He's a crank—but a good sort—lots of money—thinks he knows everything about art—they all do—give him his head when he talks."

Fenwick nodded, and followed Cunningham back to the studio, where Lord Findon was now examining Watson's picture with no assistance whatever from the artist, who seemed to have been struck with dumbness.

Fenwick was introduced to a remarkably tall and handsome man, with the bearing of a sportsman or a soldier, who greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand, and a look of scrutiny so human and kindly that the very sharp curiosity which was in truth the foundation of it passed without offense. Lord Findon was indeed curious about everything, interested in everything, and a dabbler in most artistic pursuits. He liked the society of artists, and he was accustomed to spend some hundreds, or even thousands, a year out of his enormous income in the purchase of modern pictures. Possibly the sense of power over human lives which these acquisitions gave him pleased him even more than the acquisitions themselves.

He asked Fenwick a few easy questions, sitting rakishly on the edge of a tilted chair, his hat slipping back on his handsome grizzled head. Where did he come from; with whom had he studied; what were his plans? Had he ever been abroad? No? Strange! The artists nowadays neglected travel. "But you go! Beg your way, paint your way—but go! Go before the wife and the babies come! Matrimony

is the deuce. Don't you agree with me, Philip?" He laid a familiar hand on the artist's arm.

"Take care!" said Cunningham, laughing—"you don't know what I may have been up to this summer."

Findon shrugged his shoulders. "I know a wise man when I see him. But the fools there are about! Well, I take a strong line"—he waved his hand, with a kind of laughing pomposity, rolling his words. "Whenever I see a young fellow marrying before he has got his training, before he has seen a foreign gallery, before he can be sure of a year's income ahead,—above all, before he knows anything at all about *women*, and the different ways in which they can play the devil with you!—well, I give him up—I don't go to see his pictures—I don't bother about him any more. The man's an ass—must be an ass!—let him bray his bray!—Why, you remember Perry?—Marindin?"

On which there followed a rattling catalogue of matrimonial failures in the artist world, amusing enough,—perhaps a little cruel. Cunningham laughed. Watson, on whom Lord Findon's whole personality seemed to have an effect more irritating than agreeable, fidgeted with his brushes. He struck in presently with the dry remark that artists were not the only persons who made imprudent marriages.

Lord Findon sprang up at once and changed the subject. His youngest son, the year before, had married the nurse who had pulled him through typhoid, and was still in exile and unforgiven.

Meanwhile no one had noticed John Fenwick. He stood behind the other two while Lord Findon was talking,—frowning sometimes and restless, a movement now and then in lips and body, as though he were about to speak, yet not speaking. It was one of those moments when a man feels a band about his tongue, woven by shyness or false shame or social timidity. He knows that he ought to speak; but the moment passes and he has not spoken. And between him and the word unsaid there rises on the instant a tiny streamlet of division, which is to grow and broaden with the nights and days, till it flows, a stream of fate, not to be turned back or crossed; and all the familiar fields of life are ruined and blotted out.

Finally, as the great patron was going,

Cunningham whispered a word in his ear. Lord Findon turned to Fenwick.

"You're in this house, too? Have you anything you'd let me see?"

Fenwick, flushed and stammering, begged him to walk up-stairs. Cunningham's puzzled impression was that he gave the invitation reluctantly, but could not make up his mind not to give it.

They marched up-stairs, Lord Findon and Cunningham behind.

"Does he ever sell?" said Lord Findon in Cunningham's ear, nodding toward the broad shoulders and black head of Watson just in front.

"Not often," said Cunningham, after a pause.

"How, then, does he afford himself?" said the other, smiling.

"Oh! he has means—just enough to keep him from starving. He's a dear old fellow! He has too many ideas for this wicked world."

Cunningham spoke with a pleasant loyalty. Lord Findon shrugged his shoulders.

"The ideas are too lugubrious! And this young fellow—this Fenwick—where did you pick him up?"

Cunningham explained.

"A character!—perhaps a genius!" said Findon. "He has a clever, quarrelsome eye. Unmarried? Good Lord, I hope so, after the way I have been going on."

Cunningham laughed. "We've seen no sign of a wife. But I really know nothing about him."

They were entering the upper room, and at sight of the large picture it contained, Lord Findon exclaimed:

"My goodness!—what an ambitious thing!"

The three men gathered in front of the picture. Fenwick lingered nervously behind them.

"What do you call it?" said Lord Findon, putting up his glasses.

"The 'Genius Loci,'" said Fenwick, fumbling a little with the words.

It represented a young woman seated on the edge of a Westmoreland ghyll or ravine. Behind her the white water of the beck flowed steeply down from shelf to shelf; beyond the beck rose far-receding walls of mountain, purple on purple, blue on blue. Light, scantily nourished trees—sycamore or mountain-ash—climbed the

green sides of the ghyll and framed the woman's form. She sat on a stone, bending over a frail new-born lamb upon her lap, whereof the mother lay beside her. Against her knee leaned a fair-haired child. The pitiful concern in the woman's lovely eyes was reflected in the soft wonder of the child's. Both, it seemed, were of the people. The drawing was full of rustic suggestion, touched here and there by a harsh realism that did but heighten the general harmony. The woman's grave comeliness flowered naturally, as it were, out of the scene. She was no model posing with a Westmoreland stream for background. She seemed a part of the fells; their silences, their breezes, their pure waters, had passed into her face.

But it was the execution of the picture which held the attention of the men examining it.

"Eclectic stuff!" said Watson to himself, presently, as he turned away—"seen with other men's eyes!"

But on Lord Findon and on Cunningham the effect was of another kind. The picture seemed to them also a combination of many things, or rather of attempts at many things,—Burne-Jones's mystical color, the rustic character of a Bastien-Lepage or a Millet, with the jeweled detail of a fourteenth-century Florentine, so wonderful were the harebells in the foreground, the lichenized rocks, the dabbled fleece of the lamb,—but they realized that it was a combination that only a remarkable talent could have achieved.

"By Jove!" said Findon, turning on the artist with animation,—"where did you learn all this?"

"I've been painting a good many years," said Fenwick, his cheeks aglow. "But I've got on a lot this last six months."

"I suppose, in the country you could n't get properly at the model?"

"No. I've had no chances."

"Let's all pray to have none," said Cunningham, good-naturedly. "I had no notion you were such a swell."

But his light-blue eyes as they rested on Fenwick were less friendly. His Scotch prudence was alarmed. Had he in truth introduced a genius unawares to his only profitable patron?

"Who is the model, if I may ask?" said Lord Findon, still examining the picture.

The reply came haltingly, after a pause.

"Oh!—some one I knew in Westmoreland."

The speaker had turned red. Naturally no one asked any further questions. Cunningham noticed that the face was certainly from the same original as the face in the sketch-book, but he kept his observation to himself.

Lord Findon, with the eagerness of a Londoner discovering some new thing, fell into quick talk with Fenwick; looked him meanwhile up and down, his features, bearing, clothes; noticed his north-country accent, and all the other signs of the plebeian. And presently Fenwick, placed at his ease, began for the first time to expand, became argumentative and explosive. In a few minutes he was laying down the law in his Westmoreland manner, attacking the Academy, denouncing certain pictures of the year, with a flushed, confident face and a gesticulating hand. Watson observed him with some astonishment; Lord Findon looked amused, and pulled out his watch.

"Oh, well, everybody kicks the Academy—but it's pretty strong, as you'll find when you have to do with it."

"Have you been writing those articles in the 'Mirror'?" said Watson, abruptly.

"I'm not a journalist." The young man's tone was sulky. He got up, and his loquacity disappeared.

"Well, I must be off," said Lord Findon. "But you're coming to dinner with me to-morrow night, Cunningham, are n't you? Will you excuse a short invitation"—he turned, after a moment's pause, to Fenwick—"and accompany him? Lady Findon would, I am sure, be glad to make your acquaintance. St. James's Square—102. All right,"—as Fenwick, coloring violently, stammered an acceptance,—"we shall expect you. Au revoir!—I'm afraid it's no good to ask you!" The last words were addressed smilingly to Watson, as Lord Findon, with outstretched hand, passed through the door, which Cunningham opened for him.

"Thank you," said Watson, with a grave inclination—"I am a hermit."

The door closed on a gay and handsome presence. Lord Findon could not possibly have been accused of anything so ill-mannered as patronage. But there was in his manner a certain consciousness of power—of vantage-ground, a certain

breath of autocracy. The face of Watson showed it as he returned to look closely into Fenwick's picture.

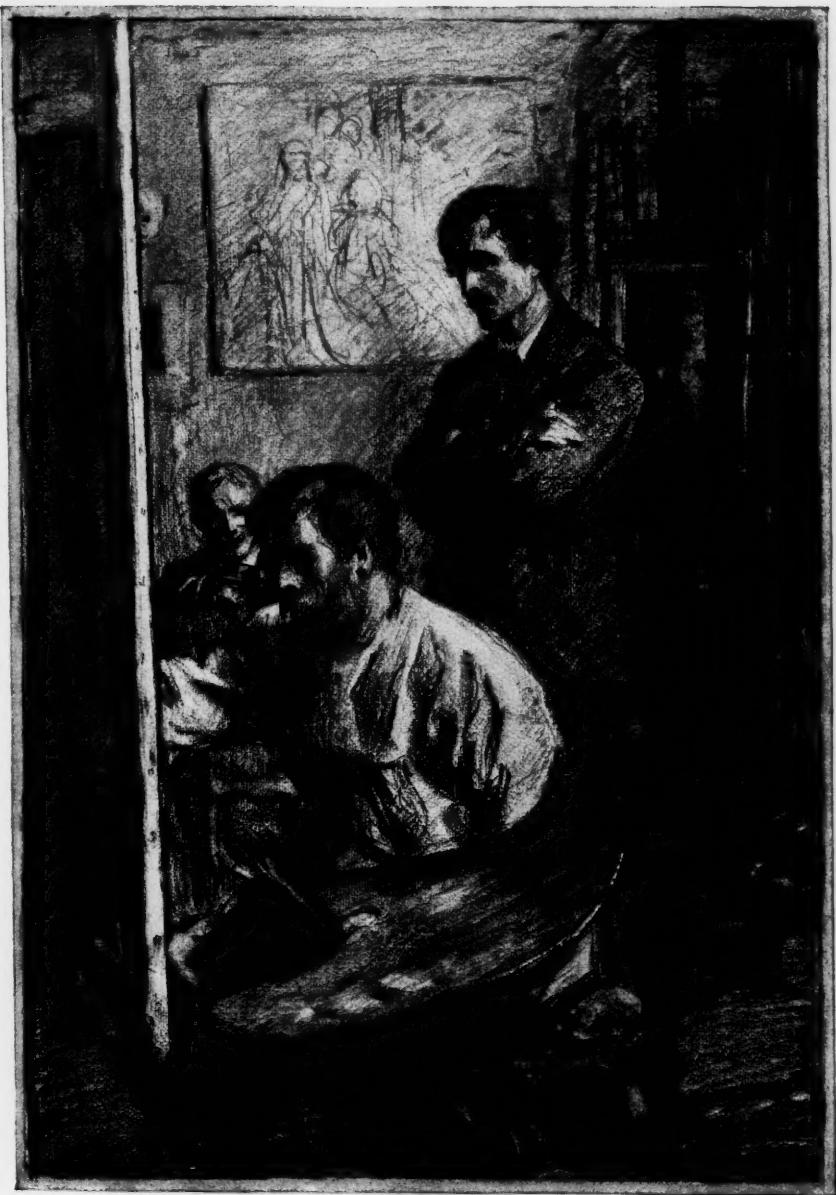
A FEW minutes later Fenwick found himself alone. He stood in front of the picture, staring into Phœbe's eyes. A wave of passionate remorse broke upon him. He had as good as denied her; and she sat there before him like some wronged, helpless thing. He seemed to hear her voice, to see her lips moving.

Hastily he took her last letter out of his pocket.

I am glad you're getting on so well, and I'm counting the weeks to Christmas. Carrie kisses your photograph morning and night, but I am afraid she'll have forgotten you a good deal. Sometimes I'm very weary here—but I don't mind if you're getting on, and if it won't be much longer. Miss Anna has sent me some new patterns for my tatting, and I'm getting a finelot done. All the visitors are quite gone now, and it's that quiet at nights! Sometimes when it's been raining I think I can hear the Dungeon Ghyll stream, though it's more than a mile away.

Fenwick put up the letter. He had a sudden vision of Phœbe, in her white night-dress, opening the casement window of the little cottage on a starry night and listening to the sounds of distant water. Behind her was the small room with its candle, the baby's cot, the white bed, with his vacant place. A pang of longing—of homesickness—stirred him.

Then he began to pace his room, driven by the stress of feeling to take stock of his whole position. He had reached London in May; it was now November. Six months,—of the hardest effort, the most strenuous labor he had ever passed through. He looked back upon it with exultation. Never had he been so conscious of expanding power and justified ambition. Through the Berners-street life-school he had obtained some valuable coaching and advice which had corrected faults and put him on the track of new methods. But it was his own right hand and his own brain he had mostly to thank, together with the opportunities of London. Up early, and to bed late,—drawing from the model, the antique, still life, drapery, landscape; studying pictures, old and new, and filling his sketch-book in every moment of so-



Drawn by Albert Stern. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WALKED EAGERLY UP TO IT"



called leisure with the figures and actions of the great city,—he had made magnificent use of his time; Phœbe could find no fault with him there.

Had he forgotten her and the babe?—found letters to her sometimes a burden, and his heart toward her dry often and barren? Well, he *had* written regularly; and she had never complained. Men cannot be like women, absorbed forever in the personal affections. For him it was the day of battle, in which a man must strain all his powers to the uttermost if any laurels are to be won before evening. His whole soul was absorbed in the stress of it, in the hungry eagerness for fame, and—though in a lesser degree—for money.

Money! The very thought of it filled him with impatient worry. Morrison's hundred was nearly gone. He knew well enough that Phœbe was right when she accused him of managing his money badly. It ran through his fingers loosely, incessantly. He hardly knew now where the next remittances to Phœbe were to come from. At first he had done a certain amount of illustrating work and had generally sent her the proceeds of it. But of late he had been absorbed in his big picture, and there had been few or no small earnings. Perhaps, if he had n't written those articles to the "Mirror," there would have been time for some. Well, why should n't he write them? His irritable pride took fire at once at the thought of blame.

No one could say, anyway, that he had spent money in amusement. Why, he had scarcely been out of Bloomsbury!—the rest of London might not have existed for him. A gallery seat at the Lyceum Theatre, then in its early fame, and hot discussions of Irving and Ellen Terry with such artistic or literary acquaintance as he had made through the life-school or elsewhere,—these had been his only distractions. He stood amazed before his own virtues. He drank little, smoked little. As for women—he thought with laughter or wrath of Phœbe's touch of jealousy. There was an extremely pretty girl—a fair-haired, conscious minx—drawing in the same room with him at the British Museum. Evidently she would have been glad to capture him; and he had loftily denied her. If he had ever been as susceptible as Phœbe thought him, he was

susceptible no more. Life burned with sterner fire!

And yet, for all these self-denials, Morrison's money and his own savings were nearly gone. Funds might hold out till after Christmas. What then?

He had heard once or twice from Morrison, asking for news of the pictures promised. Lately he had left the letters unanswered; but he lived in terror of a visit. For he had nothing to offer him—neither money nor pictures. His only picture so far—as distinguished from exercises—was the "Genius Loci." He had begun that in a moment of weariness with his student work, basing it on a number of studies of Phœbe's head and face he had brought south with him. He had been lucky enough to find a model very much resembling Phœbe in figure; and now, suddenly, the picture had become his passion, the center of all his hopes. It astonished himself; he saw his artistic advance in it writ large; of late he had been devoting himself entirely to it, wrapped, like the body of Hector, in a heavenly cloud that lifted him from the earth! If the picture sold,—and it would surely sell,—then all paths were clear. Morrison should be paid and Phœbe have her rights. Let it only be well hung at the Academy and well sold to some discriminating buyer, and John Fenwick henceforward would owe no man anything, whether money or favor.

At this point he returned to his picture, grappling with it afresh in a feverish pleasure. He caught up a mirror and looked at it reversed; he put in a bold accent or two, fumed over the lack of brilliancy in some colors he had bought the day before, and ended in a fresh burst of satisfaction. By Jove, it was good! Lord Fin-don had been evidently "bowled over" by it—Cunningham too. As for that sour-faced fellow, Watson, what did it matter what he thought?

It must succeed! Suddenly he found himself on his knees beside his picture, praying that he might finish it prosperously, that it might be given a good place in the Academy and bring him fame and fortune.

Then he got up sheepishly, looking furtively round the room to be sure that the door was shut and no one had seen him. He was a good deal ashamed of himself, for he was not in truth of a religious mind, and he had by now few or no

orthodox beliefs. But in all matters connected with his pictures the Evangelical tradition of his youth still held him. He was the descendant of generations of men and women who had prayed on all possible occasions—that customers might be plentiful and business good—that the young cattle might do well, and the hay be got in dry—that their children might prosper, and they themselves be delivered from rheumatism, or toothache, or indigestion. Fenwick's prayer to some "magnified non-natural man" afar off to come and help him with his picture was of the same kind. Only he was no longer whole-hearted and simple about it, as he had been when Phœbe married him, as she was still.

He put on his studio coat and sat down to his work again in a very tender, repentant mood. What on earth had possessed him to make that answer to Lord Findon—to let him and those other fellows take him for unmarried?

He protested, in excuse, that Westmoreland folk are "close," and don't like talking about their own affairs. He came of a secretive, suspicious stock, and had no mind at any time to part with unnecessary facts about himself. As talkative as you please about art and opinion; of his own concerns not a word! London had made him all the more cautious and reticent. No one knew anything about him except as an artist. He always posted his letters himself; and he believed that neither his landlady nor anybody else suspected him of a wife.

But to-day he had carried things too far, and a guilty discomfort weighed upon him. What was to be done? Should he on the first opportunity set himself right with Lord Findon,—speak, easily and unexpectedly, of Phœbe and the child? Clearly what would have been simplicity itself at first was now an awkwardness. Lord Findon would be puzzled, chilled. He would suppose there was something to be ashamed of—some skeleton in the cupboard. And especially would he take it ill that Fenwick had allowed him to run on with his diatribes against matrimony, as though he were talking to a bachelor. Then the lie about the picture. It had been the shy, foolish impulse of a moment. But how explain it to Lord Findon?

Fenwick stood there tortured by an intense and morbid distress, realizing how

much this rich and illustrious person had already entered into his day-dream. For all his pride as an artist,—and he was full of it,—his trembling, crude ambition had already seized on Lord Findon as a stepping-stone. He did not know whether he could stoop to court a patron. His own temper had to be reckoned with. But to lose him at the outset by a silly falsehood would be galling. A man who has to live in the world as a married man must not begin by making a mystery of his wife. He felt the social stupidity of what he had done, yet could not find in himself the courage to set it right.

Well, well, let him only make a hit in the Academy, sell his picture, and get some commissions. Then Phœbe should appear, and smile down astonishment. His *gaucherie* should be lost in his success.

He tossed about that night, sleepless, and thinking of Cunningham's two hundred and fifty pounds—for a picture so cheaply, commonly clever. It filled him with the thirst to *arrive*. He had more brains, more drawing, more execution—more everything than Cunningham. No doubt, a certain prudence and tact were wanted, —tact in managing yourself and your gifts.

Well! in spite of Watson's rude remark, what human being *knew* he was writing those articles in the "*Mirror*"? He threw out his challenge to the darkness, and so fell asleep.

IV

FENWICK had never spent a more arduous hour than that which he devoted to the business of dressing for Lord Findon's dinner-party. It was his first acquaintance with dress-clothes. He had, indeed, dined once or twice at the tables of the Westmoreland gentry in the course of his portrait-painting experiences. But there had been no "party," and it had been perfectly understood that for the Kendal bookseller's son a black Sunday coat was sufficient. Now, however, he was to meet the great world on its own terms; and though he tried hard to disguise his nervousness from his sponsor, Philip Cunningham, he did not succeed. Cunningham instructed him where to buy a second-hand dress-suit that very nearly fitted him, and he had duly provided himself with gloves and tie. When all was done he put his infinitesimal looking-glass on the floor of his attic, flanked

it with two guttering candles, and walked up and down before it in a torment, observing his own demeanor and his coat's, saying, "How d'ye do?" and "Good-by" to an imaginary host, or bending affably to address some phantom lady across the table.

When at last he descended the stairs he felt as though he were just escaped from a wrestling-match. He followed Cunningham into the omnibus with nerves all on edge. He hated the notion, too, of taking an omnibus to go and dine in St. James's Square. But Cunningham's Scotch thriftiness scouted the proposal of a hansom.

On the way Fenwick suddenly asked his companion whether there was a Lady Findon. Cunningham, startled by the ignorance of his protégé, drew out as quickly as he could *la carte du pays*.

Lady Findon, the second wife, fat, despotic, and rich, rather noisy, and something of a character, a political hostess, a good friend, and a still better hater; two sons, silent, good-looking, and clever, one in the brewery that provided his mother with her money, the other in the Hussars; two daughters not long "introduced,"—one pretty, the other bookish and rather plain: so ran the catalogue.

"I believe there is another daughter by the first wife—married—something queer about the husband. But I've never seen her. She doesn't often appear. Hullo! here we are."

They alighted at the Haymarket, and as they walked down the street Fenwick found himself in the midst of the evening whirl of the West End. The clubs were at their busiest; men passed them in dress-suits and overcoats like themselves, and the street was full of hansoms, whence the faces of well-dressed women, enveloped in soft silks and furs, looked out. The wealth and luxury of London were evident on all sides.

Fenwick felt himself treading a new earth. At such an hour he was generally wending his way to a Bloomsbury eating-house, where he dined for eighteenpence; he was a part of the striving, moneyless student-world.

But here, from this bustling Haymarket, with its gay, hurrying figures, there breathed new forces, new passions, which bewildered him. As he was looking at the faces in the carriages, the jewels and fea-

thers and shining stuffs, he thought suddenly and sharply of Phœbe sitting alone at her supper in the tiny cottage room. His heart smote him a little. But, after all, was he not on her business as well as his own?

The door of Lord Findon's house opened before them. At sight of the liveried servants within, Fenwick's pride asserted itself. He walked in, head erect, as though the place belonged to him.

Lord Findon came pleasantly to greet them as they entered the drawing-room, and took them up to Lady Findon. Cunningham she already knew, and she gave a careless glance and a touch of the hand to his companion. It was her husband's will to ask these raw artistic youths to dinner, and she had to put up with it; but really the difficulty of knowing whom to send them in with was enormous.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," she said mechanically to Fenwick, as he stood awkwardly beside her, while her eyes searched the door for a cabinet minister and his wife who were the latest guests.

"Thank you—I too am pleased to make yours," said Fenwick, nervously pulling at his gloves, and furious with his own *malaise*.

Lady Findon's eyebrows lifted in amusement. She threw him another glance.

Good-looking!—but really Findon should wait till they were a little *décrotté*.

"I hear your picture is charming," she said distractedly; and then, suddenly perceiving the expected figures, she swept forward to receive them.

"Very sorry, my dear fellow, we have no lady for you; but you will be next my daughter Madame de Pastourelles," said Lord Findon, a few minutes later, in his ear, passing him with a nod and a smile. His gay, half-fatherly ways with these rising talents were well known. They made part of his fame with his contemporaries; a picturesque element in his dinner-parties which the world appreciated.

Fenwick found his way rather sulkily to the dining-room. It annoyed him that Cunningham had a lady and he had none. His companion on the road down-stairs was the private secretary, who tried good-naturedly to point out the family portraits on the staircase wall. But Fenwick scarcely replied. He stalked on, his great black eyes glancing restlessly from side to side; and the private secretary thought him a boor.

As he was standing bewildered inside the dining-room, a servant caught hold of him and piloted him to his seat. A lady in white, who was already seated in the next chair, looked up and smiled.

"My father told me we were to be neighbors. I must introduce myself."

She held out a small hand, which in his sudden pleasure Fenwick grasped more cordially than was necessary. She withdrew it smiling, and he sat down, feeling himself an impulsive ass, intimidated by the lights, the flowers, the multitude of his knives and forks, and most of all perhaps by this striking and brilliant creature beside him.

Madame de Pastourelles was of middle height, slenderly built, with pale-brown hair, and a delicately white face, of a very perfect oval. She had large, quiet eyes, darker than her hair; features small, yet of a noble outline,—strength in refinement. The proud cutting of the nose and mouth gave delight; it was a pride so unconscious, so masked in sweetness, that it challenged without wounding. The short upper lip was sensitive and gay; the eyes ranged in a smiling freedom; the neck and arms were beautiful. Her dress, according to the Whistlerian phrase just coming into vogue, might have been called an "arrangement in white." The basis of it seemed to be white velvet; and breast and hair were powdered with diamonds delicately set in old flower-like shapes.

"You are in the same house with Mr. Cunningham?" she asked, when a dean had said grace and the soup was served. Her voice was soft and courteous; the irritation in Fenwick felt the soothing of it.

"I am on the floor above."

"He paints charming things."

Fenwick hesitated.

"You think so?" he said bluntly, turning to look at her.

She colored slightly and laughed.

"Do you mean to put me in the Palace of Truth?"

"Of course I would if I could," said Fenwick, also laughing. "But I suppose ladies never say quite what they mean."

"Oh, yes; they do. Well, then, I am not much enamoured of Mr. Cunningham's pictures. I like *him*, and my father likes his painting."

"Lord Findon admires that kind of thing?"

"Besides a good many other kinds. Oh! my father has a dreadfully catholic taste. He tells me you haven't been abroad yet?"

Fenwick acknowledged it.

"Ah! well; of course you'll go. All artists do—except"—she dropped her voice—"the gentleman opposite."

Fenwick looked, and beheld a personage scarcely, indeed, to be seen at all for his very bushy hair, whiskers, and mustache, from which emerged merely the tip of a nose and a pair of round eyes in spectacles. As, however, the hair was of an orange color and the eyes of a piercing and pin-like sharpness, the eclipse of feature was not a loss of effect. And as the flamboyant head was a tolerably familiar object in the shop-windows of the photographers and in the illustrated papers, Fenwick recognized almost immediately one of the most popular artists of the day—Mr. Herbert Sherratt.

Fenwick flushed hotly.

"Lord Findon does n't admire *his* work?" he said, almost with fierceness, turning to his companion.

"He hates his pictures, and collects his drawings."

"Drawings!" Fenwick shrugged his shoulders. "Anybody can make a clever drawing. It's putting on the paint that counts. Why does n't he go abroad?"

"Oh, well, he does go to Holland. But he thinks Italian painting all stuff, and that so many Madonnas and saints encourage superstition. But what's the use of talking? They have to station a policeman beside his picture in the Academy to keep off the crowd. Hush-sh! He is looking this way."

She turned her head and Fenwick feared she was lost to him. He managed to get in another question. "Are there any other painters here?"

She pointed out the president of the Academy, a sculptor, and an art critic, at whose name Fenwick curled his lip, full of the natural animosity of the painter to the writer.

"And, of course, you know my neighbor?"

Fenwick looked hastily, and saw a very handsome youth bending forward to answer a question which Lord Findon had addressed to him from across the table; a face in the "grand style"—almost the face of a Greek—pure in outline, bronzed

by foreign suns, and lit by eyes expressing so strong a force of personality that, but for the sweetness with which it was tempered, the spectator might have been rather repelled than won. When the young man answered Lord Findon, the voice was, like the face, charged—perhaps overcharged—with meaning and sensibility.

"I took Madame de Pastourelles to see it to-day," the youth was saying. "She thought it as glorious as I did."

"Oh! you are a pair of enthusiasts," said Lord Findon. "I keep my head."

The "it" turned out to be a Titian portrait from the collection of an old Roman family, lately brought to London and under offer to the National Gallery, of which Lord Findon was a trustee.

Madame de Pastourelles looked toward her father, confirming what the unknown youth had said. Her eyes had kindled. She began to talk rapidly in defense of her opinion. Between her, Lord Findon, and her neighbor there arose a conversation which made Fenwick's ears tingle. How many things and persons and places it touched upon that were wholly unknown to him! Pictures in foreign museums—Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg—the names of French or German experts—quotations from Italian books or newspapers—the three dealt lightly and familiarly with a world in which Fenwick had scarcely a single landmark. How clever she was! how charming! What knowledge without a touch of pedantry! And how the handsome youth kept up with her—nay, rather, led her, with a mastery, a resource, to which she always yielded in case of any serious difference of opinion! It seemed that they had been abroad together—had seen many sights in each other's company—had many common friends.

Fenwick felt himself strangely sore and jealous as he listened. Who was this man? Some young aristocrat, no doubt, born silver spoon in mouth,—one of your idle, insolent rich, with nothing to do but make a hobby of art and patronize artists. He loathed the breed.

Her voice startled him back from these unspoken tirades, and once more he found her eyes fixed upon him. It provoked him to feel that their scrutiny made him self-conscious, anxious to please. They were so gentle, so gay!—and yet behind the first expression there sat what seemed to

him the real personality, shrewd, critical, and remote.

"You must see this picture," she said kindly. "It's glorious!"

"Where is it?"

"In a house near here. But father could get you in."

He hesitated, then laughed ungraciously.

"I don't seem to have finished yet with the National Gallery. Who—please—is the gentleman on your right?"

She smiled.

"Oh! don't you know him? You must let me introduce him. It is Mr. Arthur Welby. Does n't he talk well?"

She introduced them. Welby received the introduction with a readiness—a touch of eagerness, indeed—which seemed to show a mind favorably prepared for it.

"Lord Findon tells me you're sending in a most awfully jolly thing to the Academy!" he said, bending across Madame de Pastourelles, his musical voice full of cordiality. Fenwick made a muttered reply. It might have been thought he disliked being talked to about his own work. Welby accordingly changed the subject at once; he returned to the picture he had been pressing on Lord Findon.

"Have n't you seen it? You really should." But this elicited even less response. Fenwick glared at him, apparently tongue-tied. Then Madame de Pastourelles and her neighbor talked to each other, endeavoring to draw in the stranger. In vain. They fell back, naturally, into the talk of intimates, implying a thousand common memories and experiences; and Fenwick found himself left alone.

His mind burned with annoyance and self-disgust. Why did he let these people intimidate him? Why was he so ridiculously self-conscious—so incapable of holding his own? He knew all about Arthur Welby; his name and fame were in all the studios. The author of the picture of the year—in the opinion, at least, of the cultivated minority for whom rails and policemen were not the final arbiters of merit; glorified in the speeches at the Academy banquet; and already overwhelmed with more commissions than he could take,—Welby should have been one of the best-hated of men. On the contrary, his mere temperament had drawn the teeth of that wild beast, Success. Well-born,

rich, a social favorite, trained in Paris and Italy, an archaeologist and student as well as a painter, he commanded the world as he pleased. Society asked him to dinners, and he gave himself no professional airs and went when he could. But among his fellows he lived a happy comrade's life, spending his gifts and his knowledge without reserve, always ready to help a man in a tight place, to praise a friend's picture, to take up a friend's quarrel. He took his talent and his good-fortune so simply that the world must needs insist upon them, instead of contesting them.

As for his pictures, they were based on the Italian tradition,—rich, accurate, learned, full of literary allusion and reminiscence. In Fenwick's eyes, young as was their author, they were of the past rather than of the future. He contemptuously thought of them as belonging to a dead genre. But the man who painted them could *draw*.

Meanwhile he seemed to have lost Madame de Pastourelles, and must needs fall back on the private secretary beside him. This gentleman, who had already entered him on the tablets of the mind as a masterless outsider, was not particularly communicative. But at least Fenwick learned the names of the other guests. The well-known ambassador beside Lady Findon, with a shrewd, thin, sulky face, and very black eyes under whitish hair—eyes turned much more frequently on the pretty actress to his right than upon his hostess; a financier opposite, much concerned with great colonial projects; the cabinet minister—of no account, it seemed, either in the House or the cabinet—and his wife, abnormally thin, and far too discreet for the importance of her husband's position; a little farther, the wife of the red-haired academician, a pale, frightened creature, who looked like her husband's apology, and was in truth his slave,—all these he learned gradually to discriminate.

So this was the great world. He was stormily pleased to be in it, and at the same time scornful of it. It seemed to contain not a few ancient shams and hollow pretenders—

Ah! once more the soft, ingratiating voice beside him. Madame de Pastourelles was expressing a flattering wish to see his picture, of which her father had talked so much.

"And he says you have found such a beautiful model,—or, rather, better than beautiful—characteristic."

Fenwick stared at her. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "She is my wife." But he did not say it. He imagined her look of surprise—"Ah! my father had no idea!"—imagined it with a morbid intensity, and saw no way of confronting or getting round it; not at the dinner-table, anyway, with all these eyes and ears about him,—above all, with Lord Findon opposite. Why, they might think he had been ashamed of Phoebe!—that there was some reason for hiding her away. It was ridiculous—most annoying and absurd; but now that the thing had happened, he must really choose his own moment for unraveling the coil.

So he stammered something unintelligible about a "Westmoreland type," and then hastily led the talk to some other schemes he had in mind. With the sense of having escaped a danger, he found his tongue for the first time, and the power of expressing himself.

Madame de Pastourelles listened attentively—drew him out, indeed—made him show himself to the best advantage. And presently, at a moment of pause, she said, with a smile and a shrug, "How happy you are to have an art! Now I—"

She let her hand fall with a little plaintive movement.

"I am sure you paint," said Fenwick, eagerly.

"No."

"Then you are musical?"

"Not at all. I embroider—"

"All women should," said Fenwick, trying for a free and careless air.

"I read—"

"You do not need to say it."

She opened her eyes at this readiness of reply; but still pursued—

"And I have a Chinese pug."

"And no children?" The words rose to Fenwick's lips, but remained unspoken. Perhaps she divined them, for she began hastily to describe her dog, its tricks and fidelities. Fenwick could meet her here; for a mongrel fox-terrier—taken, a starving waif, out of the streets—had been his companion since almost the first month of his solitude. Each stimulated the other, and they fell into those legends of dog-life in which every dog-lover believes, however

skeptical they may be in other directions, till presently she said, with a sigh and a stiffening of her delicate features:

"But mine shows some symptoms of paralysis. He was run over last summer. I am afraid it will be long and painful."

Fenwick replied that she should send for the vet and have the dog painlessly killed.

"No. I shall nurse him."

"Why should you look on at suffering?"

"Why not—if sometimes he enjoys life?"

"I am thinking of the mistress."

"Oh, for us," she said quickly—"for me—it is good to be with suffering."

As she spoke, she drew herself slightly more erect. Neither tone nor manner showed softness, made any appeal. The words seemed to have dropped from her, and the strange pride and dignity she at once threw around them made a veiling cloud through which only a man entirely without the finer perceptions would have tried to penetrate. Fenwick, for all his surface *gaucherie*, did not attempt it. But he attacked her generalization. With some vehemence he developed against it a Neopagan doctrine of joy—love of the earth and its natural pleasures—courage to take and dare—avoidance of suffering—and war on asceticism. He poured out a number of undigested thoughts, which showed a great deal of reading, and at least betrayed a personality, whatever value they might have as a philosophy.

She listened with a charming kindness, laughing now and then, putting in a humorous comment or two, and never by another word betraying her own position. But he was more and more conscious of the double self in her—of the cultivated, social self she was bringing into play for his benefit, and of something behind—a spirit watchful and still—wrapped in a great melancholy—or perhaps a great rebellion? And by this sense of something concealed or strongly restrained she began to affect his imagination, and so, presently, to absorb his attention. Something exquisite in her movements and looks, also in the quality of her voice and the turn of her phrases, drew from his own crude yet sensitive nature an excited response. He began to envisage what these highly trained women of the upper class, these *raffinées* of the world, may be for those who

understand them—a stimulus, an enigma, an education.

It flashed on him that women of this type could teach him much that he wanted to know; and his ambition seized on the idea. But what chance that she would ever give another thought to the raw artist to whom her father had flung a passing invitation?

He made haste, indeed, to prove his need of her or some other Egeria; for she was no sooner departed with the other ladies than he came to mischief. Left alone with the gentlemen, his temperament asserted itself. He had no mind in any company to be merely a listener. Moreover, that slight, as he regarded it, of sending him down without a lady still rankled; and last, but not least, he had drunk a good deal of champagne, to which he was quite unaccustomed. So that when Lord Findon fell into a discussion with the ambassador of Irving's "Hamlet" and "Othello," then among the leading topics of London—when the foreigner politely but emphatically disparaged the English actor and Lord Findon with zeal defended him—who should break into the august debate but this strong-browed, black-eyed fellow, from no one knew where, whose lack of some of the smaller conventions had already been noticed by a few of the company?

At first all looked well. A London dinner-party loves novelty, and is always ready to test the stranger within its gates. Fenwick slipped into the battle as a supporter of Lord Findon's argument, and his host with smiling urbanity welcomed him to the field. But in a few minutes the newcomer had ravaged the whole of it. The older men were silenced, and Fenwick was leaning across the table, gesticulating with one hand and lifting his port-wine with the other, addressing now Lord Findon and now the ambassador—who stared at him in amazement—with an assurance that the world only allows to its oldest favorites. Lord Findon in vain tried to stop him. Fenwick, imagining that what he was saying must be agreeable to his host, seeing that it was in support of his opinion, rattled on, posing as one of the "gods" of the theatrical gallery, whose verdict decides, and showing a most inconveniently full knowledge of the subject. Incidentally, moreover, a democratic out-

burst against the stalls!—capped immediately by a patriotic outburst against the foreigner, who need never hope to understand Shakspere or the English theatrical mind! These things struck all other conversation at the table dumb.

"Did n't know this was to be a dinner with speeches," murmured the financier in his neighbor's ear. "Think I'll get up and propose a vote of thanks to the chairman."

"There ought, at least, to be a time-limit," said the neighbor, with a shrug. "Where on earth did Findon pick him up?"

"I say, what an awfully rum chap!" said the young cousin of the house, wondering, to Arthur Welby. "What does he talk like that for?"

"He does n't talk badly," said Welby, whose mouth showed the laughter within.

Meanwhile Fenwick, loud-voiced, excited, had brought a hand down upon the table, and throwing his head and shoulders eagerly forward across the hand, delivered himself of his peroration—in a full, oratorical voice, with inflections unconsciously modeled on those of Irving himself.

"Yes, Lord Findon!—yes!—we have found a great actor,—let us support him! We are disgraced if we do not support him. Nothing could have been more just than your remarks. You were absolutely in the right, and time will prove it." Then, with a hostile look at M. de Chailles, the flushed speaker took up the remainder of his wine and drained it.

A suppressed something, as near a laugh as politeness to the host permitted, ran round the table. Lord Findon colored.

"You are more sure of it than I am," he said coldly, as he rose. "I am much obliged to you, but—shall we adjourn this conversation?"

As the men walked up-stairs, Fenwick realized that he had blundered; he felt himself isolated and in disfavor. Arthur Welby had approached him, but Lord Findon had rather pointedly drawn an arm through Welby's and swept him away. No one else spoke to him, and even the private secretary, who had before befriended him, left him severely alone. None of the ladies in the drawing-room up-stairs showed, as it seemed to him, any desire for his conversation, and he was reduced to looking at a stand of miniatures near the door, while his heart swelled

fiercely. So this was what society meant? —a wretched pleasure purchased on degrading terms! A poor dependent like himself, he supposed, was to be seen and not heard,—must speak when he was spoken to, play chorus, and whisper humbleness. As to meeting these big-wigs on equal terms, that clearly was not expected. An artist may be allowed to know something about art; on any other subject let him listen to his betters. He said to himself that he was sick of the whole business; and he would gladly have slipped through the open door, down the stairs, and out of the house. He was restrained, however, by the protest of a sore ambition which would not yet admit defeat. Had he set Lord Findon against him?—ruined the chance of a purchaser for his picture and of a patron for the future? Out of the corner of his eye he saw Cunningham, neat, amiable, and self-possessed, sitting in a corner by Lady Findon, who smiled and chatted incessantly. And it was clear to him that Welby was the spoiled child of the room. Wherever he went, men and women grouped themselves about him; there was a constant eagerness to capture him, an equal reluctance to let him go.

"Well, I'm as good as he—as either of them," thought Fenwick, fiercely, as he handled a Cosway. "Only they can talk these people's lingo, and I can't. I can paint as well as they, any day; and I'll be bound, if they let me alone, I could talk as well. Why do people ask you to their houses and then ill-treat you? Damn them!"

Meanwhile Lord Findon had had a few whispered words with his daughter in an inner room.

"My dear!"—throwing up his hands—"a barbarian! Can't have him here again."

"Mr. Fenwick, papa?"

"Of course. Cunningham ought to have warned me. However, I suppose I brought it on myself. I do these rash things, and must pay for them. He was so rude to De Chailles that I have had to apologize."

"Poor papa! Where is he?"

"In the other room—looking at things. Better leave him alone."

"Oh, no; he'll feel himself neglected."

"Well, let him. A man ought to be made to understand that he can't behave like that."

"What did he do?"

"My dear, he spoiled the whole business after dinner—harangued the table!—talked as though nobody knew anything about Shakspere—*Shakspeare*, if you please!—except himself—as good as told De Chailles he had no right to talk, being a foreigner. You never saw such an exhibition!"

"Poor Mr. Fenwick! I must go and talk to him."

"Eugénie, don't be a goose. Why should you take any trouble about him?"

"He's wonderfully clever, papa. And clever people are always getting into scrapes. Somebody must take him in hand."

And, rising, she threw her father a whimsical backward look as she departed. Lord Findon watched her with mingled smiles and chagrin. How charmingly she was dressed to-night—his poor Eugénie! And how beautifully she moved!—with what grace and sweetness! As he turned to do his duty by an elderly countess near him, he stifled a sigh—that was also an imprecation.

It had often been said of Eugénie de Pastourelles that she possessed a social magic. She certainly displayed it on this occasion. Half an hour later, Lord Findon, who was traversing the drawing-rooms after having taken the ambassadress to her carriage, found a regenerate and humanized Fenwick sitting beside his daughter; the center, indeed, of a circle no less friendly to untutored talent than the circle of the dinner-table had been hostile. Lord Findon stopped to listen. Really the young man was now talking decently!—about matters he understood: Burne-Jones, Rossetti—some French pictures in Bond street—and so forth. The ruffled host was half appeased, half wroth. For if he could make this agreeable impression, why such a superfluity of naughtiness down-stairs? And the fellow had really some general cultivation; nothing like Welby, of course,—where would you find another Arthur Welby?—but enough to lift him above the mere journeyman. After all, one must be indulgent to these novices, with no traditions behind them, and no—well, to put it plainly, no grandfathers! And so, with reflections of this kind, the annoyance of a good-natured man subsided.

It was all Eugénie's doing, of course. She and Welby, between them, had caught the bear, tamed him, and set him to show whatever parlor tricks he possessed. Just like her! He hoped the young man understood her condescension, and that to see her and talk with her was a privilege. Involuntarily Lord Findon glanced across the room, at the décolleté shoulders and buxom good looks of his wife. When Eugénie was in the house the second Lady Findon never seemed to him well dressed.

When Fenwick and Cunningham had departed,—Fenwick in a glow of grateful good-humor, expressing himself effusively to his host,—Madame de Pastourelles approached her father, smiling.

"That youth has asked me to sit to him."

"The audacious rascal!" cried Lord Findon, fuming. "He has never seen you before,—and, besides, how does any one know what he can do?"

"Why, you said yourself his picture was remarkable."

"So it is. But what's one picture? What do you think, Welby?" he said, impulsively addressing the man beside him. "Was n't it like his impudence?"

Welby smiled.

"Like Madame de Pastourelles's kindness. It was rather charming to see his look when she said, 'Yes.'"

"You said, 'Yes'!" Lord Findon stared at her.

"Come with me and see what he can do in a morning." She laid a quieting hand on her father's arm. "You know that always amuses you. And I want to see his picture."

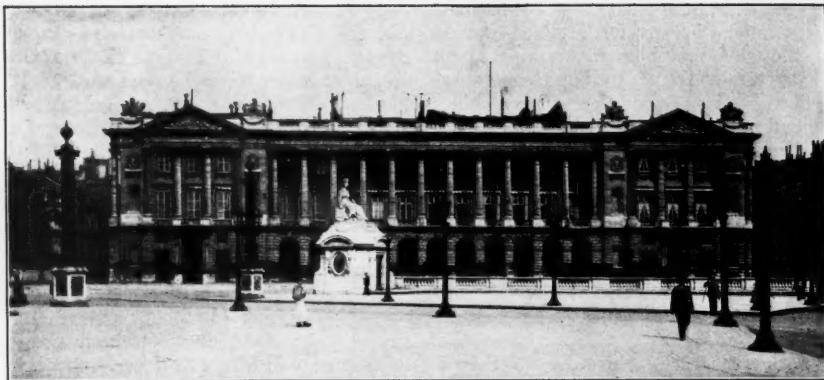
"His picture is not bad," said Lord Findon, with decision.

"I think you will have to buy it, papa."

"There you go," said Lord Findon—"letting me in!"

"Well, I'm off to bed." Smiling, she gave a hand to each, knowing that she had gained her point, or would gain it. Arthur Welby, turning, watched her move away, say "Good-night" to Lady Findon, and disappear through a distant door. Then for him, though the room was still full of people, it was vacant. He slipped away without any more "Good-bys."

(To be continued)



THE COLONNADE (THE HÔTEL DE CRILLON IS AT THE LEFT END)
Place de la Concorde, formerly Place Louis XV

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

III. THE HÔTEL DE CRILLON

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



O seignorial residence in Paris can rival the Hôtel de Crillon, belonging to the ducal family of Crillon-Polignac, in the magnificence of its exterior.

One may say that its location is unique in the world. From its wide balcony, arranged as a terrace, and between the tall Corinthian columns of the façade, one sees the whole of the Place de la Concorde, formerly the Place Louis XV, the largest square of Paris, with its solemn lines of arrangement, its vistas broken by the noble river which curves between two lines of poplars, whence emerge the roofs of the last palaces along the Quai d'Orsay; then, farther off, the slender and lace-like spire of the Sainte Chapelle and the violet towers of Notre Dame.

To the left there is a sea of verdure enameled with white statues—the old royal park of the Tuilleries. In front is the heavy mass of the Palais Législatif, with its Greek front; then the old Hôtel de Bourbon-Lassay, where the President of the Chamber of Deputies resides; and beyond, the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the government of the republic lodges the sovereigns who come to visit Paris. Finally, to the right are the Champs Élysées, that magnificent avenue which rises like an apotheosis to the Arch of Triumph,—which is announced, moreover, directly in front of our building by the colossal groups from the hand of Coustou, which were brought from the Château de Marly at the time of the Revolution.

These wide openings and such a far-reaching view we shall not often discover while in quest of the old seignorial residences. Generally they hide their sumptuousness between a very much shut in court of honor and a shady garden. The Hôtel de Crillon, on the contrary, forms an integral part of the square it overlooks. Both were built together; one completes the other. And if one cannot conceive of the square without its magnificent backing of palaces, so would these buildings lose their charm without the vast foreground which permits them the distant view I have mentioned. This view is the history of the city



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

HÔTEL DE CRILLON-POLIGNAC

foreshortened; it is antique Lutetia, the middle ages and the three great eras of classic art; it is one of the most noble bits of our glory; it is an immaterial affair which nevertheless forms a part of us—it is one side of the beauty of Paris.

And before this historic horizon the Hôtel de Crillon raises its sober yet elegant mass; it is that which forms the left-hand side of the celebrated colonnade built by the architect Gabriel in the eighteenth century.

THE laying out of the Place Louis XV marks a leading phase in history "on one side" which one may call the "changing usage of Paris." After the construction of the Place Royale under Henri IV, and the Place Vendôme under Louis XIV, it was the third effort of an artist-sovereign and an able architect to reach the ideal of a grandiose and largely spacious whole, in order to obtain a more monumental, more carefully designed, and also more hygienic capital!

But what a difference between the three attempts! The old Place Royale, now the Place des Vosges, restored to fashion since the recent installation of the Victor Hugo Museum, offers an almost feudal aspect, with its fronts of rusty brick, its enormous pointed roofs, its circular gallery on the ground floor, low and crushed between the heavy pillars, dwarfed and clumsy.

The Place Vendôme shows already a very great change. Americans on the tour know it well—that somewhat cold but singularly majestic creation of the Marquis de Louvois, an exact mirror of the Grand Siècle. These immense buildings, these vast and solemn palaces, which were to house, in the mind of the Roi Soleil, the ultra-official establishments, such as the Mint, the Academy, the National Library,—these buildings, where, in their magnificence, dwelt such grand seigneurs as the Comte d'Evreux or the Villemaré, now serve as the home of the most elegant hosteries for travelers, like the Ritz; as the shops of noted tailors and modistes; and even (an amusing detail!) as the residence of a perfumer who is a collector and has just installed his wares and his retrospective art exhibition from the garrets to the cellars of one of the old hotels, restored, for the very purpose, exactly as it once was!

Well, despite the difference in the purpose, despite the habits which have so greatly changed,—especially, perhaps, on the surface,—all this apparatus of antiquity adapts itself admirably and without an effort to the complex and exacting life of the twentieth century.

But what shall we say of the Place Louis XV, our actual Place de la Concorde, that clever creation of the century before last, that still unrivaled ornament of our most elegant quarter? I was going to say that even to-day we could not do better, but that would be a naïve remark. Of a certainty, I do not wish to lower the merit of Baron Haussmann, who endowed Paris under Napoleon III with spacious and commodious arteries of circulation; yet I do deplore that so often it was done at the expense of most regrettably ugly results. I know well that this opinion is not generally shared and that many persons admire without reservations the rearrangement of the capital performed some forty years ago. But I declare that for my part I reject this too sweeping opinion and I take advantage of these chats about old Paris, and especially of this study of the Hôtel de Crillon, to put in evidence a typical example, the Place de la Concorde, and show, with proofs at hand, that we moderns have invented neither the hygiene of the street, nor the wide air-spaces and breathing-spaces. As to the beauty of the views and the "air" of the buildings, it would be cruel to pursue the matter and to permit any one for a moment to believe that the nineteenth century can ever pass, from the esthetic point of view of the street, as an epoch which was even one to be honored.

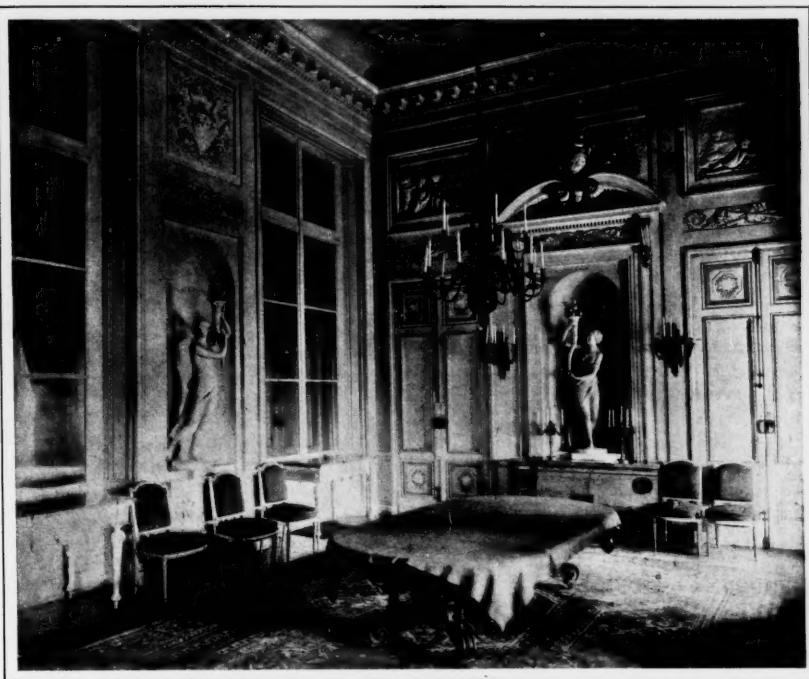
THE Place Louis XV was inaugurated in 1763, and the equestrian statue of the "Well-Beloved" by Bouchardon dominated the square. Crowned with laurel, dressed like a Roman emperor, with his chlamys raised up and his sword by his side, the King held himself proudly on a grand pedestal of stone and bronze, designed by Pigalle. This pedestal was covered with trophies and bas-reliefs relating to the benefits of peace.

So, in 1763, the Place Louis XV was finished. But that was not true of the group of palaces which were to complete the whole square—and this was so despite the energy of Gabriel, the architect. Since

the King declared urgency in order to get on faster, it was decided to build the façades only, or rather the two colonnades, in order to have the pleasure of seeing at an earlier moment the noble architectural perspective desired. Later on the body of buildings to the right of the Rue Royale

year, and was admitted to the Academy of Architecture in 1769.

So it was that Trouard after his purchase owned merely a plot of land and—two façades! There remained the building itself to be constructed. In his character as architect he set to work at once; but, un-



From a photograph by Moreau Frères

THE DINING-ROOM

might be extended in depth so as to give room for installing the Garde-Meubles of the crown. As to the group of buildings on the left, set apart for private residences, it was intended to make partial and direct sales of land, so that each buyer, behind the front already built, might make such architectural disposition of his own house as he deemed best.

The buyer of the grand pavilion to the left, the present Hôtel de Crillon, was the architect Louis-François Trouard, comptroller of buildings for the King. Born in Paris in 1729, a pupil of Loriot, a winner of the Grand Prize of Rome in 1753, he had received a diploma from the Academy of Rome in the following

luckily, his purse was poorly furnished. Pushed in a corner, he sold the usufruct of his unfinished house to a grand seigneur, Louis Marie d'Aumont, Duc d'Aumont. The contract was passed on April 27, 1776, before Maître Arnet, notary, and the price was fixed at fifteen thousand livres a year.

By this document Trouard engaged to deliver the hotel to the duke on April 1, 1777, with a comprehensive and splendid decoration.

It was in this magnificent house that the Duc d'Aumont installed himself, and it was there he died in 1782. A collector among the most select, he merited the title of one of the most fastidious and refined men of his time, which was not a little to say. He

was the zealous protector of Gouthière, and we shall see in the interior decoration of the hotel some traces of this favor and this taste of his.

At this time the two palaces on the Place Louis XV were entirely finished, just as we see them at present, without the slightest external change. Each one forms a colonnade against an arcade with embossed decorations. Two majestic pavilions close them on both sides, and that to the left belongs to our Hôtel de Crillon. These large pavilions are the most ornamental, decorative portions of the whole. Each is dominated by a pediment on which one sees grouped certain allegorical figures designed in a fine style, accompanied by genii and cupids.

Below, on the more advanced parts, are placed trophies of arms, the masterly look of which contributes not a little to the imposing but sober effect produced by this ensemble.

Trouard found himself left in the lurch by the death of the Duc d'Aumont. Forever the victim of his creditors, he was glad to find a buyer in the person of Comte de Crillon at the price of three hundred thousand livres. The bill of sale was dated April 20, 1788; an additional sum of eighty thousand francs was paid for the woodwork, mirrors, sculptures, paintings, chased bronzes, and "other ornaments." Out of all this money poor Trouard could save only 126,900 livres; the rest of the purchase-money had to be turned over to his creditors.

Since that epoch the hotel has never left the hands of the Crillon family, and, what is somewhat remarkable, has had but three owners, briefly as follows: first, Comte de Crillon, afterward Duc, who was ambassador for Sardinia after the Revolution, so that our hotel served as the embassy from 1798 to 1800. After his death, which occurred in 1820, his widow, the Duchesse de Crillon, kept the palace until in her turn she died, April 14, 1835. Her younger son, the Marquis de Crillon, received it as part of his heritage; and since his death, in 1869, his daughter, the dowager Duchesse de Polignac, has remained its owner. Therese still lives with her children and grand-children, the Polignacs and the Gontaut-Birons.

THE decoration of the interior of the hotel corresponds to the magnificence of its fa-

cade, and even surpasses the expectations of the curious or the artist. The entrance is very sober. A stone staircase of honor covered with Oriental carpets leads to the floor of the grand salons. The first apartment is a square antechamber, or, more exactly, a waiting-room; for beautiful works of art greet the visitor there. Four paintings decorate the wall. They are, firstly, two opposites by Louis-Michel van Loo, dated 1769: one of them, "The Music-Lesson," represents a young girl in white playing the harp, surrounded by three gentlemen, who listen to her with languishing eyes. This canvas, by its brilliancy and the sheen of the white satin, recalls the well-known picture by Roslin, in the Louvre, called "Offering to Love." Its opposite shows the same young girl, but this time she is playing the guitar, and a fourth noble sir, dressed in red velvet, has joined the group, and he is by no means the least enraptured. These canvases come from the Conti collection. The two other pictures are large over-door panels by Jean Baptiste Oudry, and, as usual, they show us white dogs, game, fruits, etc., all of them wrought in the truthful and at the same time elegant style which characterizes this painter of animals. We have already seen a number of specimens of his work in the dining-room at the Hôtel Monaco of Madame la Duchesse de Talleyrand. In fact, Oudry and Hubert-Robert were the two decorators to whom people turned for the grand palaces built at that period. The latter decorated more especially galleries and stairways; the former was particularly commissioned to ornament dining-rooms and the vestibules of suites of honor.

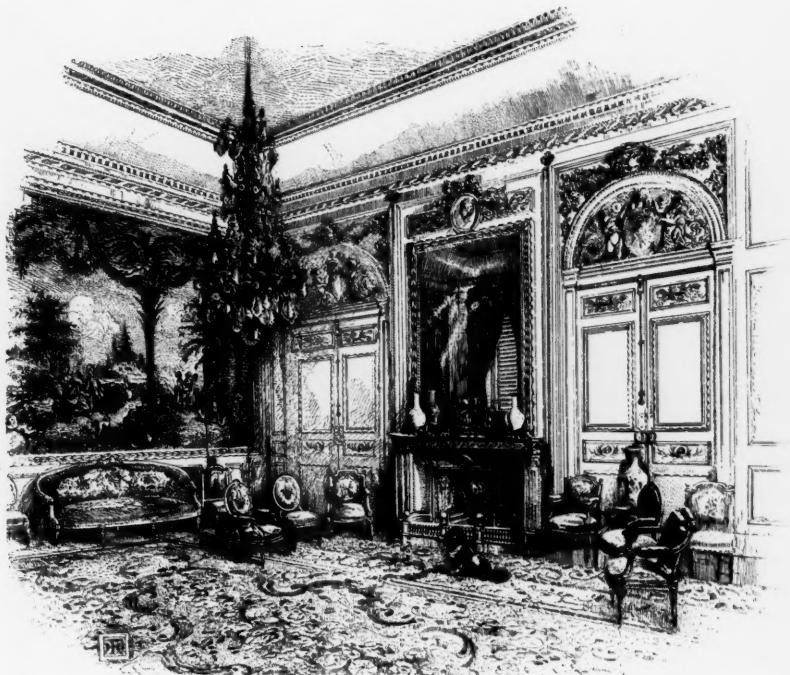
Underneath these canvases are big showcases designed by Boulle which contain a large collection of old Dresden and old Sévres porcelains. Then, opposite, there is a large barometer in Louis XVI style and some fine bits of Chinese porcelain; these add to the character of refinement and elegance that pervades the apartment.

One proceeds to the Salon de Musique, where one is at once welcomed by a magnificent marble statue: Cardinal de Polignac, superb and majestic, with curled hair, high, intelligent brow, and wearing draped about his shoulders the purple and ermine cloak of his rank. It is by Coysevox. The walls, hung with dark-red Chinese silk lam-

pas, are covered with genre pictures, chiefly from the schools of Holland and Flanders. The French school is represented only by two Vernetts, and they show the fantastic talent of that painter very oddly indeed.

One would like to linger over the beau-

salon, and like it are entirely painted in white. Their delicately sculptured moldings bring into relief the richness of the entablature, where, above a segment of a circle supported by brackets, lie figures of Glory and genii in half relief, larger than



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE SECOND SALON

tiful old furniture—a lady's bureau of Louis XVI, inlaid coffers, marquetry pieces, etc.; but the eyes are attracted too much by the immense and sumptuous reception-room, which opens by a double door to the left, brilliantly illuminated as it is by the broad light from the Place de la Concorde behind the enormous Corinthian capitals of the colonnade designed by Gabriel.

The impression here is really grand; and first of all one notes the splendid carvings of the woodwork, which reveal that noble epoch when the gracefulness of Louis XV work, already out of fashion, was still combined with the pure lines of the Louis XVI and the bigness of the antique.

Six monumental doors decorate the

life, whose elegance and supple forms recall the Italian Renaissance. Above the hearth the grand mirror is quite surrounded with garlands of flowers, with wreaths and palms to form a pediment. But the marvelous thing here is the cornice carved in massive solid oak, while trophies of arms and heads of lions entwined by floral motives carefully sculptured surround an immense circle of plant forms; colossal eagles of a powerful modeling detach themselves in full relief and seem to uphold the ceiling with their outspread wings.

Against the white woodwork are hung family portraits. I shall first notice that of the ancestor, the famous Crillon, companion in arms of Henri Quatre, who called

him "the first captain in the world,"—Crillon, who brought upon himself the historic jeer of the good King after the Battle of the Bows: "Go hang yourself, brave Crillon; we have conquered and you were not with us!" The old portrait-painter has shown him in a martial attitude, his neck adorned with the decoration of the Holy Ghost beneath the enormous lace collar; and he has not forgotten to reproduce the glorious scar across his face. On both sides of the mirror are two exquisite portraits. One, painted by Drouais, represents the Marquise d'Herbouville; she is costumed as Diana the Huntress, following the fashion which came in after Nattier had painted thus the daughters and the "kind friend" of Louis XV. Genre-painting considered in this light might perhaps be held as conventional; but what an adorable grace in these billows of blue and white stuffs which fade into the clouds of the background, what a femininity, what a feeling for "race" in their luxurious and yet noble attitudes—in that hand which carries the quiver all beribboned with rose!

The opposite picture, to the left of the chimneypiece, shows us the features of the Duchesse de Polignac, the intimate friend and confidante of Marie Antoinette. It is the work of Madame Vigée Lebrun, titular paintress to the Queen. Beneath an enormous shepherdess hat—not at all unlike, by the way, the hats which modern fashion has revived to-day—the young woman shows her gracious, pensive face. Perhaps she posed for this in the cottage of the Trianon. She sits in a very natural attitude, one very much at home; and she carries in her hand a bunch of rustic flowers with one of those gestures which perhaps the women of that time alone knew, and which they have carried with them to the grave. The canvas is dated 1782, which means that it was finished in a period when, through a natural reaction, painters were trying to get as close as possible to reality.

On the left-hand panel hangs the portrait of Cardinal de Polignac, in red robe and laces and holding a book with coat of arms in his hand, by Rigaud. It is a replica of the famous portrait in the Louvre. On the opposite side is a good portrait by Cogniet, solid and severe—the Marquise de Crillon, born a d'Herbouville. Finally, between two windows is the Prince-Duc de

Polignac, father-in-law of the dowager duchess, wearing the court costume of Charles X.

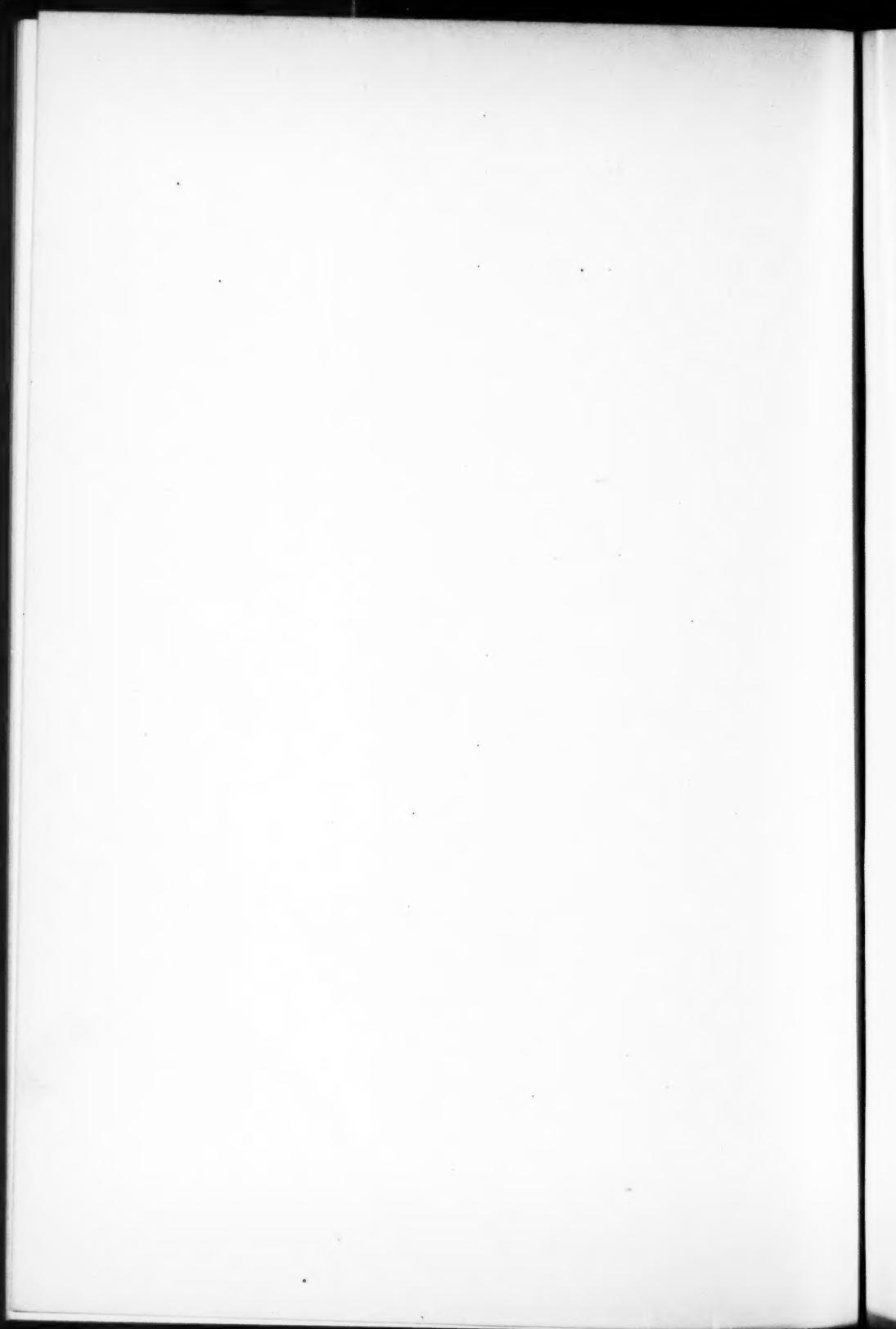
In the presence of this fine ornamentation of woodwork and historic portraits one becomes exacting as to furniture and objects of art, does one not? But the reality satisfies the desire. And first let us note on the chimneypiece of white marble, with floral designs so beautifully chiseled, the great clock in gilded bronze, which I do not hesitate to attribute to Lepante. It has in fact the large and powerful composition of that master. The fine simplicity of the man is found complete in the motive—a bit of fluted column surmounted by an oval urn forming the turning frame, and having for its only unsymmetrical decoration two coiled serpents whose flickering tongues make the hands that indicate the hours. One must also note the fine Chinese crackled porcelain vases which surround this clock, as well as their rich mounts in gilt bronze. Old China porcelains, moreover, are here in imposing quantity among our seignioral hotels of Paris, and prove the veritable craze for these refined products in the eighteenth century,—which indeed combine very well with the furniture of the epoch, especially when, as here, they are decorated with one of those delicate mounts which cause them to be sought so much nowadays. This salon offers very remarkable and numerous examples scattered over the little tables, pier-tables, and corner sconces, but particularly in the Louis XVI wall-case to the left of the chimneypiece, in which are kept certain marvels of soft-paste Sèvres. But if I wished to offer this room as a proof of the delicious union of French style and the art of the farthest East, I would not confine myself to ceramics: I would cite also and more especially some absolutely typical pieces of furniture.

And first there are two large chests opposite each other. What makes them very remarkable is the fact that there are on each of them two Chinese panels with lacquer ground. They are in relief and inlaid with precious materials, and show some of those strange scenes, so characteristic of Oriental art, in which the artist, a fine and sympathetic observer, oversteps the exact limits of nature and shows himself, if one may say so, an "extractor of the quintessence of things." Perhaps the most curi-



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE RECEPTION-ROOM



ous of these two sculptured and painted pictures is that one which shows the breakfast of a solitary lady, where one sees three servants uniting their strength to offer her a gigantic fish, while a little farther off is a poor woman who is fishing in a pond for the same food necessary for her own table. These panels are mounted in two fine Louis XVI pieces of furniture having columns decorated with bronze which recall the style of E. Avril.

FROM the grand salon one passes immediately into the dining-room, which forms a worthy continuation. The chief motive of the decorations consists of four monumental niches containing four life-size statues. It is difficult to imagine more thoughtful elegance and discreet richness than the composition of this room—also due to the architect Pâris. The only criticism which a captious judge might make would be in regard to the ornaments that surmount the doorways and certain branches among the laurel wreaths which are too heavy, imitated as they are from an ancient original belonging to the decadent classical age. But this is a criticism of a detail, and does not harm the beauty of the whole nor affect the admirable delicacy of the four bas-reliefs representing sports of children: one child crowns a goat, others play with lady-apples, flowers, soap-bubbles, etc. The originality of it is delightful, the execution fine: it recalls very notably Clodion. And the same gracefulness is found once more, on a lower level, in the beauty of the allegorical statues and the strength of the mascarons, heads of lions and dolphins among aquatic plants, which pour water into the marble basins.

Like the grand salon, this apartment is in carved oak and painted throughout in white. No electric lights, nothing but candles for illumination, just as it was in the Grand Siècle; and the effect of the crystals is charming along with the silver and rare flowers in this interior full of freshness and light.

Another very large apartment has its windows also opening on the Place de la Concorde. More simple in its decoration than the grand salon of honor, it delights one instantly by the exquisite feeling of

its light and ample tonality in old rose. Everything conspires to help this discreet harmony—the white tint of the delicate woodwork, the carpet with foliated designs, the chairs covered with Aubusson tapestry in low-toned rose, the great purple curtains slightly faded by time, the chimneypiece of tawny sandstone subdued by applied plates of bronze in old-gold tones, and finally the great Beauvais tapestry, which occupies the entire panel at the end of the room. The subject? It is "Harvest-time," after a cartoon from the school of Boucher. It is hard to express the sensuous charm which emanates from this delightful yet unreal composition, in which harvesters of the Opéra Comique variety neglect the reaping of their crops—which are there only as a pretext—in order to ogle the pretty, natty shepherdesses. One of these make-believe peasants is coquettishly perched on a swing and his lady-love is pushing him. Another has climbed a cherry-tree and does not fail to offer cherries with a well-studied gesture to two young women. Farther on, a rosy child wreathes ribbons about two goats. As to the harvest, who cares for that? A pretty lass in the background, clad in fine muslins and silks, does hold in her hand with much elegance a highly decorative sickle; but she, too, is making eyes at some one hidden behind golden-cheeked apples. Verily, we are far enough away from the peasants of Millet and his gleanings! How well all this symbolizes the spirit of the eighteenth century, that amiable, frivolous, thoughtless period! In truth, it was a unique epoch, the esthetic expression of which cannot harmonize with that of any other. And that is why the visitor stops short in this salon, somewhat surprised and bewildered, before the opposite panel, surrounded as it is by the severe art and heavy richness of the preceding century: for above a great coffer in gold lacquer, brilliant and equipped with massive golden hinges, appears an equestrian portrait of Louis XV in big wig, draped and imperious, directing the movements of a battle!

What a wide gap between these two schools, and how true it is to say that the art of an epoch is only the exact reflection of that same time!

IN THE COURT OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

BY KATHARINE A. CARL

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

VI

THE AUDIENCE-HALL AT THE SUMMER PALACE

HEN his Majesty the Emperor reigned alone, he was in the habit of holding his audiences as early as three o'clock A. M. It is said, however, that this custom was owing as much to his personal shyness as to his love of early rising, for at these audiences he would allow but two candles on the throne-table in front of him, and the great hall was lighted elsewhere only by the beautiful Chinese lanterns, which shine with but a dim brilliancy and are not very effective as lights. Thus his face could not be seen if an official should so forget the proprieties as to raise his eyes to the imperial person.

Their Majesties' audiences are held in the great audience-hall, a detached building apart and quite distinct from all the other buildings of the palace inclosure. The inscription over its great doors points out that it is the "Hall where Industry is to be applied to State Affairs." In all the palaces the audience-hall is nearest the outside walls and entrances, so that the officials who are privileged to have audiences must pass only through the outer courts to reach the hall—their Majesties' palaces with their private apartments being at some distance beyond. At the winter palace, where there are so many walls within walls, each of their Majesties' palaces is surrounded with walls, and the audience-hall is also in a walled-in inclosure near one of the great gates; but at the summer palace there are no walls except the exterior ones.

The interior of the audience-hall at the summer palace is not by any means bare

or austere. It is furnished, in the same style as the throne-rooms, with splendid ornaments, curios, tea-tables and chairs, and, curious anachronism, there are here three pianos! The walls are hung with ornamental scrolls, as well as with those bearing some gigantic character traced by an emperor's hand, or some condensed bit of philosophy of the sages. One of these scrolls has an admonition to the Emperor to remember that "he is responsible to Heaven for the happiness and prosperity of his people."

There is a great dais in the center of the hall, on which stands the throne, with its table, behind which is the three-, five-, or seven-leaved screen. The ancient dais was lower than those now used, and the antique throne, with its capacious size and cushions, was more like a lounge than the modern throne. This seems to indicate that the administration of justice by the Emperor was in ancient times less formal and more patriarchal than it is to-day.

VII

ETIQUETTE OF THE DIFFERENT AUDIENCES

HEADS of departments and princes with honorary official positions have audiences on certain days of the month to report upon affairs of their boards or to pay their respects to his Majesty. Every day their Majesties hold audience and see the Prime Minister and Grand Secretary, and there are frequent meetings of the Grand Council. The Prime Minister, Prince Ching, has the last audience of the day, and business reported on during the other audiences is then discussed.

All telegrams and despatches go to their respective boards, and are, except in cases



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

OFFICIAL AUDIENCE—GREAT AUDIENCE-HALL

of extreme gravity, reported to their Majesties only at the audiences. After eleven all state business is supposed to be finished by their Majesties. They are then free from state worries and cares until the following day. During the rebellion in the province of Kwang-si, also when the Russian evacuation of Manchuria was expected, and at the time of the outbreak of hostilities in Manchuria (the three grave events occurring during my stay in the palace), telegrams and despatches were constantly being sent to her Majesty out of audience hours. They were brought to her throne-room, and sometimes even during her walks in the gardens they would be handed her. These despatches were sent over to the palace from the Wai-Wu-Pu on their arrival. Of course, it was by her Majesty's express command that her privacy was thus infringed upon. No official would otherwise have dared transgress the prescribed rules. The despatches were received at the entrance of the palace by the eunuch whose province it was. He placed them in the yellow-covered, silken-lined box in which they were presented to her Majesty on bended knees.

VIII

THE PART PLAYED BY CUSHIONS
AT AUDIENCES

IN front of the throne-dais, during the hours of audience, there are five cushions placed on the floor for the members of the Grand Council to kneel upon when they are memorializing their Majesties. The Prime Minister's cushion is nearest the throne. A cushion to kneel upon is a privilege granted only to members of the Grand Council. Any other official, when making communications to their Majesties, must kneel beyond the space occupied by these five cushions. He is thus placed at a disadvantage. The distance at which he is from their Majesties may prevent his hearing some of their words, especially the Emperor's, whose voice is very low and without any carrying quality. The official may overcome this difficulty and shorten the distance by paying the eunuch who conducts him to the audience-hall to remove some of the cushions, so that he may kneel nearer the dais. The Prime Minister's and Grand Secretary's cushions may on no condition be removed, but the other three are subject to the will of the

introducing eunuch. If this latter be sufficiently paid (and there is a fixed price for each cushion), he will remove the three belonging to the lower members of the cabinet.

When the official who has been granted an audience is conducted to the audience-hall by the eunuch appointed for the purpose, the latter throws open the great doors, falls upon his knees at the threshold, and announces the name and position of the official, gives the hour and minute of his arrival at the palace, and before he rises he has deftly removed the cushions for which he has received the required sum. After his name has been announced, the official enters and kneels as near the dais as is consistent with his rank and the sum paid the eunuch. When the eunuch has introduced the official, he turns from the door and must run away as fast as he can. Officials and eunuchs stationed at some distance watch his departure. Should he linger or transgress this law, capital punishment is the result. This is to avoid eavesdropping and the possible transmission of state secrets.

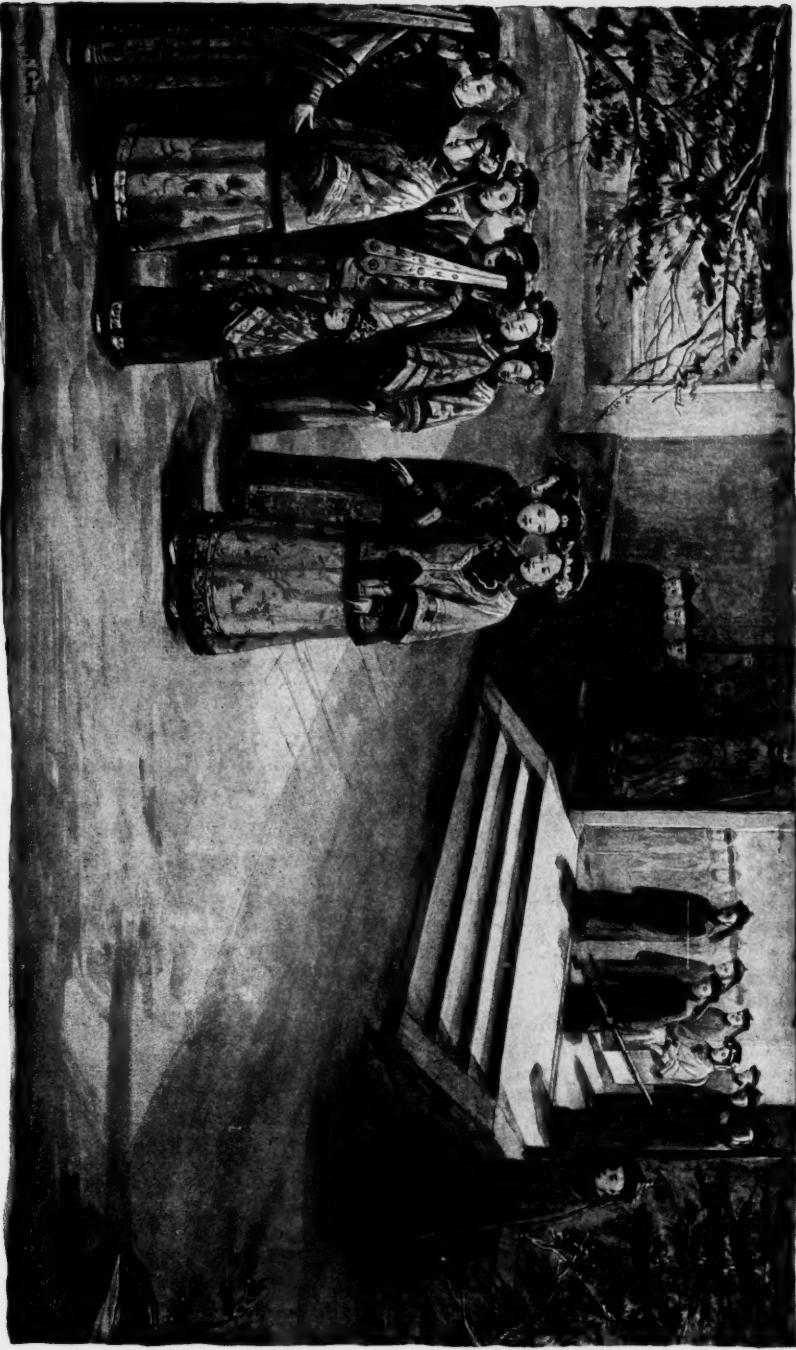
When the official granted an audience hears the last echo of the steps of the departing eunuch, he falls upon his knees and begins the relation of his business. Their Majesties question him, if necessary, to elicit further explanations. When the audience is finished, the official rises and walks out. The Chinese never back out of the presence, and it is not considered a breach of etiquette to turn their backs upon royalty.

The officials who are obliged to go often to audiences resort to an amusing subterfuge to protect their knees from the marble floor. They strap heavily wadded cushions on their knees before they go in, and they can thus kneel in comfort. The long Chinese gown worn by the men of course hides these knee-cushions.

IX.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR AND THE
TIRESOME OFFICIAL

HIS Majesty assumed the cares of state at an early age, when he was still filled with boyish spirit. Many of the heads of departments are old men, and some of them doubtless most tiresome in reiterating facts and dwelling upon details. When the



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

COURT OF THE WINTER PALACE—"HER MAJESTY COMES"

young Emperor first took over the direction of affairs and held his audiences alone, he would get very impatient at hearing several of these old men go over tiresome details. As it is not "according to the laws of propriety" for the official to raise his eyes to the Sacred Person, while the old man rambled on, with prosy detail, the young Emperor would slip off the throne and quietly descend from the dais, and when the poor official raised his eyes to make his obeisance to the Emperor, he would see only the vacant throne. His Majesty had been in the rear of the hall, behind the screen, for perhaps five minutes, smoking a cigarette or otherwise diverting himself.

X

SACRED QUALITY OF THE
IMPERIAL PERSON

I NOTICED a curious fact as to the quality of the sacredness of the persons of their

Celestial Majesties. This sacredness seems to belong to them as rulers and not as individuals. In the audience-hall, when administering justice, they are not approached nor addressed except

upon bended knee.

In the palace, in their own privacy, when they give an order or any command touching upon official affairs, this order is received by the attendant, be he courtier, high official, or great prince, on his knees. When any official communication is made to their Majesties, in private or elsewhere, it is made kneeling; but when their Majesties are in their private capacity and spoken to on ordinary affairs, they are addressed almost familiarly, and the courtier or simple attendant stands while speaking to them. If, however, in the midst of a familiar conversation an order is given, the attendant immediately drops upon his knees to receive it.

XI

THE KOWTOW

THE kowtow (pronounced ker-toe, and meaning literally to bow the head) is used

as a form of thanks, and is not a manner of greeting. The actors kowtow to their Majesties at the beginning and end of each performance at the theater, first to thank for the honor they are to receive in being allowed to act before them, and at the end to thank for the privilege granted. The officials "bow the head" to thank for an audience or any favor or gift they have received or are to receive from their Majesties. The kowtow is not only made by people at the palace and at imperial audiences: it is sometimes used by equals to each other as a proper manner of thanking for some great favor. To make the kowtow, the person kneels three times, and each time bows his head three times, touching the ground with it. The kowtow could not be made by a foreigner without looking most awkward and appearing most servile, but the Chinese do it with dignity, and it is neither ungraceful nor degrading. It is a time-honored manner of giving thanks, a Chinese tradition surviving from a time when the courtiers were perhaps like slaves; but at present it does not imply any slave-like inferiority on the part of him who performs it.

XII

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S PREFERENCE
FOR THE SUMMER PALACE

THE summer palace was always the Empress Dowager's favorite palace, but after the Boxer rising and the subsequent occupation of Peking by the allies, when foreign troops were stationed in both the Peking palaces, and so much damage done them, she would have preferred to have lived the whole year round at the summer palace. As it is, she occupies it from eight to nine months of the year, going out to it at the first opportunity in the spring, and leaving it only when it is so cold as to make it impracticable. There is a system of heating it by furnaces beneath the floors, but her Majesty never used these, and the small Chinese porcelain stoves, sorts of braziers, were quite insufficient for heating the immense halls. This, however, would not have influenced her, as she never minded the cold; but it was very difficult for the officials to take the long trip to the summer palace during the winter, and this consideration alone caused her to move into the winter palace when the weather



became very cold. The members of the cabinet and the princes had summer homes in the immediate vicinity of the palace, but there were thousands of officials who were obliged to come out every day from Peking.

press Dowager, the young Empress, princesses, and ladies of the court precede her by a few hours, and stand upon the threshold of her own dwelling-palace to receive her when she arrives. Full court dress is worn for this reception, and it is, as is



Drawn by Katharine A. Carl. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

THE PRIME MINISTER, PRINCE CHING

The time had now come for the court to move in definitively to the winter palace, and shortly after the birthday festivities their Majesties took up their residence in the capital. Before I left the summer palace, the young Empress suggested that I should go to the winter palace the next day in time to assist in receiving her Majesty on her arrival there; for, as usual, I left the summer palace the day before the court, and went to the United States legation. At every change of residence of the Em-

everything touching her Majesty, a ceremony.

The day of the Empress Dowager's entrance into her loyal city of Peking for the winter, in December, 1903, was a typical Peking winter day; the air was crisp and clear, the atmosphere positively sparkling, and like champagne. One seemed to breathe an elixir. For her "progresses" from one palace to another the Empress Dowager always had what they called in England "Queen's weather."

XIII

THE PALACE WITHIN THE
FORBIDDEN CITY

THE city of Peking is composed of three walled towns—the Chinese, the Tatar, and the Imperial City. Within the Im-

gate of the palace in front of the Manchu Banner quarters, at the foot of the Coal Hill. Our chairs, by special arrangement, were allowed to enter the inclosure proper of the winter palace; but even after entering the exterior gates, one winds in and out between high walls, through massive gates



From a photograph

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE—"SPIRIT-STAIRWAY" IN CENTRAL FLIGHT OF STEPS

perial City lies the winter palace, its battlemented and turreted walls surrounded by a moat. After passing through one of the great gates in the wall surrounding the Imperial City, and crossing the stone bridge that spans "the Grain-bearing Canal," we soon came in sight of the splendid walls and lofty gates of the palace inclosure. The red outer walls of the palace, faded by time and weather to a charming gray-pink, with their beautiful corner constructions of airy-looking turrets reflected in the still waters of the moat beneath, were most picturesque. We were carried along the raised road beyond the moat until we came to a marble bridge (formerly a portcullis) that leads to the

and heavy wooden doors studded with huge iron nails and ornamental copper balls. Against the high wall on either side of this approach, wooden sheds were built as sleeping-places for the guards and soldiers. Each shed had a front of lattice-work, with paper pasted over the interstices. Within was a cemented platform, which the northern Chinese use as beds. These have a place underneath for building a fire, for they keep warm at night by sleeping on hot beds and use very little cover.

XIV

THE CEREMONY OF A RECEPTION

JUST beyond the last of these guard-houses, our official "green chairs" were

put down between two high walls, with forbidding gates in front of us. Here we took the red palace-chairs which were awaiting us. We were swiftly carried through still other gates and past a very labyrinth of walls. The courts were all paved in large flagstones of white marble, and surrounded by high walls with heavy doors. We finally reached a charming court, where, standing under the overhanging branches of a beautiful cedar, we found the young Empress and princesses, in full court dress, already awaiting the coming of her Majesty. It was a pretty group that stood there, gowned in their splendid court costumes, the sunlight glinting upon the jeweled crowns of their fur caps, and giving a touch of nature to the brilliant flowers in their hair. My plain, foreign tailor-made gown was the only dark spot in this bright group of gorgeously attired ladies.

Presently the cymbals and flutes sounded the weird notes of the "Imperial Hymn," the great wooden doors of the court were thrown open, and the imperial procession came in sight. Splendidly gowned eunuchs advanced in two lines, walking with rigid bodies and stately step.

At a sign from the young Empress, a hush fell upon the chattering group of princesses and each took her proper place. Then the imperial chair-bearers crossed the threshold, with her Majesty sitting erect in one of her "open chairs"; for as soon as she gets into the palace grounds she leaves the closed palanquin in which she is obliged to travel abroad and which she very much dislikes on account of its stuffiness. The ladies, as if moved by one impulse, made the formal bow at her approach, and repeated the usual imperial salutation, "Laotzu-tzung-chee siang," which I repeated with the others.

Her Majesty had her chair stopped in the center of the court and got out, and I went up to salute her. She shook hands, and said she hoped that I would be happy in the winter palace, but that it was a dull, depressing sort of place, with too many walls and gates, after the open brightness of the summer palace.

After a few minutes' conversation she went into the throne-room, followed by the Empress and ladies.

THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE
WINTER PALACE

HER Majesty's throne-room at the winter palace fronted on a court which was surrounded by well-built walls with curiously shaped doors and windows and ornamental yellow- and green-tiled designs at intervals. In the center of the wall in front was the immense gateway, with wooden folding-doors, which had just opened for her passage. The veranda of the throne-room had two rooms projecting upon it, making of it a rectangular space with walls around three of its sides. This veranda was quite different from any at the summer palace, where they run the whole length of the buildings, back and front.

Entering, I was struck by the beauty of the great central hall—the harmony of its proportions, the somber splendor of its color. It seemed to me the most satisfying, the most picturesque, of all the restful, harmonious Chinese interiors I had seen, with its dull red walls and its splendid coffered ceiling glowing in color and glinting in gold, the central dome, with elaborately carved pendentives, being painted in brilliant primary colors, subdued into a rich harmony by the demi-obscurity, for it had no "lantern" and received its light from the windows below.

The curious feature of the domes in several of the palaces in the Violet City, so effective from within, giving elevation and space to the interiors, is that they are not visible from the outside of the edifice. The beautiful straight line of the roof, with its upturned corners, remains intact in its purity and retains its restful simplicity.

The hall was paved with great blocks of highly polished black marble, which dimly reflected the glowing splendor of the walls and ceiling. In the center of one side was a low dais, richly carpeted, on which stood a great antique throne and footstool of red lacquer, framed in ebony and inlaid with cloisonné; the three-leaved screen behind was of bronze, with landscapes in low relief. On each leaf a poem in golden characters gave the needed touch of brilliancy to the somber massiveness of the dull bronze.

Great wooden doors, with huge gilded dragons in high relief, opened into apartments on the right and left of this splendid

hall. These portals were always thrown wide, and heavily padded satin portières hung from the lintels. The front and rear of the hall were almost entirely of glass, with the pillars that supported the roof standing clear between the windows—the lower half of plate-glass, the upper of transparent Corean paper.

XVI

HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM

THE apartments to the right, where, at a sign from her Majesty, I followed the ladies, were her day-rooms. Her sitting-room, projecting on the veranda, brilliantly lighted by two sides of windows, was in dazzling contrast to the somber splendor of the throne-room. The sun pouring through the windows, the gay flowers and growing plants, the fruits piled high in great painted bowls, the divans, with satin cushions, beneath the windows, the touches of femininity, the subtle perfume, even the small shrine to Buddha—everything bespoke the characteristics of its august mistress, who in her hours of ease loved sunshine and flowers, and revled in beauty and perfume.

On entering, her Majesty approached the small shrine, lighted three slender tapers of fragrant incense, and placed them upright in the perfumed ashes of the golden censer at the feet of Buddha. She rearranged the offerings, placed a picture of the mother of Buddha behind the image, and then stood in reverent attitude a few seconds before turning to her waiting tire-women to have her outer garments removed.

As I had now learned that my interest in her surroundings pleased her, I looked around the room. It was as lofty as the great throne-room, but the rear wall was divided into two stories, and a hidden stairway led to the upper rooms. In an alcove under the second floor was built the bed where she took her siesta in the afternoon, screened from the sitting-room by beautifully embroidered satin curtains. The walls of carved teakwood had a rare frieze of panels of flying birds and bats in mother-of-pearl. There were scrolls bearing quotations from the classics; and, of course, many beautiful and curious clocks adorned the dragon-tables, the window-seats, and carved chests.

XVII

PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

IN prominent places, each flanked by good-luck pennants, hung two steel-engravings: the first representing Queen Victoria in regal array; the second, the Queen and Prince Consort, surrounded by their children. I was surprised to see them here in her Majesty's living-room, though I had heard that the Empress Dowager had a great admiration for the Queen, and that she thought there were many points of similarity in their reigns. They had each been widows the greater part of their lives, and had each ruled over great empires. She said she noticed in the Queen's face the same lines of longevity that she herself had. She probably dreams of as long a life as the great Queen of England had.

The Empress Dowager was astonished that I had seen so many members of the English royal family, and the Queen herself, when I had never had an "audience"; and was still more so when she learned that the great English Empress took her daily promenade outside her palace walls in "an open chair," and could be seen by any one who happened to pass that way.

XVIII

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S PRIVATE CHAPEL

HER Majesty told me I might go up the hidden stairway leading from her bed-alcove to the floor above, where was her private chapel. Here, on special occasions, services were held by lama priests. It was a beautiful haven, in whose dim, religious light one might meditate or pray.

Its high altar, with a great golden Buddha of fine design, had tall golden candlesticks shining with pearls and rubies. Richly wrought and enameled vases held bouquets of jeweled flowers, and censers damascened with gold sent up spirals of perfumed smoke. The floor was covered with a splendid silken rug of imperial yellow, and small, exquisitely executed paintings of the saints and personified attributes formed a dado around the walls.

Curiously shaped windows, with bits of translucent shell set into the elaborate latticework, shed but a dim light, and out of mysterious depths shone the splendid jewels of the altar ornaments, the dull gold

of the great Buddha, and the gleaming dado of red-and-gold-clothed saints. This was her Majesty's favorite chapel. She had followed me up and showed it with pride. She appreciated its perfect artistic quality as much, I am sure, as she loved its religious element.

Here she could come from the privacy of her bed-alcove, mount the hidden stairs when she willed, unnoticed and unattended, and here seek that peace which seemed so far away those troubled days of January, 1904, when all looked so dark for her country.

XIX

THE THREE GREAT HALLS AND
THE "SPIRIT-STAIRWAY"

HER Majesty's throne-room is in the first of three large halls in the northeastern corner of the inclosure, which, with their courts, extend to the exterior walls of the palace. The buildings are raised about eight feet above the marble-paved court and are approached by handsome white marble steps. Leading up to the second, for the first time I saw a "spirit-stairway" used in secular architecture. This "spirit-stairway" consists of a block of marble placed in the center and reaching from the top to the bottom of the stairway. This block, instead of being cut into steps, is elaborately carved with the double dragon. It lies in the middle of the stairway like a beautiful heavy carpet thrown over it, too stiff to take the form of steps. The "spirit-stairway," not to be touched by mortal feet, is used in the approaches to all the fine temples; and when, as in the case of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, the stairs are high, the effect is as beautiful as it is original and unique.

The hall with the "spirit-stairway" is the handsomest of the three in the Empress Dowager's inclosure. Its interior, a height of fifty feet, has a splendid coffered ceiling, and its walls are of wonderfully carved wood, with cloisonné medallions, which give great richness and splendor. A balcony surrounds this lofty hall, with openings from it into rooms over the side apartments, which are of but the usual height. This great front hall, with a dais and throne, screen and ceremonial fans, showed it was for more formal receptions than the beautiful domed room we had first entered. Opposite the throne-dais stood a

"cistern" of splendidly carved jade to hold water for cooling the temperature in summer. A handsome music-box, which had been sent as a present to the Dowager Empress by Queen Victoria, and several other presents from European royalties, stood around. The apartments on the right were for his Majesty's use when he came to the theater, which was near. On the left were her Majesty's night apartments. Two doors led through the openwork screen which separated the hall from the entrance at the rear. Here there was another magnificent block of jade, about five feet high, elaborately carved in designs representing the manner in which the jade is mined and taken from its native mountains.

XX

MY WORKING-ROOM IN THE
EMPEROR'S PRECINCTS

FROM the central hall a raised marble platform led into the third of the buildings. Here, again, the central hall occupied the entire height, while the sides were divided into two stories. This was one of the Emperor's throne-rooms, and he had graciously given it for my use while painting the Empress Dowager's portraits. I had been told I was to have a "magnificent place for working" in the winter palace; and so far as magnificence went, I had it here. But, lofty and spacious as the hall was, it was very dark, and there was also a reflection from the shining, yellow-tiled roof of the palace in front. The court was very small, and the reflection from the roof was consequently unavoidable.

The Empress Dowager's quarters at the winter palace are separated from the Emperor's by high walls and guarded gates. The pavilions of the Emperor's inclosure are on an even more magnificent scale than those of the Empress Dowager. The audience-hall of the winter palace is in the Emperor's inclosure. In her Majesty's inclosure there is a theater, but the imperial loge is small, indeed, when compared with the splendid hall which serves as such at the summer palace. Tradition seemed to be more rigidly observed here than at the summer palace, and everything seemed to be referred to the Emperor; whereas her Majesty seemed to be the first figure at the summer palace, and there traditional laws were often in abeyance.

GEORGE MACDONALD

AH, loving, exquisite, enraptured soul,
Who wert to me a father and a friend;
Who imaged and brought near, all humanity,
The sweetness and the majesty of him
Who in Judea melted human hearts,
And won the world by loveliness and love;
Dear spirit, who to the Infinite Purity
Passed, without change, and humbly unabashed—
If farewell we must say, it is that thou
So far beyond, above, we—alien so
From grace like thine—may hardly follow close
Thy shining feet in fields of endless light
When to the goal of souls reborn we pass.

Yet couldst thou not rest happy in that world
Thou saw'st with eyes anointed, near that Christ
Who wast to thee a human brother and friend,
If we, thy brothers, with thee came not nigh.

If ever saint with the Eternal strove,
Then wouldest thou, wilt thou, strive and supplicate
That not one soul be lost or suffer ill,
If so may be, but win to the Infinite Love
That was the faith, strength, life, of all thy days.

Our hearts are heavy—Oh, yet give we thanks,
As thou didst give when died one dear to thee,—
Thanks that thou livedst—that we knew and loved,
Even in the flesh, one who was one with God.

R. W. G.





THE ELUSIVE WEDDING

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

RAY is coming to-morrow," remarked Dora, as she looked up from her letter.

"What for?" I asked idly.
"Oh, just to be married," she replied carelessly.

I knew that Dora was bubbling over with excitement, but she wished to betray me into exhibiting surprise. Therefore she gave this startling news in an offhand, careless way.

"To be married!" I exclaimed. "I did n't know he was engaged."

"Neither did I," returned Dora; "but that's Ray's way."

"Girl live here?" I asked.

"No," replied Dora, after consulting the letter again. "She's coming down with her married sister the day after to-morrow. Ray comes first to make the necessary arrangements. Of course nothing but a church wedding would suit either of them."

"Are n't there any churches in Addison?" I inquired. Addison is the town where Ray lives.

"Were n't we married in an Addison church?" demanded Dora.

"I thought it might have been abandoned or burned down," I explained feebly. "Perhaps they're coming here because there is n't anybody there to give them a wedding breakfast." I was already wondering how much a wedding breakfast would cost.

"You goose!" exclaimed Dora. "They're so well known there that everybody in town would want to do something for them. That's why they're coming

here. Ray never could endure fuss and functions. He does n't want any bachelors' dinners and brides' luncheons and fourteen ushers and flower-girls and train-bearers and a dozen or more bridesmaids and a big reception, and neither does she. There is always so much confusion and bother about those big weddings that the bride and groom are about ready for a sanatorium when they are over. So they decided to slip down to the city quietly and have a nice, restful wedding."

"Then that lets us out," I suggested.

"Oh, we'll give them a wedding breakfast, of course," asserted Dora.

"Do you think there is anything restful about a wedding breakfast?" I asked.

But, naturally, Dora had her way; and I was glad she did, for I like Ray and I would have cheerfully made it two breakfasts and a luncheon if it would have helped matters any. I find it advisable, however, to put all these things "up to" Dora, as it were, so that I am left free to comment on household expense totals at the end of the month. This makes me feel a little better, and it does not worry Dora a bit.

But I must not wander away from the consideration of that wedding, for it proved itself too elusive to make any carelessness of that sort safe.

Ray arrived the next day, and came to the house at once. He was so elated by the thoughts of his marriage that I thought seriously of giving him the lead-soled shoes of a diver, just to hold him down to earth. His spirits were so high that he could with perfect propriety be described as "flighty."

"Now, what is there to be done?" asked Dora.

"Not a thing," replied Ray, as he took a document from his pocket and waved it in our faces. "I've been in town an hour already, and you don't suppose I've been idle, do you? There's the marriage license."

"It's nice to have everything settled well in advance," commented Dora. "Who's to marry you?"

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Ray, hastily pocketing the marriage license. "I forgot all about that! Where's the telephone?"

"Surely you're not going to try to arrange it by telephone," protested Dora.

"Why not?" demanded Ray. "I'm good for anything I order."

"But it looks a little better for you or the best man to call in person," urged Dora. "There is a lack of dignity and solemnity about the telephone."

"So much the better!" retorted Ray. "This is a joyous affair, and we don't want any solemnity."

"Clergymen," I put in, "are inclined to be a little sensitive to anything that seems to reflect on their dignity. I would suggest that you go to see one."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Ray. "I know whom I want, and he knows who I am. That's enough. We're purposely trying to keep the frills out of this, so that there will be none of the tangle and turmoil that make other brides and grooms prematurely gray."

He waved us aside with an "I know my business" air, and a few moments later we heard him having an altercation with "Central" over the distressingly poor service.

"Sometimes," sighed Dora, "I think Ray is a little too democratic in his ways."

I entered no denial. Ray is her brother, and, besides, there was nothing in the assertion that I cared to deny. Except in case of dire necessity, ordering a wedding ceremony by telephone did seem to be "a little too democratic." I rather anticipated that he would get a curt refusal from the clergyman, but Ray was soon back with the information that "it's all right."

"You're lucky," I grumbled. "If I tried to do anything like that over the telephone, I'd get an intimation that it was

not a matter for such light and careless treatment, and that I had better call."

"That's because you don't know how," returned Ray. "With me, the simplest way is the best way. Go at it in ceremonial fashion, by sending an emissary and opening negotiations, and you can't tell when you will get tangled up in a misunderstanding. Fix it up with the minister yourself, and there is no longer cause for anxiety."

"Ray always did want to do things himself, and do them in a hurry," put in Dora. "But I must admit he's a splendid manager. He might be a little more conventional, but he has things the way he wants them."

"That's because I cut out the red-tape," explained Ray. Then, turning to me: "By the way, old man, won't you dine with me to-night? Very quiet. Just you and Brooke and myself. Brooke's to be the best man and all the ushers rolled into one. Nice fellow."

I looked at Dora, but somehow she did not say, "Oh, go, by all means!" as I hoped she would. Instead, she said: "Why not dine here? Then you'll be nice and fresh for the wedding and the wedding breakfast to-morrow."

"Oh, impossible!" returned Ray. "I've got to engage rooms at the hotel and meet my best man. If I came back out here for the night, I'd have to go racing up-town again in the morning. Did n't I tell you I don't want to have any rush and hurry about this? But you can let Bob go with perfect safety. You know me."

"Yes," returned Dora, quietly; "I know you both. That's why I hesitate. Still, I can't very well refuse to let my only husband associate with my only brother without reflecting upon one or the other of them; so go along."

Although it was an hour or more before Brooke was due to arrive in the city, as he did not live at Addison and consequently had been unable to come down with Ray, we went up-town immediately. Ray was in that excited state of joyousness that makes a man restless: he wanted to be doing something all the time.

"The Pompeian Hotel suits me," said Ray, as we journeyed up to the city. "Of course they charge something for the name and the agony they put on, but nothing's too good for an occasion of this sort. I'm

willing to contribute a little for the uniforms of the bell-boys."

"Simplicity, Ray," I urged—"something quiet and restful. No frills, you know."

"Well, there is n't anything more restful than first-class service," returned Ray; "and I'm going where I can get it."

So we went to the Pompeian Hotel, and Ray registered. I was at his elbow and heard the conversation, which, in view of later developments, assumes some importance.

"Two rooms," said Ray. "My best man—that is, Mr. Edward Brooke of Monroe—will arrive soon, and I want to engage a room for him."

"You'd better register for him, Mr. Durbin," suggested the clerk. "Then there will be no chance for a mistake."

"That's the idea!" returned Ray. "You get me exactly. I want to do this thing so that there can't be any mistake. If there is anything I hate, it's confusion."

Thereupon Brooke's name was put on the register, and a room was assigned to him. Then Ray and I retired to the palm-room to get a little inspiration and relieve the tedium of waiting for Brooke; and, naturally, matrimony was the subject uppermost in Ray's mind.

"Did you ever hear of the slip Gran-non made when he was married?" he asked.

I had not heard of it.

"Funnest thing you ever knew," said Ray. "Big wedding, you know, with all the frills; and he got rattled—forgot to invite his ushers. Yes, sir; actually forgot to invite them. Sort of took it for granted that they'd know his intentions, just as he did, and could n't understand it when they failed to show up. The thing was so much on his mind that he thought it must be on theirs, too." Ray laughed heartily at this, and I confess that it appealed to my sense of the humorous. "That's what comes of a big wedding," Ray went on. "Any man is to be excused for getting rattled. I'd expect to make some slip myself in such a case, and that's why I am so set on having a quiet, simple affair that can't fail to run smoothly if a fellow has ordinary forethought."

"And does n't forget the minister," I remarked.

Ray looked at me reproachfully.

"A trifle," he insisted. "I would have remembered him in plenty of time, even if Dora had n't mentioned him."

Then, by way of changing the subject, he ordered a little more inspiration, after which he decided that it was time for Brooke to arrive.

"Has n't come, Mr. Durbin," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"Funny!" commented Ray. Then, as he looked over the register, "Why, there's his name, and you've given him another room!"

"Oh! was that the gentleman you were expecting?" exclaimed the clerk. "I understood you to say, 'Cooke.'"

"I registered 'Brooke,'" retorted Ray, with some sarcasm.

"Very sorry," said the clerk. "You can call him up on the house 'phone, and we'll transfer him to the room you engaged at once."

"It is nice," I remarked to Ray, "to have everything run smoothly at a time like this." But he only gave me a scornful glance.

The end of the conversation over the house telephone that I heard seemed to indicate that there were other complications. It ran like this:

"Hello, old man! Why did n't you ask for me when you came?"

"What! Said there was no such person stopping here! Why, the inspired idiots! Well, come on down, and I'll start a bell-boy up to transfer your things to the room I engaged."

"Can't! Why not?"

"Taking a bath! Oh, never mind; come just as you are."

"Well, I'll see if I can have my room changed."

The interview with the clerk this time was a little more strenuous. Ray was annoyed, and he did n't care who knew it. He had engaged a room for his friend, and the friend had been obliged to engage another room for himself.

"I'm here," Ray announced.

"I'm beginning to notice it," said the clerk.

"I wish you'd print it and paste it all over your various sets of books," said Ray. "I don't want any of you to forget it again."

"We'll try not to," said the clerk.

"Good!" said Ray. "Now, I wish

you'd transfer me to a room next to that of my nude friend."

"Don't get excited, Ray," I cautioned. "You know it's worth the extra price you pay to have good service."

"If I have any more remarks from you," retorted Ray, "they'll have to send in the riot call."

"What you want," I persisted, "is a quiet, restful time, without confusion. That's why you came to the city."

"No man," said Ray, "can foresee the blunders of fool hotel clerks. But I'll get this thing settled definitely now." He leaned over the counter and spoke confidentially to the clerk. "I may as well take you into my confidence," he said, "so that there will be no possibility of further trouble. I am to be married. Have you got that?"

"I have," replied the clerk.

"The man that you have shunted into an unengaged bath-tub is to be my best man. Have you got that?"

"I have," replied the clerk.

"I am glad of that," said Ray. "I was beginning to think that I had lost the power of making the impression necessary to get what I pay for, but your admission encourages me. The bride is coming to-morrow with her married sister, Mrs. Henry Sells. Have you got that?"

"I have," admitted the clerk.

"It is most gratifying to find that I am understood," said Ray. "After the ceremony to-morrow I shall bring my wife" (Ray never even faltered at the word "wife," thus proving that he had been practising) "to the Pompeian Hotel, and I shall then expect to be transferred to a room more suitable for a bridal couple. Mr. Brooke will keep his present room, but I shall need another room for Mrs. Sells—not too near my own. Have you got that?"

"I have," said the clerk. "I shall enter it up as an order at once, so that there may be no mistake."

"It would please me greatly," said Ray, "to receive some assurance that, in case I should stray from the room for a moment after we arrive, my wife will not be informed that there is no such person stopping at the hotel. It is most annoying to a wife to be informed that her husband is a mere figment of the imagination."

"I assure you, Mr. Durbin," said the

clerk, "that there is absolutely no doubt as to your presence here."

This matter being settled, we sought out Brooke, and shortly thereafter we were engaged in discussing such a repast as a prospective bridegroom ordinarily orders to celebrate his approaching bondage.

I do not deem it necessary to dwell on the events of that evening. Ray was feeling so good that he insisted upon paying a cabman who overcharged him fifty cents extra, "just to make him feel mean." I have felt pretty good at times myself, but never quite good enough to try to hurt the feelings of an extortionate cabby that way. But no cabby overcharged me the night before my wedding, which may explain my failure to appreciate the force of Ray's logic. Ray also had a discussion with the night clerk at the hotel. Brooke and I tried to persuade him that the night clerk was not responsible for the day clerk's blunders, but Ray was determined to make a dignified kick.

"I am capable of making a dignified kick, am I not?" he demanded.

We assured him that he was capable of making any kind of kick.

"Well, you wait for me in the palm-room," he said. "I've got to get this off my mind."

"You got it off your mind once," I suggested.

"No," answered Ray. "I shifted the burden a little, but I did n't get it off."

Ray walked up and down outside the counter, while the clerk walked back and forth inside, and Ray's conversation was in the nature of a warm continuous performance. I gathered, from the little I heard of it before Brooke and I retired to the palm-room, that he did not hold the Pompeian Hotel in high regard.

Presently he came to us in the palm-room, and I never saw a more dejected man.

"There was three feet of desk between us," he explained, "and he told me to go to the warm place."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to another hotel," he replied.

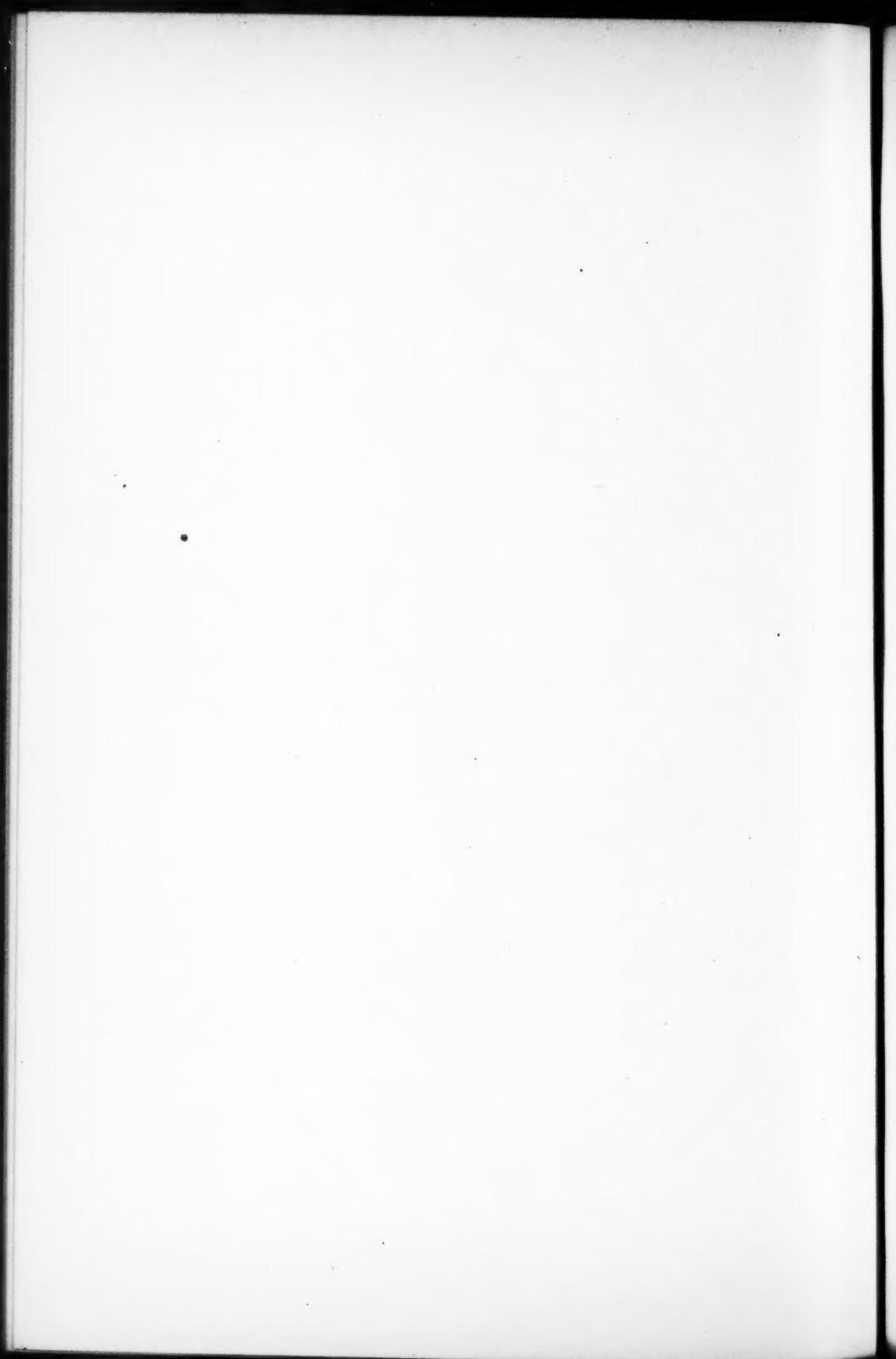
"In view of his invitation," I suggested, "do you think that exactly a compliment to the other hotel?"

"I am greatly tempted," said Ray, "to



Drawn by Henry Hutt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHILE THE MINISTER WAITED FOR US INSIDE"



extend to you the invitation that he extended to me."

"My mail will be sent here," remarked Brooke.

"Thunder! So will mine!" exclaimed Ray. Then, despondently, "Have I got to stand that, and still pay them money?"

"It is worth something," I said, "to escape the confusion and annoyance of a big wedding at home. At a time like this one wants a restful experience, and Chicago—"

But Ray would n't let me finish, interjecting a remark to the effect that he never had thought much of Dora's matrimonial judgment. However, he was excited, so I let it pass and went home.

RAY was to bring them to the house a little before noon, so that we could all go from there to the church. After the ceremony, we were to return for the wedding breakfast. There were to be only six of us—Ray, Brooke, the bride, the bride's sister, Dora, and I. With such a small party we felt assured that Ray's desire for a simple, quiet affair would be gratified. There really seemed to be no chance for complications. Still, I will confess that Dora was active and anxious all the morning; but I believe that is the way with any woman who is about to entertain on even the smallest and simplest scale. It was, I think, about a quarter to twelve when she announced that all was in readiness, and stationed herself at a front window to watch for the bridal party. Of course it is a very plebeian thing to watch for your guests, but it was entirely in keeping with Ray's democratic ideas.

"The train," said Dora, "was due at eleven o'clock. They ought to be here by this time."

"It is possible," I returned, thinking of the night before, "that Ray overslept himself."

"He left a call, of course," she remarked.

"No doubt," I replied; "but there is no certainty that the Pompeian Hotel people are yet convinced that he is stopping there; so they may have considered the call a joke, or they may have waked up another man."

"I tried to telephone you last night," said Dora, recalling the occurrence with sudden suspicion, "and they told me you were not there and Ray was not there."

"That," I explained, "is because we did not have our names chiseled in the marble counter. Nothing else makes any impression on them."

Before Dora could quite make up her mind how to take this, the telephone bell rang, and I found Ray at the other end of the wire. I could tell at once that he was anxious and perplexed.

"Is my girl there?" he asked.

"Now, Ray," I returned, "why should your girl be here? You know very well that if I had kidnapped her, I would n't dare—"

"Quit that!" he cried. "You're talking to a desperate man! I've lost her!"

"Lost the bride!" I exclaimed.

"Heavens!" cried Dora, catching the purport of the conversation from my remark. "And the wedding breakfast almost ready!"

"A little thing like a wedding breakfast," I told her, "is not worrying Ray just now."

"What's that?" demanded Ray over the telephone.

"I was just telling Dora," I explained, "that I did n't believe you were very hungry."

"If you think this is a joke," cried Ray, "I'll break your neck when I get out there. There's nothing funny about losing a bride."

"Cheer up, Ray," I urged. "I've known men to wish, later in life, that they had lost their brides."

"I'll make you suffer for this unseemly mirth," he threatened.

"You need n't mind," I returned. "Dora has just boxed my ears, so you are already avenged." And that was no joke, either. "How did you lose her?"

"She was n't on the train," he said.

"Perhaps she came by another road," I suggested. "Do you want me to come up-town?"

"What good could you do?" he demanded scornfully. "You would n't know her if you saw her. You stay right there and head off the minister. Don't let him get away. Tell him we may be late, but we'll be there. Brooke and I have a carriage, and we're going to every depot in town."

"Shall we eat the wedding breakfast, Ray?" I asked solicitously.

I do not care to record Ray's reply to this entirely proper question. I was hungry

myself, but Dora was already in the kitchen, taking measures to keep the modest spread in as good a state of preservation as was possible under the circumstances. So I called up the clergyman and tried to explain the matter to him.

"Mr. Durbin," I told him, "may be a little late for the ceremony, but he will be there as soon as he can catch the bride."

The good man seemed to be mystified.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that he arranged for this wedding without having a bride?"

"Not at all," I replied. "He had her, but he has n't got her now. Nevertheless, if you will keep your—er—vestments on, he hopes to round her up and get there later."

The good man seemed to be still more mystified.

"I trust there is no scandal about this," he remarked.

"Not unless the newspapers get hold of it," I said, wishing to reassure him. "But there is no reason why you should worry: this wedding is all right, but elusive. It has got to be arranged on a sort of sliding scale. Just be ready to tie the knot when we get there."

I don't think he was quite satisfied, but I did n't care to go into details over the telephone.

To relieve the famine somewhat, I went out to the dining-room and looked at the table. It was very inviting, but not at all filling. One could see that there was going to be a real nice repast there later; but just at that moment the cook was standing guard over it in that portion of the house that no well-trained husband ever invades without special permission. Dora informed me that she thought it would keep, but I was a little uncertain as to whether I should.

We were called back to the front of the house by the announcement that a messenger boy had arrived with a telegram. Dora opened it in great excitement, and this was the message it contained:

"Where is Ray? Am waiting for him."

It was signed by the bride.

"Well, where *is* Ray?" I asked.

"If we could only get hold of him," sighed Dora.

"What could we tell him?" I inquired. "She does n't say where she is waiting."

"Was there ever such a series of complications and misunderstandings!" exclaimed Dora.

"Well," I replied, "not at what I should call a quiet, restful wedding."

It was, I think, about an hour before we heard from Ray again. Then he called up by telephone.

"We've been to all the other depots," he said despondently; "and she's not at any of them."

"Well, we've found her, Ray!" I told him cheerfully.

"Where is she?" he cried in delight.

"I don't know," I answered; "but she's waiting for you somewhere. She telegraphed us, but failed to say where she's waiting."

"I'll find her," he announced determinedly. "Just you call up the dominie again and hold him to his job."

"I held him under an indeterminate sentence when I telephoned first," I said, "so there's no need of telephoning him again now."

"We may be pretty late, and I don't want to take any chances," returned Ray. "I want him ready to make a quick job of it before there is a chance for any more complications. Brooke and I are going to make the rounds of all the hotels."

"Are n't you glad, Ray," I asked, "that you came to Chicago to escape the trouble and turmoil—"

"Do you recall the invitation that the hotel clerk extended to me last night?" he interrupted.

"I do," I replied.

"Well, I most heartily extend that invitation to you," said Ray.

There is no use arguing with a man in that condition of mind, so I hung up the receiver and went out to see if the dining-room table looked as inviting as it did before. Dora was beginning to worry a little about the repast, so I tried to convince her that we ought not to let it spoil, but she insisted that no one should touch it until the bride was at the table.

"It will be a sort of a warmed-over wedding breakfast," said Dora, sadly; "but she can't blame me."

"It looks to me," I returned consolingly, "as if it were going to be a sort of warmed-over wedding."

That reminded me to call up the minister again.

"Don't worry," I told him. "The pursuers can't be more than an hour or so behind the fugitive bride."

"I trust there is to be no compulsion about this," he remarked.

"Oh, no," I answered. "I anticipate that she'll be willing enough when she's caught. Anyhow, just remember that the bridegroom is doing enough worrying for all of us."

I gathered from his troubled tone that the good man continued to find the situation perplexing.

A little after three o'clock there was another telephone call, and this time the bride was at the other end of the line.

"Has anything happened to Ray?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "for a man who wanted a quiet wedding I think his heart and his feet have been unusually active since eleven o'clock this morning; but he'll be all right when he finds you."

"Why does n't he come for me?" she demanded.

"Where are you?" I inquired.

"At the Union Depot," she answered. "We've been in the waiting-room here ever since the train got in."

"He met the train," I explained, "and telephoned that you were n't on it."

"It came in in two sections," she said, "and we were on the second section. He must have met the first section. But where is he now?"

"You can search me," I replied thoughtlessly. "I am unable to locate anything except the wedding breakfast, which promises to become a midnight supper. He was at the Pompeian Hotel."

"I have called up the Pompeian Hotel three times," she said, "and they assured me that no such man was stopping there."

"I knew it!" I exclaimed. "I would have bet on that. Some day I'm going to call them up and ask if the hotel is there. But don't you tell Ray about it, or he'll tear the hotel down and have a suit for damages on his hands."

"What am I to do?" she asked plaintively.

"You stay right where you are," I instructed. "Ray is about due to call up again, and I'll send him over."

In this I was correct, for Ray called up within five minutes, and I told him where he could find the lost bride and her sister.

"When you get her," I said, "hustle out here and we'll have the wedding breakfast first."

"No, sir," replied Ray, decisively. "When I get her I'll hustle for the church, and you can meet us there. I'm taking no more chances in this matter."

"Well," said Dora, with a sigh of relief, as we drove to the church, "I guess there's nothing more that can happen."

"I can't think of anything," I replied.

But neither of us realized what perverse fate can do with a "quiet" wedding. Ray and the bride and the bride's sister arrived, but Ray was strangely depressed.

"Say, old man," he whispered, as soon as he had a chance, "I've lost Brooke."

"Lost your best man!" I exclaimed.

"That's what," he returned wearily. "He went to have our baggage transferred to a hotel where they'll know I'm on earth, and I have n't seen him since."

"Oh, well, a best man is n't absolutely essential," I said consolingly.

"But a marriage license is," he explained; "and I put the license in his care."

Ray and the bride and the bride's sister and Dora and I sat down on the church steps to think the matter over, while the minister waited for us inside. While we were wearily discussing the situation and wondering if we would have to employ detectives to locate Brooke, a carriage came dashing up the street, and Brooke jumped out. I think the sigh of relief that went up must have created a breeze out on the lake.

Ten minutes later we were saluting Mrs. Ray Durbin in the customary way.

"These quiet weddings," I suggested, "would be more satisfactory if they were n't quite so elusive. But it is nice to escape the trouble and turmoil of a big wedding in a town where everybody knows you."

However, Ray was too happy to care what I said.



LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

"I lay great stress on Lincoln's career as a lawyer—much more than his biographers do; . . . and I am sure his training and experience in the courts had much to do with the development of those forces of intellect and character which he soon displayed on a broader arena."

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate on Lincoln, at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1900.

"The best training he [Lincoln] had for the Presidency, after all, was his twenty-three years' arduous experience as a lawyer traveling the circuits of the courts of his district and State. Here he met in forensic conflict, and frequently defeated, some of the most powerful legal minds of the West. In the higher courts he won still greater distinction in the important cases coming to his charge."

President McKinley at the Marquette Club, February 12, 1896.

INTRODUCTION

NEARLY twenty years have elapsed since THE CENTURY began the publication of the life of Lincoln by his private secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay. We now have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a consecutive account of Lincoln's career as a lawyer, written by one of the younger members of the New York bar, and an author of reputation, who has made a fresh study of the subject with the assistance of a number of living authorities. The papers are largely based upon examination of the court records, and other personal investigations, in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit, over which Lincoln traveled.—THE EDITOR.

FOREWORD

THE testimony concerning Abraham Lincoln is voluminous—the exhibits are almost numberless; but one important point in the vast record has been slighted by the mighty array of able and eminent advocates who have presented it to the world, for no one has yet attempted a summing-up of the great President's legal career.

The explanation of this neglect is very simple. Lincoln's achievements as a statesman are so transcendently important that they have demanded and justly received exhaustive and well-nigh exclusive consideration. Compared with his historic guidance of the nation, his experience at the bar has appealed to his biographers as being merely episodic.

But if it be true that the statesman's legal training qualified him for his great task; if it be probable that without such training he could not have accomplished his stupendous results; if it be possible that he would never have been called to his high station unless he had been admitted to the bar—then surely the story of his professional life deserves more than a passing comment, a paragraph, or even a chapter.

It is certainly strange that the literature inspired by Lincoln's record, though vast in quantity and rich in quality, should include no special study of his legal aptitudes. One

autobiographical volume of life on the Illinois circuit is coupled with his name; but most of the notable histories dispose of his twenty-three years' practice as an attorney in less than two chapters, and the minor works bury it altogether under a mass of un-authentic anecdote and trivial reminiscence.

But because the influence of Lincoln's legal training can be plainly traced in many of his most momentous actions, because there is evidence that this training proved invaluable to him at critical moments, because he lived true to the noblest ideals of his profession, and was, in the highest meaning of the words, a great lawyer, the treatment which the historians have accorded his professional career seems inadequate to the writer, and it is to justify this conclusion that these pages are submitted.

The writer gratefully acknowledges the assistance of all those historians and biographers whose works contain any authentic information concerning Lincoln's career at the bar; he also desires to record his appreciation of the courtesy of the court clerks and other officials who kindly facilitated his work in the examination of the old records of the Illinois circuit courts, and to express his thanks to the Hon. Robert Lincoln, Major William H. Lambert, the Hon. Robert R. Hitt, the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Hon. James Haines, the Hon. James Ewing, General Alfred Orendorff, and the Hon. James Hoblit, and to Mr. E. M. Prince, Mr. George P. Davis, and other members of the Illinois bar and officers of the Illinois Historical Society, for their generous and efficient aid.

Especially is he indebted to the late Judge Lawrence Weldon, of the United States Court of Claims (the last surviving member of the bar who traveled the circuit with Lincoln), who shortly before his death placed at the writer's disposal his recollections of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer and his reminiscences of the days when he and the great President practised together on the old Eighth Illinois Circuit.

I

LINCOLN'S MYTHICAL BIRTHRIGHT TO THE LAW

NE of his eulogists declares that "Lincoln is not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors—no fellows—no successors." The facts fully justify the tribute.

Assuredly the great Emancipator was a man apart, without equals or followers, and he himself waived all claims to ancestry. "I don't know who my grandfather was," he remarked; "and am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

But though the first American knew little about his family history and cared less, his biographers have devoted themselves to the subject with zeal and enthusiasm, and, thanks to them, we now know who his progenitors were, even to the sixth or seventh generation, and are fully informed of their domiciles and wanderings and the various stations of life to which it pleased God to call them.

The result of all this exhaustive and laborious research is mainly negative; but there are those who find signs in the record, and among the strange conclusions which

have been derived from its perusal, perhaps the strangest is that Lincoln inherited his legal talents and aptitudes. Certainly nothing could be more unwarranted than this; for little as there is in his origin to account for him as a man, there is even less to explain him as a lawyer.

Unless we accept the well-supported but not established contention that the great President was descended from the Lincolns of Hingham, Massachusetts, there is absolutely no precedent in the family for his choice of a profession; and those who struggle to prove that he came of a race of jurists and statesmen virtually defeat themselves when they take refuge in the genealogical records of New England.

Samuel Lincoln, the founder of the Massachusetts house, had four sons, and the descendants of some of those sons undoubtedly attained high distinction at the bar. Indeed, one of them, the Attorney-General of Jefferson's cabinet, declined a nomination to the Supreme Court of the United States, and at least two others were lawyers of recognized ability. But the trouble with these facts is that the distinguished Attorney-General and the other legal luminaries belonged to branches of the Massachusetts family with which Abra-

ham Lincoln was only remotely, if at all, connected; and the shadowy claim that he had any birthright to the law utterly disappears when the record is more closely examined.

The original Lincoln of Hingham was an Englishman who came to America apprenticed as a weaver. His fourth son, Mordecai, from whom the President is supposed to have descended, was a blacksmith.¹ His eldest son, another Mordecai, was a miller and blacksmith. His eldest son, John,—the "Virginia John" of the biographies,—was a farmer; and his third son, Abraham Lincoln's great-grandfather, was likewise a tiller of the soil. This leaves only his grandfather and father to be accounted for, and the former was a farmer, and the latter a carpenter. A weaver, two blacksmiths, three farmers, and a carpenter—those are the callings represented by the President's forefathers for seven generations. Small wonder, then, that the believers in heredity have recourse to the collateral branch of the distantly related Massachusetts family for precedents entitling the son of a backwoods carpenter to enter the honorable profession of the law. This is virtually all that is known of Lincoln's antecedents upon which to predicate the theory of his natural talents for the law.

It is more than possible that Lincoln inherited many sterling qualities of mind and character from the worthy mechanics and farmers from whom he was descended, but there is very little on the face of the record to encourage any definite claims on their behalf for the shaping of his career. Certainly the paternal influence was not inspiring. His father was an ignorant man, amiable enough, but colorlessly negative, without strength of character, and with no ambition worthy of the name. His only effort to influence his son's future was a half-hearted attempt to teach him carpentry; but he soon abandoned such instruction and allowed the boy to occupy himself with odd jobs about the farm when he could not hire him out to neighbors in need of an extra hand. Nancy Lincoln, the lad's mother, was better educated than most of the pioneer women. She taught her hus-

band to read and write and sent her son to his first school; but she died when he was only about nine years old, and it was his stepmother who encouraged his ambition for education.

All the misinformation concerning Lincoln's professional career is not, however, derived from the experts in heredity. A great deal of nonsense has been written about his early years, and a grave effort has been made to prove him a youth of exceptional promise, a brilliant scholar, and a prodigy of application and industry. As a matter of fact, he did not begin to develop mentally until he was about eighteen,—even in the prime of life his intellectual processes were not quick,—and there is nothing to indicate that he was a particularly industrious boy. Five pedagogues—two in his birthplace, Kentucky, and three in Indiana—share the honor of contributing to his elementary education; but had their pupil been never so gifted, they could scarcely have discovered it, for his schooling amounted to less than a year in all—about as long as it must have taken some of the minor biographers to collect and record the pointless reminiscences of his alleged schoolmates.

He lived the healthy, outdoor life of the average country lad of the settler days, exhibiting no precocity or abnormal tendencies to distinguish him from his fellows. He was fond of tramping about the country, not caring much for shooting or fishing, but entering into other sports and pastimes with zest and spirit, and excelling at games requiring strength; not in love with work for work's sake, but willing to do his share without grumbling, seeing no visions of coming greatness, and troubling himself with no ponderous thoughts concerning his career. This is the sum and substance of his childhood, and the real inspiration of his very human development has suffered at the hands of the enthusiastic chroniclers who picture him as a child of destiny—dreamy, mysterious, and miraculously endowed.

In one respect he was undoubtedly exceptional. He liked reading—an unusual trait among the pioneer settlers of the Middle West; but exaggerated emphasis

¹ The genealogists are careful to explain that a blacksmith was not really a blacksmith in those early days, but rather an "ironworker." ("New England Historic Genealogical Register," Vol. XLI, p. 153, n.) This nice distinction does not affect the question at issue, however comforting it may be for other purposes.

has been placed on this characteristic, which was by no means unique. For instance, the books which comprised his earliest reading are admirably called to our attention, with comments which suggest that they foreshadow his career. The list includes "*Aesop's Fables*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," "*Pilgrim's Progress*," a history of the United States, and Weems's "*Life of Washington*." There is, of course, nothing remarkable about this catalogue. Almost every item in it formed part of the reading of every intelligent American boy of the period, whether he lived in the backwoods or in the city. Indeed, the only really notable fact about the much-quoted list is that Lincoln worked three days at twenty-five cents a day to compensate for an accidental injury to the "*Life of Washington*," which he borrowed from "*Blue Nose*" Crawford. There was nothing angelic about the youthful Lincoln, however. He considered "*Blue Nose*" as mean as any other boy would have thought him under similar circumstances, and we know that he nicknamed and otherwise ridiculed the stingy old farmer; but his dawning character is indicated by his prompt recognition of the claim and his faithful payment of the damages.

This is one of the few stories touching Lincoln's youth which has any bearing on his temperament or his career. Most of the anecdotes of his boyhood exhibit him as a child of superhuman qualities, and many of them served to misrepresent other great men before he was born.

One episode founded on fact, however, is responsible for a grave misunderstanding about the impulse which prompted him to follow the law. We know from his own statement that before he had been many years in Gentryville, Indiana, he had borrowed from one source or another all the books he could lay his hands on for a circuit of fifty miles, and among the generous lenders was a Mr. Turnham. This gentleman lent him a copy of the Revised Statutes of Indiana; and, if we are to believe the biographers, it was this volume—as dull a tome as ever lay between sheepskin covers—which appealed to his boyish imagination and inspired his ambition for the profession of the law.

¹ The Revised Statutes of Indiana which Lincoln received from Mr. Turnham were published in 1824. He certainly never saw them before 1826. They were revised in 1831, and a little later they were again amended. The original copy which he handled is still in existence.

II

THE REAL SOURCE OF LINCOLN'S PROFESSIONAL ASPIRATIONS

HISTORICALLY, this copy of the Indiana Statutes is interesting. It is undoubtedly the first law book which Lincoln ever read; but that its musty, dry-as-dust pages could have fascinated an out-of-doors boy of seventeen, or imbued him with any intense longing for a legal career, is against all human probability. One biographer asserts that he read it with all the excitement and avidity with which an ordinary boy would read the romances of Dumas, and another caps this with the statement that his hero "read and re-read it until he had almost committed its contents to memory; and in after years, when any one cited an Indiana law, he could usually repeat the exact text and often give the numbers of the page, chapter, and paragraph."

To appreciate the absurdity of such statements it is only necessary to examine the volume in question. It is dull as only statute law can be dull, about as easily memorized as the dictionary, and of no enduring authority. Only a short time after he had read this compilation¹ the legislature amended some of its provisions, annulled others, and generally revised the contents. And yet we are gravely told that "in after years, when any one cited an Indiana law, he could usually repeat the exact text and often give the numbers of the page, chapter, and paragraph" of this obsolete revision. What a useful accomplishment!

That is a fair sample of the grotesque caricaturing which Lincoln has suffered at the hands of sentimentalists not too deeply familiar with human nature, to say nothing of statute lore.

But those who believe in the epoch-marking influence of the volume in question are not satisfied with the concession that it was the first law which Abraham Lincoln read. They contend that it not only inspired his choice of a profession, but also imparted his first knowledge of American government; and they conjure up a diverting picture of the anointed youth reading with eager eyes and glowing cheeks the wondrous words of the Declara-

tion of Independence and the Constitution of the United States which prefaced its pages.

This conception does credit to the imagination, but it fades under the cold light of facts. Long before he borrowed Turnham's famous Statutes, Lincoln had read at least one history of the United States, to say nothing of Parson Weems's "Life of Washington." Possibly he had never read either the Constitution or the Declaration in its entirety until the Indiana revision came into his possession; but to claim that he obtained his first insight into American government, at the age of seventeen, from that volume, is sacrificing sense to sentiment. Moreover, it argues a lamentable ignorance of the wisdom dispensed at country stores, especially in a community where, to use a common phrase of the times, "there was a politician on every stump."

Jones's store was the popular forum of Gentryville, and Lincoln had been a constant attendant at all its sessions since he entered his teens. There he had met and talked with lawyers, listened to stump-speakers, tried a little oratory himself, and won considerable reputation as a ready talker among his fellow-townersmen; and there, most important of all, he had heard of the doings of the Boonville court, and had kept in intimate touch with its proceedings.

Life at Gentryville, Indiana, with its dull, trivial round of hard labor at delving, grubbing, corn-shucking, rail-splitting, and the like, could not have been exactly exhilarating. Doubtless it was a happy enough life for an easy-going, good-humored, healthy, growing boy; but he would have been stupid, indeed, if he had not availed himself of such amusements as the neighborhood afforded, and the one great diversion and intellectual stimulant of the community came through the sessions of the Boonville court.

Boonville was fully fifteen miles from Gentryville, but people often traveled farther than that to attend the civil and criminal trials at the county-seat. Every term of the court, of course, meant a market; and the pioneers looked forward to the coming of the circuit judge, not only because it promised entertainment, but also for business reasons.

The court was their theater, their lec-

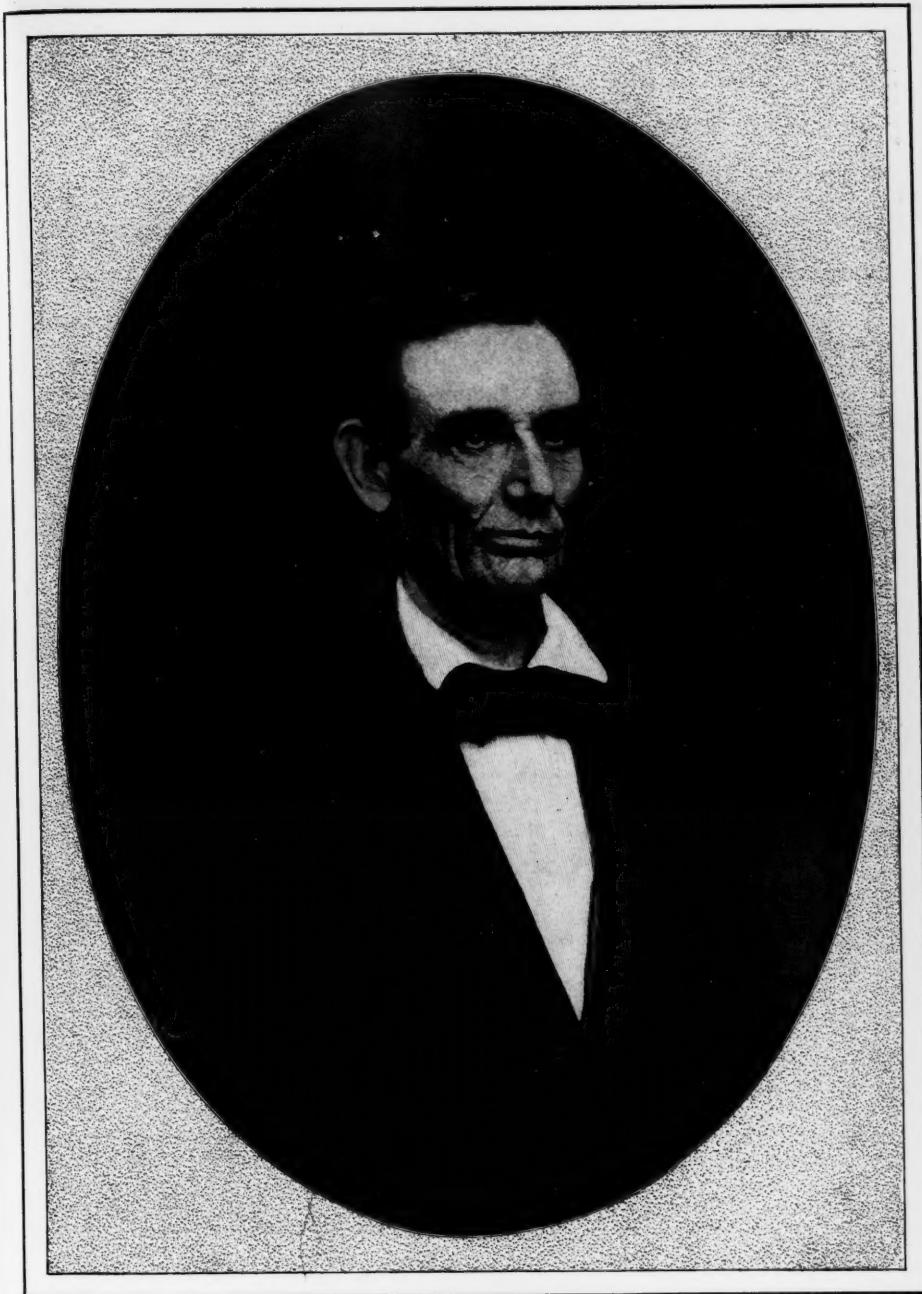
ture-platform, their common meeting-place, their center of government, and to it they flocked for mental refreshment and recreation in a holiday spirit. Entire families would sometimes make the trip, virtually living in their wagons while the session lasted, and the proceedings supplied material for conversation and discussion long after the event. Altogether it was a great occasion, and the court-house was usually full to overflowing.

It is not surprising, then, that young Lincoln cheerfully trudged to Boonville on foot and seldom missed a trial. There were rare exhibitions of human nature in the legal combats which he witnessed in the little log court-house, plenty of drama and excitement in the clash of the battling attorneys, and a vast deal of information for any active mind. There was also grim, earnest, serious business transacted by the judge and juries—fascinating, engrossing business; and doubtless the youthful Lincoln, listening to the crude legal champions and responding to the dawning powers within him, mentally matched himself against them. Surely it must have been then that his imagination was first quickened and his ambition vitalized and focussed.

Unfortunately, there are no records of the Boonville court in existence to-day, but there is evidence that he witnessed at least one hotly contested murder trial within its walls, and we know that the event made a profound impression on his mind. The defendant in that case was represented by one Breckenridge, and the advocate made such a powerful summing-up for his client that young Lincoln, with boyish enthusiasm, sought him out after the verdict to congratulate him on the speech and its result.

"I felt," he remarked to Breckenridge in the White House many years after the speech, "that if I could ever make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied, for it was the best I had ever heard."

Even assuming, for the sake of argument, that this episode occurred *after* he had perused the Revised Statutes of Indiana, it ought not to be difficult to decide which exerted the more powerful influence on his future career—the flaming eloquence of the backwoods orator or the lifeless pages of statute law.



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

III

THE PRIMITIVE BENCH AND BAR OF
INDIANA

OF course the Boonville court-house bore no resemblance to anything even remotely suggesting the domed dignity of a modern hall of justice; but, though no picture of the building has been preserved, the loss is not important, for similar structures have been accurately described by lawyers who practised in those early days.

For instance, we know that the first court-house at Springfield—destined to be the capital of Illinois—was erected at a cost of forty-two dollars and fifty cents.¹ It was built of rough logs and consisted of one room,—“the jury retiring to any sequestered glade they fancied for their deliberations,”—and the Indiana courts were almost as unpretentious. They were either frame or log structures, generally divided into two rooms, the larger serving as a place of trial and the smaller as clerk's office, judge's chambers, and jury-room combined. At one end of the trial-room there was usually a platform three feet high, and on this was placed the judge's bench, a rough board affair capable of seating three men. In front of this platform stood a crude plank settee for the lawyers and a small table for the clerk of the court, and official privacy was insured for those dignitaries by an improvised railing consisting of a long pole fastened to the walls with withes. The rest of the space was open to the public, and so freely did it avail itself of the privilege that there was seldom even standing-room inside the building, and seats in the windows were always at a premium.

One of the circuit prosecuting attorneys of Indiana who practised during Lincoln's boyhood has left a record of his observations at Fall Creek. “The court was held in a double log cabin,” he writes; “the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, which I had prepared, upon his knee. There was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins and were belted around the waist and carried side-knives used by the hunters.”

It must not be inferred from this that

only jurors went armed and caparisoned in this fashion. In the days when Lincoln haunted the Boonville courts, everybody, from the judge to the humblest spectator, wore deer-hide suits and moccasins of the same material. Indeed, he had arrived at manhood before clothing of dyed wool and tow began to be worn, and for a long time afterward it was only the women who adopted such garments.

But the judge and juries in buckskin were shrewd and fearless administrators of justice, and the lawyers who practised before them were men of equal caliber. Almost any one who chose to do so could follow the profession of the law.² There were no regular examinations for admission to the bar, and a license to practise could be obtained by any applicant of good moral standing, which was about the only qualification most of the practitioners lacked, according to one authority. If a man was a fluent talker, pugnacious, shrewd, and able “to think on his feet,” he was fully equipped for the duties of the profession. Education was not necessary, and although there were a few advocates in the early history of Indiana who were fairly well read, most of them had no pretensions to learning. Indeed, scholarship would have been lost on the courts, to say nothing of the juries, for many of the judges were uneducated, some were almost illiterate, and none of them was well grounded in the law or versed in its technicalities.

General Marston Clark was one of the judges whose portrait has fortunately been preserved. He was an uneducated back-woods character who wrote his name “as large as John Hancock in the Declaration of Independence,” and who has been described as a muscular six-footer whose judicial costume was a hunting-shirt, leather pantaloons, and a fox-skin cap, with a long queue down his back. Truly a formidable figure of a man, and although history reports that he was “no lawyer,” his conduct of the case of one John Ford demonstrates that no lawyer could trifle with him.

This John Ford was arrested for horse-stealing, and his counsel interposed various technical objections to the indictment on the ground that the prisoner's name was

¹ It is a significant fact that the jail cost twice as much as the court-house.

² This is virtually the case in Indiana to-day. See Horner's annotated Indiana Statutes (revision of 1881 supplemented to 1901), chap. ii, art. 31, sec. 962.

John H. Ford, and not plain John Ford; that there was no value alleged for the stolen horse; and, finally, that the animal was not a horse, but a gelding. All of these preliminary pleas were overruled by the court, and the trial proceeded, with the result that the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to thirty-nine lashes. Then the defendant's attorney moved for a new trial because there was no proof that the crime had been committed in Indiana. Judge Clark was no lawyer, but he saw the force of this contention, and advised counsel that he would take the matter under consideration and render his decision within twenty-four hours. The moment the court adjourned, however, he ordered the sheriff to see that the thirty-nine lashes were well laid on, and when the court reopened the next morning, he gravely took up the unfinished business of the previous day. He had come to the conclusion, he announced, that the point raised by Ford's attorney was well taken and that a new trial must be granted. But at this juncture the prisoner interposed in his own behalf, protesting that he knew when he was beaten, and that he had had enough law and desired the court to take no further trouble on his account.

Another judge is reported to have quelled a disturbance in his court by descending from the bench and thrashing the nearest offenders to a standstill.

"I don't know what power the law gives me to keep order in this court," he admitted, as he resumed his coat and the bench, "but I know very well the power God Almighty gave me."

Little informalities of this sort were not infrequent, but they detracted nothing from the dignity of the courts, though the free-and-easy proceedings were sometimes astonishing.

"As I entered the court-room," relates an observer of the Hudson trial,¹ "the judge was sitting on a block, paring his toenails, when the sheriff entered out of breath and informed the court that he *had six jurors tied up and his deputies were running down the others.*"

Apparently jury duty was no more popular in those days than it is now.

But because these frontier courts and their presiding officers lacked the formality and decorum which a later day demands,

it must not be inferred that there was any element of farce or travesty in the administration of the law. The surroundings which to-day lend substance and dignity to courts would not have been tolerated on the frontier. Formalities would have divested the proceedings of all meaning and interest for the people, and made a mummery out of what was real. The pioneers were not peasants who had to be impressed by ceremonials and awed into a respect for authority. They were thoughtful, independent men, governing themselves, and the judges, the courts, and the laws were of their own making. The idea of a judge maintaining order with his fists may seem ludicrous to us; but judicial robes, to say nothing of mace-bearers, wigs, and canopies, would have seemed far more laughable to the settlers. They possessed a natural genius for self-government, recognized the authority of the law, and they fulfilled it.

In the case of Hudson before referred to, where the judge was surprised at his toilet and the jury had to be corralled by sheriff's deputies, the defendant, a white man indicted for killing an Indian, was promptly convicted despite the fearful prejudice against the redskins which existed among the pioneers—an exhibition of judicial temperament and regard for duty which should shame many a jury of to-day.

It was among men of this stamp and character that Lincoln passed his boyhood, and it was their administration of justice which won his respect and first encouraged him to think of a legal career.

IV

THE MOLDING OF A GREAT LAWYER

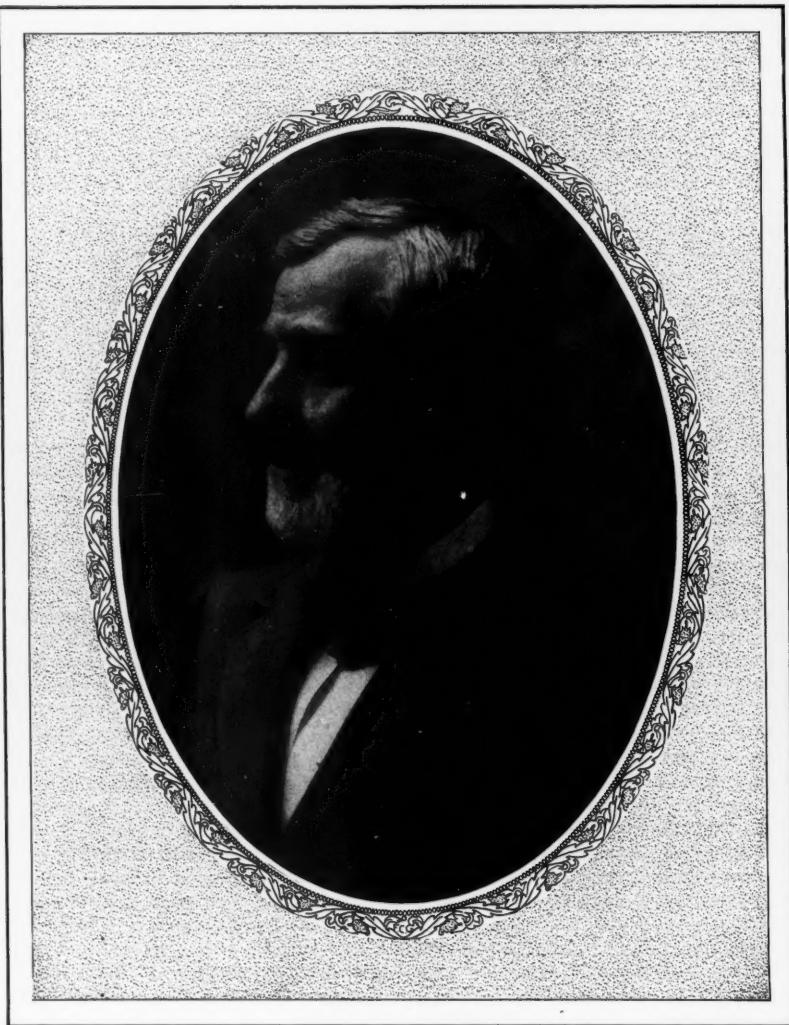
LINCOLN had just reached his majority when his father, who always saw promising land on the other side of his fence, decided to migrate from Indiana, and after a long journey, fraught with all the hardships incidental to travel in those days, the family reached Decatur, Macon County, Illinois, in the spring of 1830. Up to that time the young man had given his father the entire benefit of his services, but he had long been anxious to start life on his own account, and shortly after the new homestead was staked out he began to shift for himself.

¹ See Smith's "Early Trials in Indiana."

Except in the matter of health and strength, he was poorly equipped to earn his own living, for he had no education beyond reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule

ting of several thousand rails destined to become famous in American history.

One of those odd jobs took him to the village of New Salem, and there he became



From a photograph by Rice

JUDGE LAWRENCE WELDON

of three, and the full powers of his mind were still largely undeveloped.

For a year he attempted nothing more ambitious than manual labor, working in the immediate vicinity of his father's house at odd jobs of all sorts, including the split-

what the Fell autobiography calls "a sort of clerk" in Offutt's grocery-store. The duties of this office were not very onerous, however, and the young clerk was soon devoting every spare moment to his books. People used to meet him trudging along

the country roads, reading as he walked; strict the jurisdiction of justices of the customers found him stretched out upon peace. It could not have been aimed directly at Bowling Green,¹ however, for he

AUTOGRAPH OF BOWLING GREEN

and his companions reported that he studied late into the night. Certainly he was self-educated in the broadest sense of the term, and it has been truly said that he "never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge, never too proud to ask questions, never afraid to admit that he did not know."

Offutt's assistant, however, never had the slightest intention of remaining a clerk, and, mindful of his ambition to become a lawyer, he attended a debating club, made up of boys in the neighborhood, where he had a chance to "practise polemics," as he expressed it, and speedily gained a reputation among his fellows as a dangerous opponent in argument.

Before the days of this club, however, he had already demonstrated his ability as a speaker. Indeed, he had not been long in Illinois before he had talked down one local orator; and as the general store was the accepted meeting-place and center of public opinion in New Salem, he had unbounded opportunity to exercise his undoubted "gift of gab."

It is not probable that the embryo lawyer obtained much information from the legal luminaries of New Salem, but he attended most of the trials conducted by Bowling Green, the local justice of the peace, who is said to have decided a hog case known as *Ferguson v. Kelso* by declaring that the plaintiff's witnesses were "damned liars, the court being well acquainted with the shoat in question, and knowing it to belong to Jack Kelso." This and other similar exhibitions of judicial temperament were possibly responsible for Lincoln's first bill in the legislature, which was a measure to re-

and Lincoln were fast friends, and long before the young student was admitted to the bar he was allowed to practise in an informal way before the eccentric justice.

Springfield was only a few miles from New Salem, and there is every reason to believe that Lincoln attended the sessions of the circuit court at the county-seat; but whatever else he may have done at this time with the definite purpose of preparing himself for his future calling, he was unquestionably developing those traits of character which distinguish really great lawyers from those who are merely successful.

It is a significant fact that in a community where crime was virtually unknown, where plain, straightforward dealing was assumed as a matter of course, and credit was fearlessly asked and given, Lincoln won an enviable reputation for integrity and honor. In a moral atmosphere of this sort ordinary veracity and fairness attracted no particular attention. Honesty was not merely the best policy: it was the rule of life, and people were expected to be upright and just with one another. But when a clerk in a country store walked miles to deliver a few ounces of tea innocently withheld from a customer by an error in the scales, and when he made a long, hard trip in order to return a few cents accidentally overpaid him, he was talked about, and the fact is that "honest Abe" was a tribute, not a nickname.

To suggest that inflexible integrity is indispensable to the make-up of a great lawyer is, of course, to challenge the sneer or the smile of the cynically minded. The jests about honest lawyers have become classic, and they will forever continue to

¹ The biographies give several different spellings of the judge's name, and in them he figures as Bowlin and Bowline as well as Bowling Green. The writer has, however, examined documents on file in the Illinois courts signed by the justice, who spelled his name as it appears in the text.

delight. Yet, despite the humorist and the cynic, there is probably no profession in the world which makes greater demands upon integrity, or presents nicer questions of honor, or offers wider opportunities for fairness, than the profession of the law. The fact that many distinguished practitioners have not maintained the highest standards of the calling, that most of them have compromised for monetary or momentary success, that a few have actually abused their great opportunities, does not in the least impeach the proposition that extraordinary integrity, honor, and fairness are the essential qualities of a great lawyer. It merely demonstrates how rare great lawyers are.

Of course it does not follow that because a lawyer is a good, or even a great, man, he must be a great, or even a good, lawyer. But one thing is certain: no man deserves to be classed as a great lawyer who does not fairly exemplify the noblest aspirations of his calling. If the number of litigations in which a lawyer has been engaged be the true test of professional eminence, some of our modern accident attorneys must be admitted to the highest station; if the monetary importance of their clientage is to count, the legal guardians of our great corporate interests must outrank all who have gone before; if success in the courts is the criterion, Aaron Burr must have first honors, for he never lost a case.

But if loftier considerations enter into the question of what constitutes a really great lawyer,—if it is right to demand something nobler than advocacy, something broader than commercial aptitude, something more influential than erudition and more enduring than success,—then it is proper to insist on personal character as one of the elements that go to determine the just rank of any member of the profession.

No man ever believed in his calling more thoroughly than Lincoln, and he had no patience with the much-mouthed charge that honesty was not compatible with its practice.

"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief," he wrote. *"Resolve to be honest, at all events. If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather*

than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

If the writer of those lines abated anything of his boyish integrity under the stress of the workaday duties of the law, his theories in regard to its practice are neither interesting nor instructive. But if he lived them out and proved them practical, they are of the first importance, and they have a direct bearing upon his much-disputed place in the profession. In either event, however, it is fair to test Lincoln the lawyer by his own standards, to inquire whether his conduct as a member of the bar conformed to the reputation which he earned as a clerk in Offutt's store, to compare his professional ethics with his private principles, to ascertain whether he compromised with his conscience in the interests of his clients, and to judge his legal career accordingly.

V

LINCOLN'S FIRST ARGUMENT AND HIS EARLY ATTITUDE TOWARD THE LAW

LINCOLN never sought to make himself a general favorite, and yet he had not been long in New Salem before he was the most popular man in the town. Doubtless he possessed, even in those early years, that power of personal magnetism which he afterward exerted so commanding in the courts and upon all sorts and conditions of men. But it is not necessary to insist upon this to explain his immediate favor with the New Salemites. He could tell a good story, make a creditable stump-speech, give an excellent account of himself in contests of strength, and hold his own against all comers in the daily debates at the village forum. Moreover, he listened attentively when other people talked, never boasted of his physical prowess, and was tolerant of all intelligent opinion. His extreme popularity with men of his own age is particularly remarkable, however, when we remember that he neither drank nor smoked; for young men are apt to regard the use of tobacco and liquor as essential to good-fellowship and manly camaraderie, and this was specially true of the settler days. Lincoln was not, however, a total abstainer in any strict sense of the words. He did not drink intoxicants because he did not like them, and he did not smoke for a similar reason. Judge Douglass once undertook to ridicule him on this subject.

"What! Are you a temperance man?" he inquired sneeringly.

"No," drawled Lincoln, with a smile. "I'm not a temperance man, but I'm temperate in this, to wit,—I don't drink."¹

With his elders the young storekeeper found favor for a variety of reasons. They soon discovered that he knew more than any of them, but never presumed upon it; that he was genial and obliging, always ready to lend a hand at anything, from roofing a barn to rocking a baby; and that he was as reliable in business matters as he was in neighborly deeds and kindnesses.

But perhaps his most winning quality with young and old alike was his sincere belief in his fellow-townsmen and their community. Local pride never had a more buoyant champion than he. For him Sangamon County in general, and New Salem in particular, was the promised land, and he was confident that the people were equal to the task of developing it according to its needs. Thus when it was first suggested that the shallow, snag-bound Sangamon River was navigable and might be made a great highway of commerce, he eagerly championed the theory and worked with voice, pen, and hand to realize a practical result. The Sangamon is still unnavigable and New Salem has disappeared, but Lincoln's plea for improving the waterway remains as evidence of his sincere belief in the future of the community and to show us what he could do with a weak cause at the age of twenty-one.

The argument is not remarkable, but it is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Although he was young and boyishly enthusiastic, Lincoln did not overstate the possibilities nor underestimate the difficulties of his case; and despite the really laughable attempt which was afterward made to force the passage of the Sangamon, there was nothing ludicrous in his plea. What he claimed sounds reasonable, and what he hoped for possible, even in the face of failure.

This early effort plainly indicates Lincoln's natural aptitude for logical statement. But it does more than that. It displays a trait which few lawyers possess; for the ability to present facts clearly, con-

cisely, and effectively without taking undue advantage of them is a rare legal quality. It requires not only ability, but courage; not only tact, but character. It is one of the infallible tests which distinguish the legal bravo from the jurist, and it will be demonstrated in a future chapter that Lincoln fulfilled it in masterful fashion.

It was in a circular announcing himself a candidate for the State legislature that this Sangamon River argument appeared; for Lincoln, encouraged by the good will of his New Salem friends, had decided to make trial of his political fortunes. There was, therefore, a double temptation to indulge in extravagant promises and prophecies. He believed in his cause and he wanted to please his constituents, and yet there is not a word of exaggeration in the entire address. It is quiet, frank, earnest, and simple.

This circular is important in the history of Lincoln's professional career not only because it contains his first argument, but also because it records his earliest public comment upon law. The evils of usury had been widely discussed throughout the State of Illinois for some time; and as there was a radical difference of opinion concerning the remedy, each candidate was expected to express his views upon the much-mooted question. Exorbitant interest was impoverishing borrowers, but it was feared that stringent laws might drive capital altogether out of the country and arrest its development. Lincoln announced himself as favoring a strict law on the subject, despite the objection that a high rate of interest might be preferable, in many cases, to no loan at all, and his answer to this has served to shock more than one of his biographers.

"In cases of extreme necessity," he wrote, "there could always be means found to cheat the law; while in all other cases it would have its intended effect. I would favor the passage of a law on this subject which might not be very easily evaded. Let it be such that the labor and difficulty of evading it could only be justified in cases of greatest need."²

This temperate announcement seems very regrettable to certain estimable histo-

¹ This conversation occurred in the presence of Judge Lawrence Weldon, who repeated it in an interview with the writer. He died in the spring of 1905, after a long and useful career on the bench of the United States Court of Claims in Washington.

² The circular containing this statement and the Sangamon River argument was issued in March, 1832.

rians, who pull a long face and record their surprise at words which, as one of them puts it, "sound strange enough from a man who in later life showed so profound a reverence for law."

But the immature Lincoln was wiser and more broad-minded than his disapproving admirers. He knew that the enforcement of any law depends entirely upon public opinion, and he was not afraid to admit that evasions of the law were possible and, under certain circumstances, permissible. There was no sham or pretense or hide-bound reverence for law *as law* in his mental make-up. He believed in its spirit and not in its letter. It is the Shylocks and not the Lincolns who pose as the champions of statutes and demand their strict interpretation.

But the high-minded commentators who censure Lincoln's attitude in this matter might have found further evidences of youthful indiscretion in this same circular, which discusses the advisability of a proposed revision of all the State laws.

"Considering the great probability that the framers of those laws were wiser than myself," he naïvely remarks, "I should prefer not meddling with them unless they were attacked by others; in which case I should feel it both a privilege and a duty to take that stand which, in my view, might tend most to the advancement of justice."

Could not this be twisted into an assertion that he might, under certain circumstances, side with those who assailed the laws? A deplorably anarchical statement if law be superior to justice. But it is precisely because Lincoln never acted upon any such theory that his legal career is noteworthy and exceptional. He never surrendered his conscience to a code; his sense of justice was never cowed by the tyranny of "leading cases"; and the deci-

sion of the highest court in the world never succeeded in convincing him that wrong was right.

His attitude on this subject was fully explained a few years later, in an address delivered before the Young Men's Lyceum at Springfield, when, after urging that reverence for the law should be "the political religion of the nation," he defined his position in these strangely prophetic words:

"But when I so pressingly urge a strict observance of all laws, let me not be understood as saying that there are no bad laws, or that grievances may not arise for the redress of which no legal provisions have been made. I mean to say no such thing. But I do mean to say that although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still while they continue in force, for the sake of example, they should be religiously observed. In any case that may arise, *as, for instance, the promulgation of abolitionism*,¹ one of two propositions is necessarily true;—that is, the thing is right within itself and therefore deserves the protection of all law and all good citizens—or it is wrong and therefore proper to be prohibited by legal enactments; and in neither case is the interposition of mob law either necessary, justifiable, or excusable."

These wonderfully significant sentences were penned before Lincoln had reached his maturity, before he had entered on the practice of the law, before the Fugitive Slave Law was an issue, and long before the Dred Scott case was dreamed of.

We shall have occasion to see that his theories were tested in the most practical manner by the very situation which he invoked as illustration, and to note, in his professional attitude, a masterful distinction between bowing to legal authority and submitting tamely to its decrees.

¹ The italics are the author's. This speech was delivered January 27, 1837.

(To be continued)

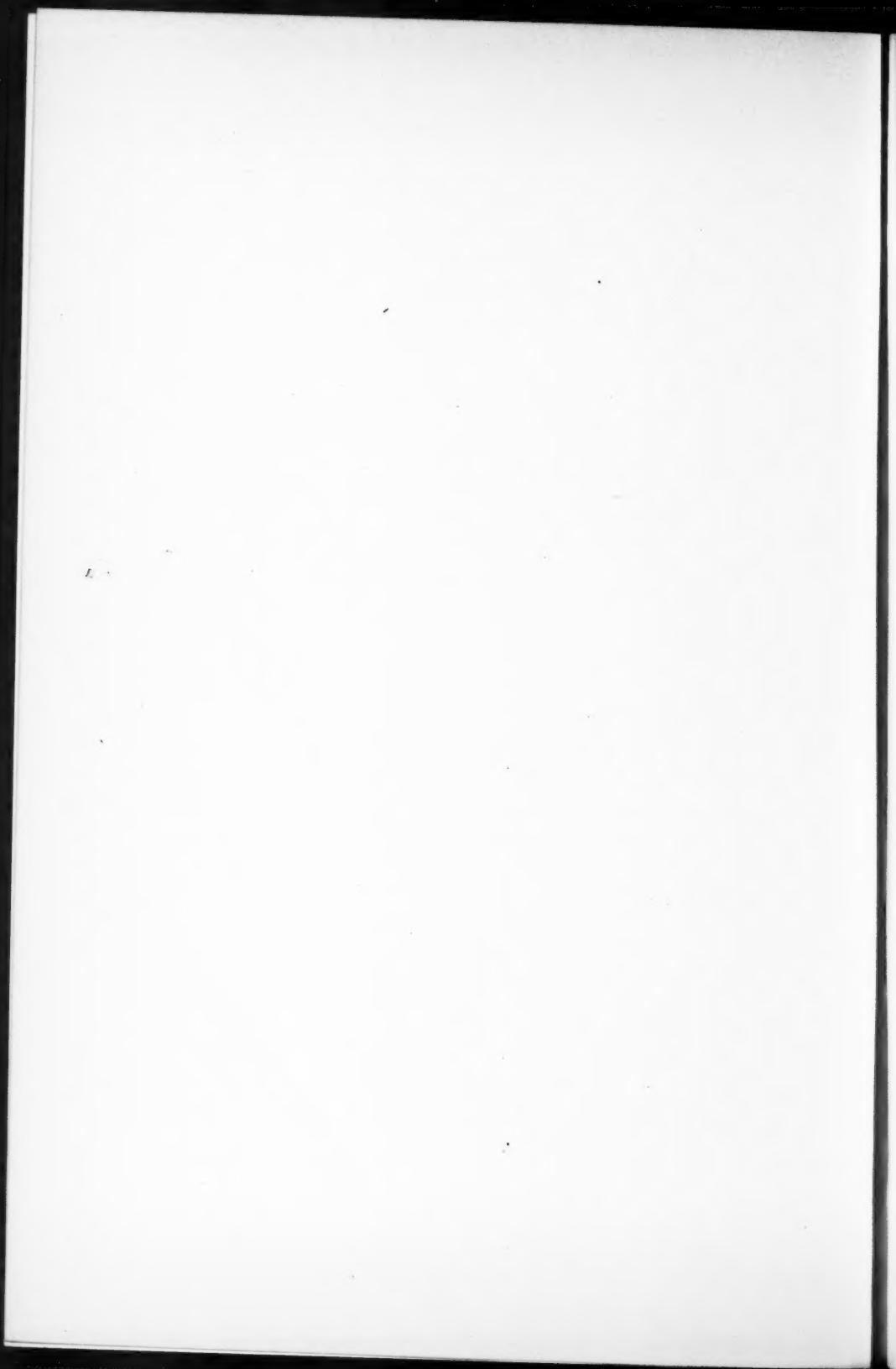




In the collection of the Infanta. See "Open Letters."

ST. CATHARINE IN PRAYER, BY ZURBARAN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEVENTEENTH OF THE SERIES)



THE RUSSIAN PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

BY FLORENCE BROOKS

MY God, my God, why hast thou made me Czar! It is all my fault, all my fault. And yet I have wished only for the best. I have always tried to be kind to every one, to conciliate every one. My God, my God, why hast thou made me Czar!"

These are the last words of the *Czar Feodor* in the play "The Son of Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoy, given last spring in New York by the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company. They may serve as a text for the motive of the visit of Paul Orleneff and his company to America, begun in March and finished in June.

Orleneff started from Russia as a message-bearer to the world. The message he thought to bring was, broadly, a revolutionary one. It dealt specifically with the plight of the Jews in Russia, and its vehicle was a play called "The Chosen People," by Eugene Tchirikov.

Thus Orleneff appeared first to our world as the champion of an oppressed race, though he is not a Jew. Neither is Tchirikov, who wrote the play in prison, where he was thrown at the same time as Maxim Gorky. It was the voice of revolt.

Gorky read the play, afterward censored, and advised Orleneff in words which the latter quotes: "Carry it all over the world, and show the people how the Jews are persecuted in Russia."

But to this land, where he could neither speak the language nor command resources, Orleneff brought a larger message—that of literary revolution—as well. The play, its first instrument, was written in response to another, "The Contrabandista," produced in St. Petersburg, and terribly unjust to the Jewish cause. This injustice was the author's inspiration. And so, after

"The Chosen People" was proscribed by the censor, Orleneff determined to follow Gorky's counsel. He got together a company of fourteen, both Jews and Gentiles, and started out on his quixotic mission. Shortly afterward an inconspicuous item or two appeared in New York, quoted from the German papers. But it was not until the company had suffered their first failure in London that they attracted attention. Among the prominent persons in that city who became intensely interested in these naive Russians were Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Prince Kropotkin, and also Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who called the attention of an American manager to the talented actors and their mission.

It was arranged to give Orleneff and his company a short season of a few weeks in London. They performed at the Haymarket for a time, under the best patronage. The London critics wrote columns about them, foretelling great things for Madame Alla Nasimoff, who played the part of *Lia* in "The Chosen People"; and the Herald Square Theater in New York having been offered to them for a single performance, the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company set sail again and came to the New World.

Paul Orleneff was born of an aristocratic and conservative family. At sixteen he ran away from the Gymnasium where he was studying, and went on the stage. His family did not forgive him. It took him thirteen years to arrive at a height of worldly success to which even his family bowed. This resulted in recognition, forgiveness, and the prayer that God would forgive him also.

The play in which he took the world of Moscow by storm was "The Son of Ivan

the Terrible," which had five hundred representations. By reason of its success Orleneff's life became that of a popular idol. He was showered with invitations and presents. His life was made exquisite with every luxury; his jewels were those of a prima donna. This little, pale-eyed, complexionless man, in whose look a strange gleam burns, was fêted everywhere. Crowds took the horses out of his carriage and dragged it in triumph; women thronged about him; he received hundreds of love-letters. Russian enthusiasm, once awokened, is unbounded.

Orleneff himself had also awokened. He led a life of dissipation, of pleasure; he drank deep and long and excessively of life, taking it all with an appetite which a less strong spirit might not have endured. But the flood of his love of art once more carried him on. And little by little he rose out of that tide of worldliness by the same force with which he had once before risen above the heavy currents of tradition.

Russian lovers of dramatic art saw that first climax and paid for it in the coin of the *grand monde*. The second climax, leading through his conscious cult of "psychic suffering," had to do with another world, the darker world of downcast people. To this period belongs Orleneff's first long struggle with the censor, who had at last forbidden "The Son of Ivan the Terrible" after its five-hundredth performance. The *Czar Feodor*, whose words are quoted at the beginning of the present writing, was a realistic, psychic portrait of Nicholas II. The little sparse beard and Orleneff's manner of pulling it, the gentle nature, the tender leaning on others, the childlike changes of mood,—all these and more the actor boldly displayed, without malice, and even with a sweetness of touch which renders the character appealing and lovable. It unveiled the every-day man in the present Czar, and Russian autocracy could not permit the sacrilege.

The next conquest of Orleneff, after a four years' struggle, was the permission of the censor to give the "Ghosts" of Henrik Ibsen. In this tragedy of a soul in a sick body, Orleneff appeared five hundred times as *Oswald*. The decadent, the doomed parancac, has become one of his favorite rôles. He claims as his method a realism founded upon naturalism, but his own innate idealism illuminates his art.

He can no more act as common clay than he can be common clay.

"Art must grow out of naturalism," he says; "it must grow out of the soil. Great souls must spring from the suffering of the common people." He is a man who sees a vision. And so, realistic, even pathologic, as is the basis of his creation of the part of *Oswald*, Orleneff presents a fine nature whose dignity in the face of a sickening doom illuminates his terrible end. In the hands of this actor, capable himself of "psychic suffering," realism becomes a delicate manifestation. And the dignity of *Oswald* is that of Orleneff: it is high-bred, it is simple with a hint of inherent pathos. This pathos, this dignity, is in the man. On this foundation a very fine, conscious, cold-blooded art has been constructed,—an art equally intellectual and emotional, an art of the awokened consciousness.

From his double triumph over the methods of autocracy and over the taste of the public, Orleneff went on to play what he chose. "The orthodox theaters, so to speak," he has said, "give trash. They say that the theater is for what the church people call God's productions. They think the influence of the Greek Church must predominate. My idea is that the theater should sing to the people a chant of freedom. If the point of view of the audience is not as artistic as that of the actor, it should be made so. They must follow, whether they like it or not. I would rather play without money than play without conviction," says this former idol of society, disclosing his sincerity once for all.

The reasons given by the censorship for refusing a performance of "Ghosts" were two. In the play the woman argues with the priest against his notions of her duties as wife and mother; her examples are overwhelming in their truth. The second reason was flimsy, and pretended to be because in Russia a half-sister and brother are not permitted to marry—a contingency for which no claim is made by Ibsen.

From this struggle up to that of the last season for the cause of the chosen people, Orleneff has played a variety of parts. "In Moscow," he explains, "there is a theater which is trying to educate the public. It is crowded and tickets are sold for weeks ahead. At the Stanislauski Literary Theater the plays given are all the most artistic: Ibsen, Hauptmann, Dostoi-

evsky, Tolstoi, Gorky, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Strindberg, Sudermann." Another forbidden play in Russia is "The Apostle" by an Austrian author named Bahr. It contains a portrait of a minister who is a thief. Orleneff also plays Shakespearian parts, and notably has appeared in "Othello" with Salvini.

During the spring season in New York, after the first performance, the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company played chiefly at the Murray Hill Theater and the various Bowery theaters, thus not reaching the American playgoer in any satisfactory number. Totally alien to ways of business, very reticent, absurdly unassuming for stage folk, the little band of enthusiasts believed that their art alone would bring them success. Their belief has been justified to a certain extent, for Orleneff is now enabled, as a result of the season, to plan for a more complete one in the autumn at a small theater on Third street which has been remodeled to suit him.

Entirely without advertisement, almost without interpreters, the appeal of the Russian players was largely to the advanced Russian Jews of the lower East Side. Taste in this quarter is rather hungry for the best things in art. Prominent Russian Jewish thinkers, professional men, and writers, followed their performances for weeks. In their repertory were seven plays: "The Chosen People," by Tchirikov; "Crime and Punishment" and "Karamasoff Brothers," by Dostoievsky; "Ghosts," by Ibsen; "The Misery of Misfortune," by Alexandroff; "Czar Feodor Ivanovitch," or "The Son of Ivan the Terrible," by Count Alexis Tolstoy; and "Countess Julie" by Strindberg. Each of these plays has been performed here many times in the Russian language. The last was given as a benefit to Madame Alla Nasimoff, and had never been seen before either in Russia or in an English-speaking country.

Of all the rôles in which he has been seen here, excepting that of *Oswald*, the desire toward more and more "psychic suffering" has been best shown in the character of *Raskolnikoff*, in "Crime and Punishment." During his study of this part, Orleneff was like a man undergoing in reality the incentive toward and commission of a terrible murder. He was nervous, pale, and haggard; he could neither

eat nor talk. At this time he had already made a complete analysis of *Raskolnikoff's* condition, his mental evolution, the causes of his illness,—poverty and starvation,—and his intellectual and conscious motives.

It will be remembered that *Raskolnikoff*, in the novel of Dostoievsky, is a very poor ex-student who has sunk into terrible extremes. Money has been lacking to complete his studies at the university. When the play opens he has just borrowed a little money on a silver watch from an old woman, a usurer, *Alena Ivanovitch*. Dizzy from want of food, he enters at evening a low tavern, where he takes a glass of beer. His ironic reflections upon the fact that a little food, a little drink, is enough to change a man's entire attitude of mind contribute toward his disgust at the power of the physical nature. He is a hypochondriac from nervous depression. Extreme sensitiveness and growing irritability have made him withdraw from his friends and shut himself up in a squalid attic, almost without furniture or heat. Terrible chimeras haunt him, he lies during the hours on his tattered sofa, and his morbid feelings have engendered a fixed idea. Introspection has affected his judgment; he is in a state of mental torpor, except for that one burning spot which tortures him.

But at the opening of the play, his almost atrophied social instinct asserting itself for the moment, he sits down by a drunkard, *Simeon Marmeladoff*, an ex-official, and gazes at him intently. Intelligence and enthusiasm shine in this man's face, though he is drunken, ragged, unkempt. He tells *Raskolnikoff* his whole unfortunate life. He is drinking up whatever he gets—even the money which he can steal from his consumptive wife and children. "Poverty is no vice," says *Marmeladoff*, philosophizing; "neither is intemperance a virtue." The bottle from which he is drinking was bought by the money of his daughter's downfall. "It is sadness, sadness and tears, which I sought and tasted at the bottom of this flagon," *Marmeladoff* goes on. When he drinks he can feel more sympathy; when he drinks he knows to the full the pain of life, that which he has brought upon his family. That is why he drinks. He does not mind that his wife plucks his hair when he returns drunk, or that she beats him, but he minds the look of her eyes; the red

patches on her cheeks cause him misery. The blows do him good; he wishes to suffer; it is for this he drinks, because he can thus suffer the more deeply for all that life has made of him.

During the long monologue of the unfortunate *Marmeladoff*, played with extraordinary sympathy and fineness, Orleneff, or *Raskolnikoff*, sits at the end of the small table in frozen immobility. He neither moves nor changes his expression. His own exquisite inner torture is ever present. White, impassive, with a set gaze, he maintains a terrible silence—that of a man stupefied with the dregs of despair. He hears the tale of the old drunkard as if he too were in the grasp of a ghastly illusion. After a long time the warmth, the light, the words, the draught of beer, stir him a little and he rises to take the drunkard home. In this whole first act Orleneff has scarcely done anything. Once or twice a look of impatience at the noisy laughter of a couple of men seated at another table, or a casual glance at *Marmeladoff*, changes his position for a brief instant. What is the secret of this kind of acting—a method admirably exemplified by Eleanora Duse? It is a method which we call "repressed," by which the inner thought burns itself into the consciousness of the observer in a searing course. Orleneff is *Rodion Raskolnikoff*, yet he does not lose consciousness that he is, nor of what he is doing and why. *Raskolnikoff's* motives, after receiving a letter from his mother informing him of his sister's projected marriage to a man she does not love, because of her determination to help him, are made very clear, though one may not understand a word of the Russian language. As a result of this information, *Raskolnikoff* murders the old woman.

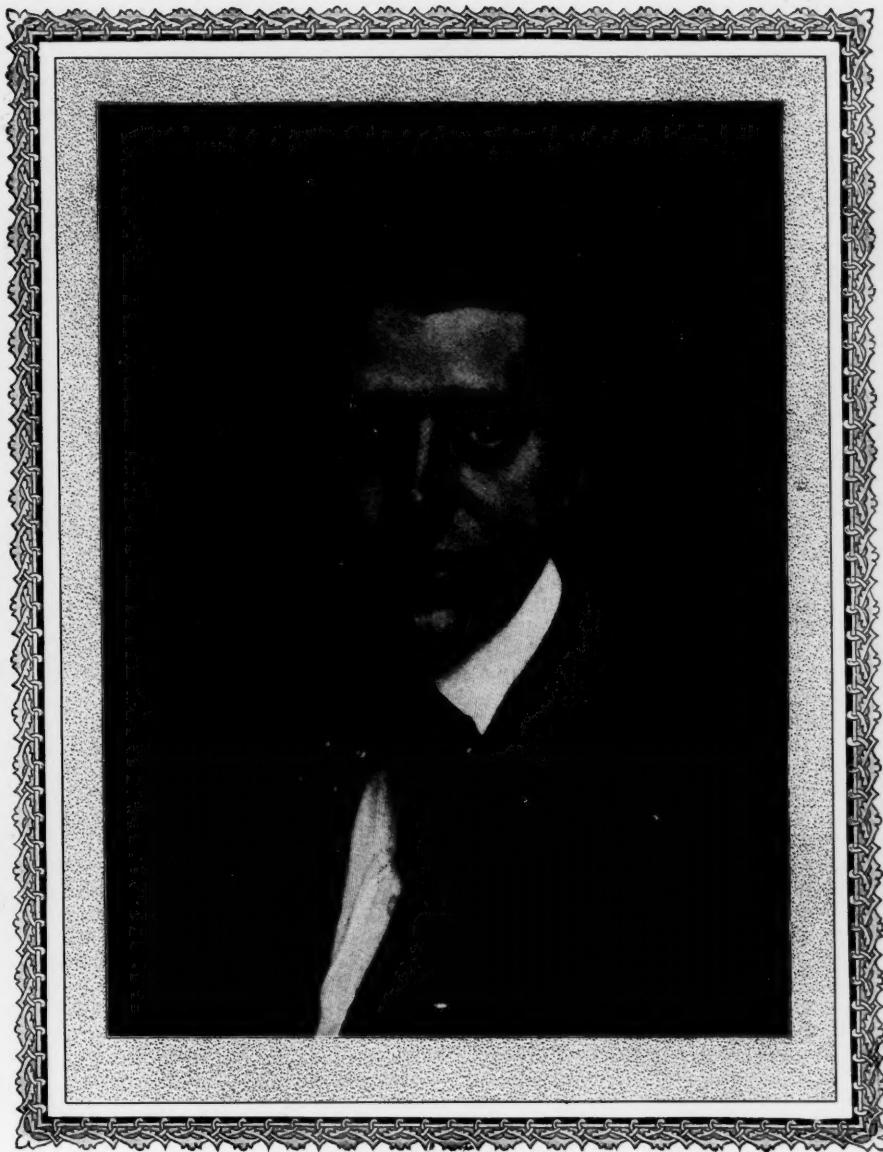
The rest of the play deals psychologically with something which is coarsely named remorse, but is only a logical result of such an act on such a nature. He wanted to see if he was powerful enough; he had to prove his own self morally, feeling that he was physically going to the wall. He was unbalanced. The idea of Napoleon haunts him. "Would he have done this?" asks *Rodia* bitterly, afterward. "No; Napoleon would have shown his power, he would have killed hundreds and thousands!" *Raskolnikoff* wanted to bring something to humanity. But it was im-

possible. He has brought no solution by his deed: the solution is brought rather by his suffering. "It is no use," he feels crushingly. "Why should I try? No matter how much liberty, how much good, you wish to bring, you are unable if you have not the material power. No one will help you." He had reasoned that this odious old woman was not needed. He wanted to help clear the world of bad people; he hated the poverty, the need of dirty money; he hated her as the last means left him to sell his very sentiment for such need. His fixed idea reached such a crisis that he must perform some deed to satisfy it.

The skill and the persistence of Orleneff's ideals of art are well displayed in the portrayal of a slow evolution through torture to mania, and the beginning of an equally slow cure. Other rôles prove this: *Feodor*, the semi-epileptic Czar; *Ivan Roznoff*, the provincial government clerk, whose downfall leads to consumption; *Dmitri Karamasoff*, a degenerate of the animal nature; and the brutal *Jean* of Strindberg's play "Countess Julie," in which Orleneff refines the servant who has risen from the peasant, creating a type to his own liking rather than that which, in its crudity, the author intended.

"I hear that in America," said Orleneff once to the writer, "all plays must have a joyful ending. I should be sorry that I came if I thought it true that seven out of ten plays must be ruined by the necessity of a happy ending. It would be a satisfaction to try to make suffering fashionable!"

Orleneff is indebted to his Russian stock for much of his brutal power. But something finer has brushed over this, which may be seen only in certain climaxes, such as the frightful realism of the murder of *Alena Ivanovitch*—a whole act with no word spoken, with no sound save the blows of a hatchet, the maddening jangling of a little door-bell; or in his distorted face when *Ivan Roznoff* was uncovered after death. He is, however, of the neurotic type *par excellence*, sensitive, enthusiastic, impressionable, yielding to every emotion, addicted to every intoxicating draught of life, however bitter or strong. Another phase of his temperament—but this does not appear on the boards—is his humor. He is even a mimic, echoing at once the peculiarities of other persons, speaking in the voices of his friends, catching their gait,



Photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PAUL ORLENEFF

their manner of sitting or standing, inventing their very words and ideas. He is an incessant talker, with endless contrasts, always spontaneous, always unexpected, witty, naive, brilliant.

In his simplicity, Paul Orleneff proposes something to New York which a more cautious and experienced person would scarcely consider. Yet, for very strangeness, his plans for a theatrical season will probably make their way with a measure of success. He has decided to form a new company, which is due here from Russia in the care of Madame Nasimoff. The costumes she will procure in Paris; the plays that he intends to produce are mainly from their own Russian masters. These plays are to be given in series, each author being heard in a group of his own works. The idea of managing plays in series is a new one. It will be, to the student of modern drama, a chance for comparing the works of such a master as Ibsen, and will help to comprehend them the better, giving, as it were, his philosophy complete. For instance, Orleneff will present, besides "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Doll's House," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and others, consecutively. Among the Russian authors, Tchirikov, Andreeiv, Leo Tolstoy, Count Alexis Tolstoy, and Gorky will be represented, each in a series. Other series will be devoted to Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, and other moderns. Gorky's new play, "The Children of the Sun," written in prison, is among the novelties to be expected, and also entirely new plays by Tolstoy and Tchirikov. No fewer than thirty-two totally novel dramatic works of art will be produced, besides many which have been performed in Russia or Europe and are unknown here. We shall see "The Apostle," that proscribed play by Bahr with its dishonest minister; and we shall see Strindberg, whose works are supposed to be entirely unsuited to audiences of Anglo-Saxon tradition.

To Madame Alla Nasimoff, a person-

ality of charm, talent, depth, and temperament, it can hardly be estimated how much is due. Her beauty, her individuality, are as entire a contrast to the limpidity of Orleneff as rich red wine is to sparkling water. Madame Nasimoff, while not going beyond her lines, contributes, for instance, a color to certain rôles which one does not imagine in an Ibsen heroine. Her *Regina* to Orleneff's *Oswald* is a rich, bold creature, almost a Latin in nature. It is called by her admirers a "creation." Of *Rebecca*, in "Rosmersholm," she is said to make a marvel of sympathetic interpretation. The part of *Hilda Wangel*, in "The Master Builder," and of *Countess Julie*, in Strindberg's play of that name, are others of her favorite rôles. Beautiful as she is, however, she should play triumphant tragedy.

But the range of the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company is broader than it has shown during the tentative spring season. Orleneff will produce, besides the dramatic works embodying Scandinavian and Russian thought and prophecy, a good many plays of other schools. Madame Nasimoff will have a chance to play several emotional rôles which are well known, such as *Camille*, besides presenting *Monna Vanna* in the Maeterlinck series. A novelty that will sound quaint to English ears is the rôle of *Trilly*, done into Russian and arranged in Russian style, very different in atmosphere from that play as given on the French or English stage.

Orleneff with his visions, Nasimoff with her glowing dreams, he an adept at stagecraft, and she with instincts of colorful estheticism, promise a feast for art-lovers. "Men must be brought up to serve the world," apostrophizes Orleneff; "not the world to serve them. When I was young I did not understand. Crowds carried me on their shoulders; they poured incense, lit altar-fires. For a time I thought this was all, but now—"

And now we shall see what the years have brought to the awakening Russian people.





Photograph by A. Russoff. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MADAME ALLA NASIMOFF AS CZARITZA IRINA
In Count Alexis Tolstoy's play "The Son of Ivan the Terrible"

A CAGED MOCKING-BIRD

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

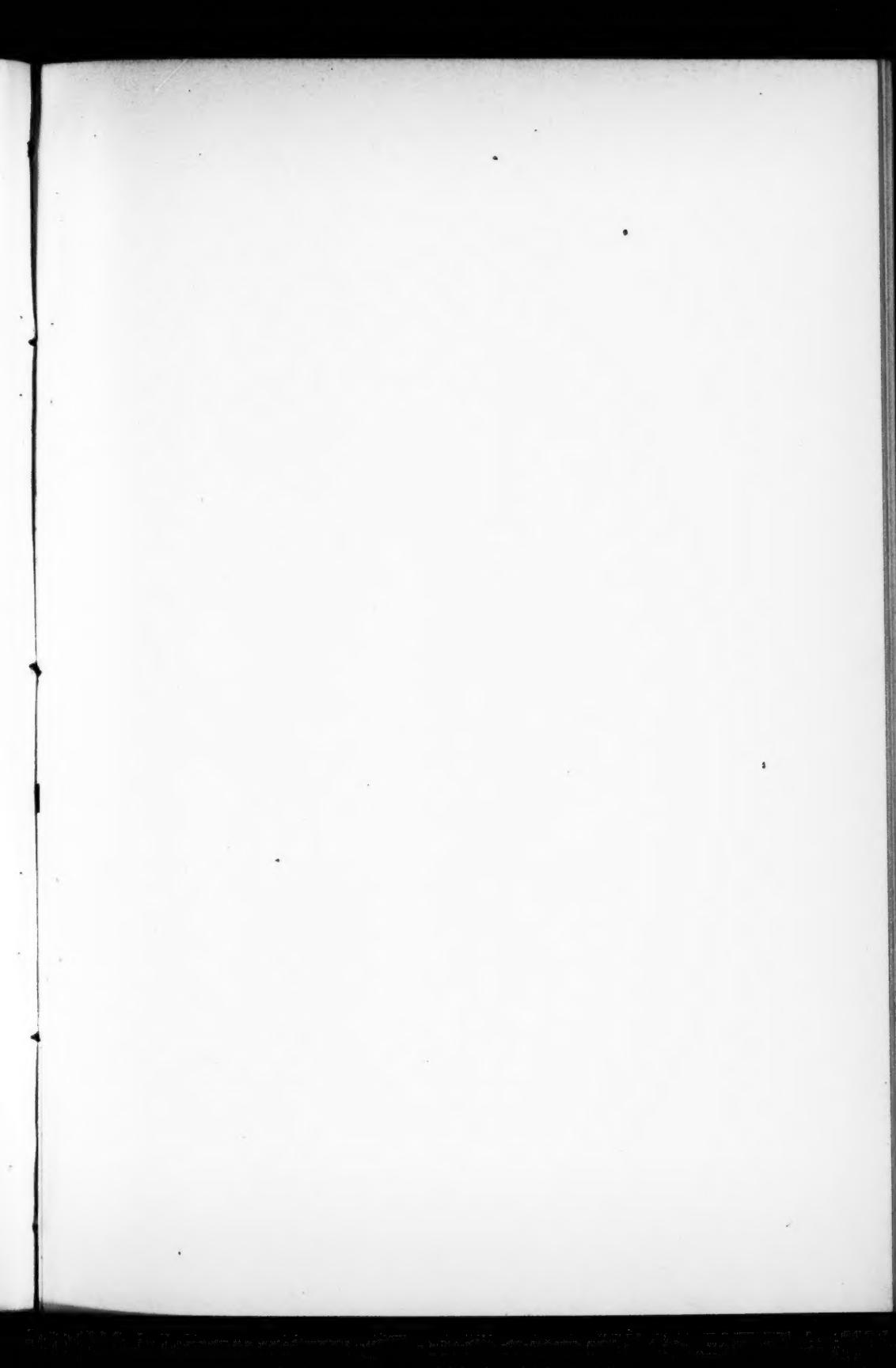
I PASSED a cobbler's shop upon the street,
And paused a moment at the door-step, where,
In nature's medley, piping cool and sweet,
The songs that thrill the swamps when spring is near,
Fly o'er the fields at fullness of the year,
And twitter where the autumn hedges run,
Joined all the months of music into one.

I shut my eyes: the hermit thrush was there,
And all the leaves hung still to catch his spell;
Wrens cheeped among the bushes; from somewhere
A bluebird's tweedle falteringly fell;
From rustling corn bob-white his name did tell;
I heard the oriole set his full heart free;
And barefoot boyhood rushed again to me.

The vision-bringer hung upon a nail
Before a dusty window, looking dim
On marts where trade waxed hot with box and bale;
The sad-eyed passers had no time for him.
His captor sat, with beaded face and grim,
Plying a listless awl, as in a dream
Of pastures winding by a shady stream.

Gray bird, what spirit bides with thee unseen?
For now, when every songster finds his love,
And makes his nest where'er the woods are green,
Free as the winds, thy song should mock the dove.
Ah, were I thou, my grief in moans would move,
At thinking—otherwise, by others' art
Charmed and forgetful—of mine own sweetheart.

O many-souled, Shakspere bird, who knows
Full well each feathered songster's pipe to wind!
O captive Milton, in this dreary close
Singing in shame of fortune so unkind,
Holding wide, sunny stretches in thy mind!
I blush to offer sorrow unto thee,
Master of fate, scorner of destiny!





Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THOSE EYES WHICH SLOWLY TURNED"

SECOND COMING

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

ONCE, by an arch of ancient stone,
Beneath Italian olive-trees
(In pentecostal youth, too prone
To visions such as these),

And now a second time, to-day,
Yonder, an hour ago! 'T is strange.
—The hot beach shelving to the bay,
The far white mountain range,

The motley town where Turk and Greek
Spit scorn and hatred as I pass;
Seraglio windows, doors that reek
Sick perfume of the mass;

The muezzin cry from Allah's tower,
French sailors singing in the street:
The Western meets the Eastern power,
And minglesthis is Crete.

Yonder on snowy Ida, Zeus
Was cradled; through those moun-
tain haunts
The new moon hurried, letting loose
The raving Corybants,

Who after thrid the Cyclades
To Thebes of Cadmos, with the slim
Wild god for whom Euripides
Fashioned the deathless hymn.

And yonder, ere in Ajalon
Young Judah's lion ramped for war,
Dædalus built the Knossian maze
House of the Minotaur.

—'T is strange! No wonder and no dread
Was on me; hardly even surprise.
I knew before he raised his head
Or fixed me with his eyes

That it was he; far off I knew
The leaning figure by the boat,
The long straight gown of faded hue;
The hair that round his throat

Fell forward as he bent in speech
Above the naked sailor there,
Calking his vessel on the beach,
Full in the noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's mallet-stroke
Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have
spoke,

Lifting great eyes of dream

Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
With, "Yes, and is it thou?"

Then o'er the face about to speak
Again he leaned; the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek:
And I who, for my share,

Had but the instant's gaze, no more,
And sweat and shuddering of the mind,
Stumbled along the dazzling shore,
Until a cool sweet wind

From far-off Ida's silver caves
Said, "Stay"; and here I sit the while.
—Silken Mediterranean waves,
From isle to fabled isle,

Flame softly north to Sunium,
And west by England's war-cliff strong
To where Ulysses' men saw loom
The mount of Dante's song.

As far as where the coast-line dies
In sharp sun-dazzle, goes the light
Dance-dance of amber butterflies
Above the beach-flowers, bright

And jealous as the sudden blood
The lovers of these island girls
Spill in their frays; o'er flower and bud
The light dance dips and whirls.

And all my being, for an hour,
Has sat in stupor, without thought,
Empty of memory, love, or power,
A dumb wild creature caught

In toils of purpose not its own!
But now at last the ebb'd will turns;
Feeding on spirit, blood, and bone,
The ghostly protest burns.

- "Yea, it is I, 't is I indeed!
But who art thou, and plannest
what?
Beyond all use, beyond all need!
Impetuous, unbesought,
"Unwelcome, unendurable!
To the vague boy I was before—
O unto him thou camest well;
But now, a boy no more,
"Firm-seated in my proper good,
Clear-operant in my functions due,
Potent and plenteous of my mood,—
What hast thou here to do?
"Yes, I have loved thee—love thee,
yes;
But also—hear'st thou?—also him
Who out of Ida's wilderness
Over the bright sea-rim,
"With shaken cones and mystic dance,
To Dirce and her seven waters
Led on the raving Corybants,
And lured the Theban daughters
- "To play on the delirious hills
Three summer days, three summer
nights.
Where wert thou when these had their
wills?
How liked thee their delights?
"Past Melos, Delos, to the straits,
The waters roll their spangled mirth,
And westward, through Gibraltar gates,
To my own under-earth,
"My glad, great land, which at the most
Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
But follow thee? Ah, no!
"Thine image gently fades from earth!
Thy churches are as empty shells,
Dim-pling of thy words and worth,
And of thy funerals!
"But oh, upon what errand then
Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
Hast thou yet more to say, that men
Have heard not, and must hear?"



"THE ROUGH PLACES"

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE



AMMA, tell me about Julia Ensign," said Sarah to her mother, as she opened the door of their little studio house in the woods.

"But I've told you thousands about her," said Mrs. Bremen. She was hunting through a pile of water-colors and spoke abstractedly, with her head in a portfolio.

"You've told me about her as a girl,—her beauty and her music and her high spirits, and all the things she did, and then how a Mr. Ensign came 'out of the west' and took her away, but you never told me about after she was married."

"I never knew." Mrs. Bremen closed the portfolio and stretched back in her chair, smiling cozily at her daughter. "Take off your hat and your stock, and be cool."

"But, mamma, it was long after her marriage that you met in New York, and you painted her. You must have talked."

"I talked," said Mrs. Bremen. "She never did. Once, I remember, she said: 'So many people seem to think the only happy marriages are the easy ones. My happiness has come out of conflict.'"

"Then they were not well matched?"

"I don't remember that any of us thought so. We hardly ever saw him, and he preserved the silence of the dead when we did, and they came West right away. I believe he is a man of power." Mrs. Bremen paused, and for further description added: "He was born and brought up among these mines."

"His father discovered the Minotaur vein, only then it was called the French Lead. We shall meet them here, you

know. When you have seen him and her sons, you will know as much as I do of Julia Ensign's life."

"I have met her son," said Sarah, "in the woods."

"The youngest, I suppose."

"Would he be about fifteen?"

"If you asked me suddenly I should say he would be about five. The way the years go! Well, what is he like?"

"Dear!" said Sarah.

"Of course. That's your description of the miners' children, and the venerable doctor and his wife, and all the dogs you meet. What should I think of him?"

"You would probably think of him as a color-scheme," said Sarah, "which he certainly is. Clothes of sun-bleached corduroy, fair skin and fair brown hair, and a band of black on his sleeve."

"Don't be flippant, Sarah. I am not given over to studio slang, and I loved his mother." Mrs. Bremen was not subject to any so-called studio habits. The bare little sitting-room, which was also her work-room, was neat as well as clean, and she presently admonished her daughter: "It's just as easy, and in the long run quite as cool, to hang up your hat as to leave it on the floor."

"Now, mamma dear, don't be 'extreme to mark what is done amiss,' just when I want to talk about my beautiful boy that I've only just found. There are n't so many of him at Forty Mines."

"Well, we must have him here forthwith. I'm glad he is charming. They ought to have called on us, but I believe Mr. Ensign never does what is expected of him."

"Have you ever been to the Minotaur?" said Sarah, with a picture in her mind. "Such pines! It's in the corner of a gulch, and the mine-buildings are all queer shapes, from being built to fit the sides of the hills. The manager's house is on the edge of the creek, with a bridge from the front door, as you'd have a flight of steps, and the pines crowd close against it. The boy—"

"I thought you met him in the woods."

"Well, I was in the woods. You can't go half a mile without running into a mine; but they are all a part of the woods—they seem to grow there. The boy was by the creek, playing with a dog; throwing sticks for him to fetch, and talking to him, in the

accent that shows you come of the blood. We've not heard it for some time. I spoke to the dog and then to him, and asked if the creek water was good to drink—it did n't look so. He said: 'No; all the tailings of all the mines are in it. Come to the house and I'll give you a drink.' The front door opened into the living-room, as all these front doors do—a big, masculine room, with a saddle under the desk, very dusty and rather dark. Perhaps you can imagine my sensations on coming face to face with your portrait of Mrs. Ensign, glowing like a great jewel on the walls! If I did n't have an explanation out of that boy! We fell upon each other's necks, speaking very figuratively indeed—"

"Very, if I know anything about boys."

"Oh, yes; and he's a very genuine one. Savagely reserved, of course. He did n't offer to walk home with me. But I've charmed his heart right out of his body, nevertheless. What is it about the elder brother?"

"Charles Ensign? You heard of him in New York. Perhaps you have heard him sing."

Sarah shook her head. "Something happened the night I was to have heard him, and then he went to Paris."

"He was in Paris when his mother died. I fancy he was one of the subjects of conflict. Julia wanted his voice trained, and, in fact, had it done. We know now it was worth any training, but the father did n't want his son to be a singer."

"And the son?"

"The son has disappeared."

"Ah! That was what my boy meant," said Sarah. "We were looking at the portrait. He said, 'Charlie is more like her than I am.' I said, 'And where is Charlie?' and he said, 'We don't know.' We don't know," she repeated.

"It is very strange—just at the beginning of his success." Mrs. Bremen smiled thoughtfully at her daughter. "I'm glad you have n't a temperament to be dealt with, Sarahkin. For real peace and comfort in this world, give me a child that has n't a gift for anything except being nice."

"Now, mamma, you know you were perfectly in love with your gifted Julia Ensign."

"I was speaking of peace and comfort, little comforter! Don't you find me quite

sufficiently in love with you?" and Mrs. Bremen opened her ample arms. Sarah was little and dark, a pretty contrast to her mother's large fairness. She sat on her knees and swung her little dusty shoes like any child, but smiling into the older woman's face with a comrade's understanding.

At half-past five on a late summer morning, Sarah and Philip Ensign followed the windings of the creek as it flows through the shadowy hollow by the Minotaur into open, sunny woods beyond. The woods were full of bird-calls and the air was sweet with dawn.

"You are a wise boy," said Sarah, allowing her horse to take all the road, while she looked smiling about her. "I understand now why you chose this time of day for our riding, in spite of the comments of mamma."

Philip disclaimed any choice. "It's the only time I have until next week; then I'm on the night shift."

"What do you mean? Does your school give you no time in the afternoon?"

"I'm not in school," said Philip. "I'm underground."

Sarah had not learned, in conversation with an Ensign, when to change the subject. "Well, I suppose that is the place for a miner's son in summer. But you will be going to school soon, won't you?"

"When father and I come to terms," said Philip, darkly, and lapsed into silence.

"I should hate to have to come to terms with you if you looked at me like that," Sarah presently complained.

Philip smiled amid his gloom. "You should see how dad looks—when we have a real fight on, you know!"

"I don't believe there's much to choose between you," declared Sarah. "Could you tell me the trouble at all?" she asked softly, after a pause. "I know what family discussions are like—you should hear me and mamma! I don't think I should misunderstand."

"You never heard anything like our family discussions," Philip began, and then stopped, as though regretting his frankness. He looked at Sarah haughtily from his tall horse. But Sarah, in a sympathetic frame of mind, was impossible to keep at a distance. She was strongly at-

tracted to this high-strung boy with struggles in his heart and no one to talk to. On his part, pride and the newness of their friendship could not long withstand the interest of her kind eyes, still less the speech of one trained, as his mother was, subtly to comprehend. To the community of Forty Mines was not given the full use of words, either to speak or to understand. He soon became almost as explanatory as she could have wished.

"Mother wanted me to go to Milton," he told her. "That is where my uncles went. Mother's people are all in the East, and she wanted me to know them. My name was sent in when I was a baby, and I was to enter in the fourth form this year. I could have gone in any time for the last three,—I was all prepared,—but it was put off. Mother always taught us—Charlie too, when he was little. She would not have us go to the public school here."

"Of course not," said Sarah.

"Father went to it," said Philip, briefly; and there was silence.

"And now your father thinks you had better not go East, after all?" Sarah questioned after a while.

"Yes. He suddenly turned right round about it. I think it had something to do with—losing Charlie."

Another silence. The call of a wood-dove broke upon it, and the boy's face was stirred with pain. Sarah could not know that since his mother's death that mourning cry had become articulate to his grieving fancy. Out of the woods it haunted him as if with words: "Mother is—dead—dead—dead." And now it seemed to voice another thought: Not Charlie too? Out of the woods the sweet moan still insisted: "Dead—dead—dead." It died away and was covered by the twitter of the linnets, the click and shuffle of the horses' feet. Philip pulled himself together. He leaned over and slipped a finger under Sarah's cinch; she shifted her seat experimentally. "It's good for another mile," she assured him, and returned her gaze to the tree-tops.

"I wonder if you realize what a queer, beautiful place this is?" she crooned as they left the road for a trail deep in needles, and the horses' steps fell silent. "Do you think you would like the East so much better? I wonder if your father is n't right. Perhaps if you went away for years

you might not care any more for this good, simple life—for the things you care for here. And they are, after all, the things most worth caring for."

"I think I should like it here better if I had been away," said Philip, literally. "Charlie did."

Sarah's quick use of suggestion told her at once that her idea of Charles Ensign had been at fault in one direction. She sifted various thoughts in her mind. "It occurs to me that if you waited awhile, Philip, your father might be better prepared to send you away. Have you any idea what the training of a great voice means in these days? It's a tremendous thing. Perhaps if you waited—"

Philip shook his head. "If father meant me to go, he would send me with his last penny—if it were that. He is n't ever mean, you know. Look at this mare!" He twitched her mouth, and she flung up a beautiful startled head. "You could n't have two like her in one stable; but I am the one that rides her. Father takes second best for himself."

Sarah had noticed Philip's mare chiefly to enjoy his unconscious mastery of such strength and nerves. But she surmised that pennies were not a consideration with the Ensigns.

"I was only trying to think of reasons," she said. "You know, there always are reasons behind the throne. Perhaps he thinks—"

But Philip took up her words. "I shall never know what he thinks. He just gives me my choice. If I won't go to the school that was good enough for him, I can go underground and go to work. I have thought about waiting, too. I keep on studying—evenings and what time I have; but with no one to tell me anything I get all wound up and stuck. By the time I have waited a few months longer I shall be ever so far behind. You are very good to try and help me, Miss Bremen; but you see now that you really can't."

"You have only just presented me with the fact that I can," cried Sarah. "What do you suppose a person of my antiquity has done with her twenty-five years? I have been through college, my child; and since then I have coached a girl—such a dear, stupid girl! And don't you think if you did some of your studying on our piazza, I could help you when you are stuck?"

"You'd get awfully tired of it," said Philip, with a smile that frankly discounted his words.

"Well, so will you," said Sarah; she ignored conditional tenses. "But, none the less, we'll do it."

SARAH'S little head was a spot of brilliant accent and color against the dull green of the studio wall. She chattered vivaciously and most detrimentally to the pose she was supposed to be holding for her mother.

"And so—and so," she wound up, "my underground boy is coming this evening, and in the afternoons when he is on the night-shift, and I can pose for you in the morning, Anna Gates Bremen. I fancy I shall have to read up and prepare ahead, lest the young man should stride over me; but all that will be delightful work. I never have been really useful to any one before, you know."

"Except to me," said Mrs. Bremen. "Not that you are of any use this morning. More to the left, dear." She smiled abstractedly to herself as she flecked bright touches on the round of Sarah's lips. "I wish I could paint you chattering, and especially smiling; but I'm provided with that useful sense of the impossible—"

"In which I am so lacking," Sarah concluded. "Mamma, you don't think my scheme of teaching Philip impossible?"

"No; but you will carry it out in all sorts of impossible ways. You will both work too hard. He should have rest after nine hours' shoveling, and you ought to have more exercise."

"I shall ride before breakfast. Not with him, of course. He must sleep; but I can find the roads for myself now."

"If you ride, he will too."

Mrs. Bremen's prophecies usually fulfilled themselves. She referred to them with gloom, but she never interfered with their fulfilment. Despite the intimacy of their life together, she let Sarah singularly alone.

She stepped to the back of the room and regarded sitter and canvas alternately. "You have some very queer twist on your hair, Sarah. It's not at all as it was yesterday."

"There's a very queer twist to the pose," murmured Sarah, restoring the circulation to one shoulder. She fumbled with her hair and made it a great deal

worse, and returned to the topic which interested her.

"He will be the most surprising person to teach because he has been trained in such a peculiar way. He's like a young person of long ago brought up on ancestral acres; but he's as keen and clear-headed as any of the young moderns. Think of being only fifteen and really understanding things as he does! Think of sending him to a village school! You saw at once, did n't you, mamma, how unusual he is and will be, you that are such a mighty seer?"

"I thought he looked very nice," said Mrs. Bremen, serenely. "He did n't say anything at all, so far as I remember; but he appeared to understand what I said to him."

"Well," quoted Sarah, "'many a cannier man would n't have done that.'"

The lessons were begun and enthusiastically continued—at intervals; so was the riding. The hot summer prolonged itself into a hotter fall.

"About Christmas comes the time when I shall hate to go underground because it's so very nice on top," said Philip. He had come for an afternoon lesson and was unbuckling his spurs on the piazza steps. Sarah balanced herself on the edge of the hammock. She wore a Chinese coat of thin primrose silk, and her hair was braided down her back. She looked very little and pretty and cool. "I think we're extremely good to let you come near us on such an afternoon as this," she observed hospitably. "To say we're not at home is putting it mildly: we are not up." But Philip did not make the mistake of supposing himself unwelcome.

He unstrapped some books from his saddle and piled them on the table, and Sarah went into the house for the ink.

She scowled thoughtfully for a while at one of Philip's lesson-papers in front of her, and then at Philip opposite. "Do you know, I cannot imagine why any one who can convey so much in spoken words as you can, should write so—so very badly."

Philip looked humbly perplexed. He drew his chair nearer, and stared at his condemned production over her hand. "What is most wrong about it?"

"There's nothing wrong," said Sarah. "But it's all—helpless—unpractised, as if you were not used to writing and were afraid of it—as if you'd never done it before."

"I never have."

"Did your mother not give you things to write—themes, essays?"

"Mother thought they were idiotic," Philip smiled—"for children who have nothing to write about, you know."

"Oh, they are!" agreed Sarah. "Only one has to learn, somehow. They will give them to you at school, of course."

"I don't see the use of it all," said Philip.

"You will need it all through your work, I should think, wherever you have to state anything with accuracy. And in things more important even than work—or accuracy. Philip, you see how well mamma and I know each other. Would you believe that we have been separated for years at a time? She writes letters. And by example she taught me to write in a way that should tell her really what I was doing and thinking, give her the very atmosphere of my life, keeping things in their true proportions. As for her, she gave me herself. I knew her as well as I do now; and through her I knew papa, although I saw him so little in those last years of his life." Sarah's dainty arm and the embroidered sleeve of her coat lay across the school-books; she looked far into the woods with eyes of remembrance. "Then there come crises in people's lives. Philip, if you ever have to write a delicate, a difficult—a fateful letter, you will wish from your soul, my dear, that you knew how."

There was silence, and she turned to her pupil, aware of having strayed from the subject in hand. She was not prepared for the look of bitter comprehension that met her in his eyes. They were blue, marked by the close, short lashes with a line of intense dark. At times they widened in a look that might have held the tragedies of lives long dead, adding their weight of unexplained sadness to the boy sorrows of this young descendant.

"It's too late," he said. "I've had that letter to write already. I had to write to Charlie when mother died, and I did n't know how. Father wrote first—I don't think he knew how, either. Charlie never answered. He just went away from where he was in Paris, and we have no trace of him at all. I believe—I believe—" a sob shook the boy's voice, it broke suddenly, and he flung his head down on his arms—"I believe he thought we did n't care!"

Sarah waited, sitting very still, till the sobbing breaths came quieter, then she touched his bowed head softly with her finger-tips. "You know it could n't have been that, Philip boy. A letter is nothing. He knew that you cared." She expected no answer; she groped among her thoughts, seeking by the light of sympathy for words that should help.

"You told me once that your father was opposed to Charlie's profession; that it was because your mother wished it he gave him his magnificent training. Does Charlie need any words after that to tell of his father's devotion?"

"Charlie never knew that father objected." Philip raised his head. "He always seemed to be anxious for Charlie to succeed; he was splendid about it, but I've heard him say it was no life for a man. We never talk things over as you and your mother do," he explained, as Sarah looked mystified. "I don't think father had the least idea that Charlie hated it as much as he did—that *he* was doing it for mother's sake, too."

"Hated his singing!" Sarah asked confusedly. These Ensigns were becoming too much for her understanding.

"Oh, no; he liked to sing. But the whole life and business of it—going around the country and giving concerts, and the people he had to work with. They wanted him to go on the opera stage. Of course he could n't do that. Fancy Charlie on the stage!"

Sarah indulged in one brief vision of a Siegfried or a Tannhäuser, young, impossibly slender, with a high-bred Yankee face. Then she came to earth again and said, "Of course not. I suppose you have told your father, now, that Charlie was in sympathy with him from the beginning?"

"Oh," said Philip, "he would think I did n't know. We hardly ever talk about it. I don't know what he thinks has become of Charlie."

The words were spoken without significance, but Sarah thought, "He is afraid to ask."

WINTER came, as it comes to that hill region, with an air as clear as wine, cool, still nights, and days of brilliant sunlight, as though the spring were walking in her sleep. Mr. Ensign's fast horses stood shifting and

jingling one afternoon in front of the little house in the woods, while their owner called formally upon the ladies within. There was no mention of the lessons or the intimacy of his son at their house, but they took the visit to be one of tacit acknowledgment. Upon leaving, he turned back to ask if he might send the carriage for them on the afternoon before Christmas—the miners were to sing at the dry-house of the Minotaur. He explained that it was a custom of the place: the men went in crowds on Christmas day to the different mines and sang the old carols and anthems they brought with them from Cornwall. It was untrained singing, but they might find it interesting; there would be a larger chorus than usual this year, as a party of miners were coming down from Blue Tent.

Mrs. Bremen and Sarah accepted with frank pleasure. The fact that Mr. Ensign's attentions were somewhat belated, and the nature of them unusual, was of no moment to these two.

ON the night before Christmas eve they were finishing their light supper in a lingering fashion characterized by Mrs. Bremen as "browsing." They had been discussing the laws of friendship, and a volume of Emerson lay open on the table; but they had entered since upon the subject of the new cook.

"She makes good bread," said Mrs. Bremen, meditatively. "I wonder what that boy of yours eats."

"A great deal, probably," said Sarah.

"It ought to be a great deal of just the right things, with the pace he is keeping up. You are overworking him, Sarah."

Sarah looked uncomfortable. "I have thought he looked tired, but he has a beautiful color now that the cool weather has come."

"That color comes too easily," said Mrs. Bremen; "and if you watch him you will see it go as quickly sometimes."

Sarah gazed at her in silence with pucker'd brows. Presently her face brightened at the sound of a horse's feet, then Philip's step on the piazza, and she went to the door with her napkin in one hand. "Come in, Philip from Underground! Come and have some supper with us. That's what happens to folk that come too early for their lessons."

Philip said he had had dinner; but

glancing at Mrs. Bremen's cup, he added: "Perhaps you'll give me some coffee."

Sarah made faces at him. "Black coffee for you, you infant! Mamma drinks it because she's a wicked, worldly woman; but you're not to suppose she lets me do anything of the sort. I don't believe there's another coffee-cup in the house." She rose and promptly produced one from the cupboard. "He can have some to-night for a treat, can't he, mamma—if he has not had any for a very long time?"

"I don't believe it hurts you," said Philip. "I have it every night lately. Don't think I could do much study without it, you get so sleepy after shoveling."

Mrs. Bremen looked at him. "We won't have any coffee to-night," she said comfortably; "nor any lessons, either—it's too close to Christmas. We'll have some nuts and talk, and another stick on the fire, and some of Sarah's foolishness in the way of stories. Did you ever get Sarah to tell you fairy-stories? Put Emerson away, dear; you're getting crumbs on him."

"This is worth cutting lessons for, sure enough," said Philip, contentedly, crunching nuts as he lay on the hearth-rug. The firelight illuminated his flushed cheeks and intense blue eyes. Mrs. Bremen watched him with the joy of a colorist and the anxiety of a mother.

Sarah chatted softly, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees, addressing the fire, but sometimes Philip, whose answers Mrs. Bremen thought were languid.

"Get your guitar, Sarahkin," she said, "and sing us, 'Oh, Little Son of Mine.'"

"Not before the brother of Charles Ensign!" said Sarah. She was thinking only of the singer who had had New York at his feet; but to Philip it was Charlie, somewhere alone in Paris, whose mother—and his—was dead. Sarah glanced at his sensitive face; then she meekly rose and fetched her guitar.

She tuned it, and it boomed melodiously to her stray touches, but she did not sing. To an accompaniment of wandering chords she told the story of the boy with the golden key who lost his playmate in a sea of shadows, and how they found each other again in the country whence the shadows fall. She told it with little turns of her own which the author could scarcely have resented had he heard her. Sometimes she quoted from memory, trying to

give his very words. "Oh, where is the book!" She put down the guitar, which gave a soft moan as her skirts swept it. She brought a little green volume and, opening at random, began to read:

"Suddenly she remembered that the beautiful lady had told them, if they lost each other in a country of which she could not remember the name, they were not to be afraid, but go straight on.

"And besides," she said to herself, "Mossy has the golden key, and so no harm will come to him."

"Is n't there some one you know, Philip, who has the golden key," Sarah asked, without raising her eyes; "and so no harm will come—to—him?"

There was no response. Philip, with his head against the wooden bench by the chimney, had fallen fast asleep. His mouth and lifted chin were white, and the color lay across his cheek like a pure red stain.

Mrs. Bremen, looking at him keenly, said: "He has come to the end of his strength. This must be stopped, Sarah. If the shoveling can't be, the lessons must, or something will give way."

"Yes," said Sarah; "I see."

ON the afternoon before Christmas, the long dry-house at the Minotaur was absorbing a steady stream of men. Others were still coming through the woods. Their loud, open-air speech mixed with the voices from within, where the iron roof echoed to the first of the Cornish carols. It was a swinging chant that brought out the spirited instinct of the singers for time. To ears as sophisticated as Sarah Bremen's there were stragglers and variations from the key, but all was swept over in a strong, untempered crash of sound which brought the pleased excitement to her face. A platform and bench had been built at the upper end of the room, and here were gathered the officials of the mine and an occasional visitor, as the Bremens. In so simple a community Sarah was struck by this unemphasized distinction—it was the commissioned and the non-commissioned. She watched the shifting crowd of miners before her. In the intervals of singing it became denser in the corners where beer was being dispensed. There was talk, largely unintelligible to ears not accustomed to the Cornish, and laughter, and good-natured shoving.

"How awful they do look in their best clothes," murmured Philip, coming to sit beside her. "They're really a fine lot of men, you know."

Sarah nodded. She was looking with interest at the heavily marked faces; the black hair and eyes, recalling legends of Phenician blood; the pallor of their unsunned skins. She had never seen closely so large a body of this class unmixed with any other. The air was full of a strange, musty smell, the indefinable odor of underground, which clings to the very flesh of the workers whose day is night. Beyond the mass of heads the wide doors of the dry-house framed a vista of woods streaked with sun and shade.

The singers were led by a wild-eyed man with a high, penetrating, uncertain voice. It was a relief when the chorus surged over him, rude and untrammeled, but with a sort of splendor in its earnest uproar. The carols were followed by an anthem which gave less cover for discordance. In the absence of strongly marked time, it resolved itself into a sepulchral groan. Philip glanced at Sarah a little apprehensively. She answered him with her most reassuring smile.

"They do it splendidly. I love to hear them," she said.

Words and smile died suddenly on her lips and left them parted.

There befall contrasts now and then so vivid that they seem to symbolize that eternal contrast of which life is made—soul and body, spirit and flesh.

The rough chorus had ceased, and as the first words of the solo came, soft, pure, controlled, in the voice of a great trained tenor, they seemed ethereal.

"Every mountain and hill shall be made low—shall be made low," sang a voice as perfect as an instrument thrilled with a soul. It swelled and rose and filled the room with its sure, deliberate beauty, and deepened again with a sad richness that struck at the very heart.

"Every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight; and the rough places—and the rough places—plain."

Sarah learned forward in a passion of listening.

And Philip, brought up among the woods and mines, who had never seen the cities where art is bred, he, too, had heard

such a voice before. He stood up beside her, searching the crowd with his eyes. His face was clear white. As the notes of the hidden singer died into silence, he dropped back quietly into his seat and fainted, with his head on Sarah's knees.

She was aware that those on the platform gathered about them and then drew back; that at the other end of the room the men were singing again, unaware of any catastrophe. She heard Mr. Ensign give a quick order; but it was some one who had broken from the crowd below who leaped upon the platform and lifted the burden from her lap.

Where a voice has been trained into supreme flexibility it can be a searching instrument in speech.

He lifted Philip with fierce strength and bore him down the room; the men crushed back to let them pass; the singing stopped as they neared the doorway. Outside he turned, and standing in the sunlight, with the senseless boy in his arms, he met his father.

WHEN Sarah opened the door to Mr. Ensign next morning, he said to her, as though she were a little girl, "May I see your mother? Oh, yes, Philip is all right," in answer to her eager question, and Sarah went for Mrs. Bremen. As the rôle of little girl was evidently expected of her, she mortified her extreme desire to make a third in the conversation and shut herself out on the piazza. It was a morning of soft coolness and delicious sunlight; a breeze whispered in the pines, rousing the little Japanese wind-bell strung on the rose-vines with a fluttering tinkle. The slight sound became suddenly acute, and Sarah saw that Philip's mare, whom Mr. Ensign had ridden over, was nibbling the vines. She was tied to the railing, having pulled up their inadequate hitching-post the night that Philip fell asleep and stayed so late because they had no heart to wake him.

"I shall have to request you to move, Cassy." Sarah approached the tall creature with diffidence, untied her, and looked about for a convenient tree. The nearest was beyond the broad, shallow ditch where she watered her roses. There were stepping-stones on which she was used to cross; but Cassy was not regardful of Sarah's steps. She strode through the

water with a great splash, dragging Sarah from the stones. Charles Ensign, coming through the woods from the Minotaur, smiled at the pair.

She was tying Cassy to a tree, when he came up to them, took instant possession of Cassy, and solved the question of the knot. He knew who Sarah must be, though he had seen nothing of her the day before but her little hands supporting Philip's head as he lay across her knees.

Her championship of his brother's troubles had struck keenly on a remorseful sense of having failed his own blood. His year of fervent effort, the wild step, taken in the bitterness of grief, worked out in sober loneliness, had once seemed full of meaning. Now he spurned it for its self-centered egotism. Philip had sent him, and he had come, unwillingly, in his mood of stinging contrition, to meet this girl. He dreaded the meeting—he had dreaded it. But. There she was! And he must banish the smile from his lips before he spoke to her.

Sarah felt herself misrepresented by her romp with Cassy in the brook. Yet there was joy in the very air of that Christmas morning; Philip's father had allayed her immediate fears, and if Philip had fainted, was it not at the sound of his brother's voice? That voice was ringing in her own ears still. She looked up at the singer and smiled.

His face was like his mother's, with the same unrestful charm; he spoke with Philip's brief inflections. He was at once like some one she had known, and like a being too incomprehensible ever to be known.

"I could almost believe you do,"—he smiled at her quickly,—“if anything but an Ensign can understand an Ensign.”

“It would n't be surprising if I understood Philip,” she said, and she answered his smile with a sweeter one. “I've quite lost my heart to him, you know.”

Upon the departure of the Ensigns, asked her mother:

“You know that Philip is going East?”

“Yes, bless his heart!” murmured Sarah.

“I have been very much interested in what Mr. Ensign told me about Charles. Do you know, that extraordinary fellow has simply thrown away his career as a singer and come home to be—a mining engineer,

I suppose, if you can imagine such a thing. He wants to play with that voice of his, and to keep his work apart.”

“Yes,” said Sarah.

“That must account for the long silence. If he had the nerve to break away, he had the courage to tell of it.”

“There was something else,” said Sarah, thinking of Philip's letter.

Her mother went on: “He would n't ask his father's help, after all that had been done for him. He went into the ranks, as it were, and worked up. I suppose he 'shoveled' underground and studied in the evening, like Philip! Did you ever encounter anything quite like the Ensigns?”

“No,” said Sarah.

“He was one of the force at Blue Tent, and came down with the miners yesterday. His father evidently is more proud of it than if he had taken all Europe by storm—as he might have done. It's strange.”

“He did it for his mother,” said Sarah. “When she died it had no more meaning for him. We were talking in the woods.”

“Oh, then he has told you all about himself.”

“No-o. When I come to think, he did n't tell me anything at all. I seem to have known it before. He has the faculty of conveying a great deal without actually saying it—like Philip.”

“He is not at all like Philip,” said Mrs. Bremen, with decision.

“Mamma, you have hardly spoken to him!”

“He can't be. He was not brought up in these charmed woods of yours. He belongs to the outside world, and we must remember that in meeting him here. We must begin on the conventional key.”

The color came to Sarah's face, and her little whimsical smile. “I'm afraid, then, that we—that is, *some* of us—will have to begin over again,” she said. “What will become of his voice, mamma?”

“His father says he shall not lose it. Can you bury a voice and have it, too? Supposing you can, I don't know what he will do with it. Turn it loose in the woods.”

Sarah, remembering its transcendent sweetness and Philip's white face, suggested, “It will make the rough places plain.”

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

BY GEORGE HIBBARD



HE automobile stood in weighty inertness half in and half out of the ditch. Two of the wheels were high on the bank, while the other two were sunk in the bottom of the excavation. Its ponderousness did not save it from a certain ludicrous helplessness. It might have been a huge red beetle which had come upon some unexpected obstacle and had paused in puzzled wonderment as to its course.

He was on his knees, gazing frantically about and then helplessly down at her. She lay motionless, with her eyes closed, at the foot of the tree whither he had carried her.

She moved slightly. Her eyelids quivered, then raised, and she gazed straight before her into his anxious face.

"Which of the other worlds did we strike?" she asked dreamily.

"Are you all right?" he demanded quickly and anxiously.

"I hope it was Jupiter," she went on uncertainly. "Mars would have been too humiliatingly little."

"You're not hurt? There's nothing the matter with you?" he implored her.

"I don't seem to miss any part of myself," she said more clearly. "But what happened?"

"I was n't watching the road. Thinking of something else, as you know," he answered, sighing his relief and smoothing his hair back from his forehead. "We were going like sixty—"

"No," she suggested. "We'll say like twenty-five. That must be about the average of our ages."

"Anyway," he went on, with less stress, "we got thrown out and came near being killed in the first ditch."

"I've always understood," she observed, straightening herself up and lean-

ing against the tree, on a twisting root of which her head had been resting, "that a certain merit attaches to dying in the last. I've not heard that it holds good for the first."

"You are sure there's no harm done?" he asked, with a new coldness which appeared to surprise her.

"If you mean to the automobile—" she said quickly, with a similar frigidity.

"Don't be ridiculous," he answered impatiently. "Are you all right?"

"In answer to your-money-or-your-life way of asking after my health, I may say that I am."

"It's annoying enough," he mused.

"That I am well?" she asked with marked gentleness.

"You are annoying enough, if you like," he retorted angrily. And he continued with stately formality: "I am extremely sorry that you have had this unpleasant experience. I wish that it had been at any other time. But man proposes and automobiles—"

He watched the sudden dimple in her cheeks.

"You mean," he said furiously, "that is just what I was doing when the smash came. Well, the machine itself was the *deus ex machina*—and furnished the climax."

She looked at him curiously.

"Was n't it something of an anticlimax?" she asked.

"If you mean that I'd have had a worse header, got a greater shock, had to bite the dust more if there had been no interruption, it's very likely."

"I can hardly consider it flattering to have you intimate that you would rather be thrown from an automobile—"

"Than thrown over by you," he interrupted. "Oh, you do not know your own powers. What I should have had to hear

in a moment, if we had kept on, would have been harder to face than a little shake-up of this kind."

"You are sure?" she asked in a low tone, with the same puzzled uncertainty of manner.

"I was saved from a catastrophe by a contretemps," he replied grimly.

"Nothing has happened to us," she urged.

"Except that I've been an idiot."

"That's hardly an accident," she observed, looking afar off.

"You mean that I could n't help it!" he cried.

"You certainly can help it now," she remonstrated.

He remained vindictively silent.

"Where are we?" she asked, recognizing that he had no intention of speaking.

"Not as far as we were," he replied shortly.

"I mean geographically," she announced with some asperity.

"Several miles from help and thrown on our own resources," he announced. "But there's no use in crying over spilled milk."

"Or automobiles," she suggested.

"Hang the automobile! One can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

"Or love, apparently, without breaking—automobiles," she laughed.

"Or hearts," he suggested.

"Hearts don't break nowadays," she declared promptly. "They are toughened."

"Like steel," he added.

She gave him a short, questioning glance.

"But," he observed, "even steel is not as cold as ice, and will melt when a stone won't."

"What am I to understand from all this—Occidental imagery?"

"That I have been a fool," he assured her gruffly.

"You have intimated that before."

"You imply that I prove my folly by repeating it."

"There is certainly a lack of novelty."

"I never thought, when we started, that there would be such a sudden upset," he complained.

"It's pretty bad," she said, looking at the automobile.

"Of my hopes," he corrected gloomily. "If I'd suspected it, I'd have taken precautions."

"An accident policy?" she inquired with polite interest.

"Yes," he answered in the same despondent tones; "by paying a premium of indifference."

"Would the price be high?"

"It would be hard to pay," he answered. "The risk was 'extra-hazardous.'"

She permitted her eyes to meet his for a brief time. Indeed, her glance was so swift that he was uncertain whether he had been mistaken in crediting it at all. Still he believed that she had looked at him, though now she looked afar off over the country, as if seeking to see something behind a small white cloud resting on a distant blue hill.

"But sometimes there is something saved," she suggested.

"This is a total loss, I am afraid—and I can't recover damages or recover from them."

"There's no harm done, except to the automobile," she insisted.

"You don't know. When we had our smash-up I lost my head—"

"Then our accident was not without its casualties," she murmured.

"And I think that there is something which I ought to tell you."

"Is it important?"

"You must judge. That is the reason that I should tell you. One is not obliged to incriminate one's self, but I wish to be an honorable criminal."

"Are n't the terms contradictory?"

"A fault confessed is half atoned for," he went on, without heeding her. "If I add a sufficient amount of contrition, I might bring it down to two thirds."

"Is n't that a very—mathematical way of treating guilt—making a sort of schedule of wrong-doing? I can imagine your claiming to be sorry enough to make it seven eightths."

"I am not sorry," he proclaimed decidedly—"not sorry at all."

"Then surely you can't demand the right to the smallest fraction of—what shall we call it?"

"Rebate," he suggested.

"I don't know what that is, but to do wrong and declare that you are not sorry is to acknowledge yourself a hardened sinner."

"I'm not that. I followed the impulse of the moment. I could n't help it."



"WE WERE GOING LIKE SIXTY"

"Of course, if there were mitigating circumstances—"

"I should call this an aggravating one," he answered quickly.

"Be careful! You don't seem to be helping yourself."

But she beamed upon him for a moment, though again she looked away.

"It was—you."

"What!"

"You were the circumstance."

"I—a circumstance! But how can a circumstance be five feet six inches high and weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds?"

"That's the trouble," he continued hastily. "And have the prettiest, palest, most appealing face. And closed eyes

that I'd have given all the world to see open—"

"A most remarkable kind of circumstance," she said.

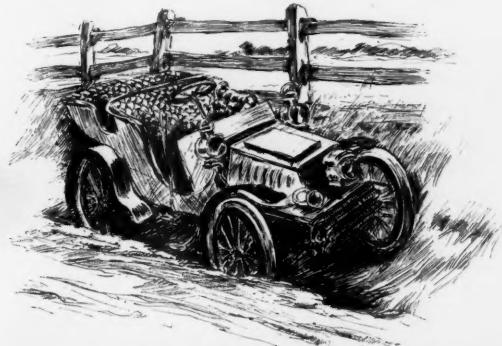
"It was," he maintained. "You know, when the accident happened, for a few moments you were unconscious."

She busied herself winding a blade of grass about her finger.

"My heart stood still," he went on. "I could n't breathe. I lifted you and carried you away from the machine. I put you down here. On my knees at your side I bent over you, and as you lay there unconscious—"

"Yes," she whispered softly.

"I kissed you!" he declared half entreatingly, half triumphantly.



"TWO OF THE WHEELS WERE HIGH ON THE BANK"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'YOU ARE SURE THERE'S NO HARM DONE?' HE ASKED"

She sat silent and motionless.

"Why don't you say something?" he demanded anxiously.

"Do you think that was—pretty behavior?" she asked slowly.

"No, I don't," he admitted promptly. "Being in my care and helpless, I should have guarded you and protected you."

"Of course I am very much displeased and angry."

"I must expect it," he groaned. "But how angry?"

"You must consider that I am—furious," she answered.

"I knew it!" he lamented. "I deserve to have you call me every hard name there is."

"What would you suggest?"

"Caitiff, miscreant, might serve," he answered critically. "Or common or garden cad would n't be far off. You see I don't spare myself."

"What do you think of thief and coward?" she asked severely.

"They are all right," he replied readily. "And brute and boor would n't be so very wrong."

"Indeed," she said, "as one considers, there does not seem to be one element of iniquity that is lacking. Really, I never heard of such a—comprehensive crime."

He looked at her to see if she were smiling, but could discover nothing from her absolute tranquillity.

"I admit that it's bad enough," he agreed gloomily.

"And then the bitter disappointment I must naturally feel."

"Why?" he demanded.

"To find that one whom I thought I could trust—"

"You could—usually," he pleaded.

"But is n't that the whole matter?" she asked. "Is n't the extraordinary test the only one? What is it to be trustworthy only upon ordinary occasions? A thousand people we know may meet that requirement. That is nothing. I might trust you to do the right thing in taking me in to dinner or out in a cotillion; but the first time that there is anything exceptional—"

"But it was so extraordinary—your being unconscious."

"That makes no difference," she affirmed decidedly. "In fact, that makes the case the more significant. As soon as the

conditions are unusual, you—do as you did. It's the person in whom we can feel confidence always—under all conditions—on whom we can really depend."

"But remember," he urged, "I had just asked you to marry me. At that moment we were in the smash-up. The next instant I found you lying before me apparently lifeless. Think of the shock—the suspense! I was n't a doctor. I was in love with you."

"For the time being you should have regarded me as a patient. You should have been merely a physician."

"You think I should have asked you to show me your tongue and let me try your pulse!"

She laughed softly.

"That's hardly what would have been done in this case as 'First Aid to the Injured'—"

"I saw one of those beastly little books once," he said resentfully.

"You don't pretend to claim," she demanded in apparently great surprise, "that there is any recommendation, in any of them, of—the means that you employed?"

"I don't remember what it said one should do in such a case," he answered morosely.

"And so you followed your own—empiric method."

"On reflection," he continued stoutly, "I believe that I might have done worse."

"You should see that your plan is recommended in a new edition."

"Anyway, you opened your eyes."

"Any one would," she murmured, "at such conduct."

"What do you think I *should* have done?" he demanded more contritely.

"I believe that in a case of fainting," she declaimed formally, "the person must not be supported in an upright position. The patient should be laid down at once—if possible, with the head hanging lower than the body, to allow the heart more readily to send blood to the head. Sprinkle the brows with cold water—even dash water in the face if necessary. Hold ammonia or smelling-salts to the nose—"

"Oh!" he cried. "Stop! You seem awfully well up."

"I went to some classes once," she informed him. "And you asked me what you should have done."

"Not how I should have treated you

as a matter of medical, but of social science."

"I think," she continued, "that you should have behaved toward me as a friend and a brother, or perhaps I should say a sister."

He growled:

"Why not your grandmother?"

"You were *yourself*. I see."

"And I am a cad and a coward and a thief and a brute and a beast—"

"N-no," she said slowly.

"It seems that I must be," he asserted hopelessly.

"But it is n't all as it seems," she repeated deliberately.



"IN HER EXCITEMENT SHE SPRANG TO HER FEET AND STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT HIM"

"I am sure," she answered, as if eagerly seizing the idea, "that the manner in which you would naturally conduct yourself toward such a venerable relative of mine might have furnished you with an ideal example for the treatment of the situation."

"But, you see, you were yourself. And I—"

"What do you mean?" he asked, surprised by her tone.

"You have been frank," she began. "You have confessed. You—"

She let the words falter into silence as she might break off in lingering notes an interrupted melody.

"Yes," he said curiously, and watching her intently.

"I believe," she continued, "that any fraud invalidates a contract."

"It certainly does," he assured her, with the manner of one who does not know in which direction the wind is blowing, and is uncertain as to what means to employ to find out.

"If something is done under a mistake, it must be the same," she went on. "Perhaps one is n't to blame—"

"As a broad general principle," he assured her, "I am prepared to agree with you—indeed, to accept the conclusion with enthusiasm."

For a moment longer she paused.

"It is n't easy for me," she urged.

"It was n't easy for me," he insisted.

"What will you think of me?" she stammered.

"The question before the house is what you think of me?"

"But there can be another question."

"I don't believe that it is parliamentary."

"But it's necessary," she commanded.

"That's not the same thing at all."

Still she appeared to hesitate.

"I have a confession to make that may change everything," she said desperately.

He looked at her in wonder.

"I—" she began. "They say that a woman does not understand a question of honor like a man. I feel, though, that I ought to tell you," she hurried on quickly. "I—I was n't unconscious at all."

He waited eagerly.

"I was n't unconscious at all," she repeated almost in a whisper.

"Not when I lifted you up and brought you here?" he cried in amazement.

"No. I was a little bewildered and I suppose that I closed my eyes. And then you jumped—pounced—at me and carried me off. I did n't have time to think. I let you do it without speaking."

"And you let me—" he stopped as if regretting suddenly that he had said as much.

"I suppose, therefore, I *let* you kiss me," she said slowly. "It makes a difference—"

"I don't know," he answered.

"It must," she argued. "I don't want to spare myself. You did it, as it were, under false pretenses."

He looked at her questioningly.

"It's very complicated," she sighed. "You did what you knew was not right,

but you did it thinking that I was doing nothing that was wrong."

"And therefore I was guiltless," he pronounced quickly.

"But you knew that you were doing wrong," she maintained. "Still, I am afraid that I may have been a *little* to blame."

"I must take all that on myself," he responded generously.

"Yet I am a little *bit* to blame," she murmured. "Though of course I never—never could have anticipated anything of what happened."

"I don't know," he remarked questioningly.

"I felt always that I could have perfect trust in you—you know," she assured him.

"If you could have seen how pretty you were," he pleaded.

"The question is," she continued, though he could see that she had heard what he had said, in spite of the fact that she gave no very direct evidence of having done so—"the question is, whether, if one is led into wrong-doing because some one else has done—foolishly—"

"Did n't a question like that come up a long time ago?"

"When?" she asked.

"Long—long ago—in a garden."

"Oh," she cried indignantly, "you can't mean that?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "the woman tempted him."

"No—no," he answered hastily. "Of course I did n't mean in that way."

"It is the excuse that men have made since the very first—the cowardly creatures!"

"I did n't think," he went on in great distress. "Of course I did n't. Of course you did n't."

"And yet I don't know," she resumed with an air of great candor, "why you might not be led, by an entire misunderstanding of the situation, into saying a thing like that. Of course, having done as I did, it is perhaps only natural that you should make such a mistake."

"But I don't—I don't!" he implored.

"I am not at all surprised," she went on relentlessly, "that my conduct should be misunderstood. I can easily see how you might fall into error. It is merely a proper punishment for me."

"But I never thought such a thing. The idea never entered my mind that you pretended to be unconscious because you wanted—"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a horrified little cry. "Is that what you imagine? Is that what you could for an instant believe? Oh, this is worse and worse! Could it seem like that to any one?" she wailed.

"No—no!" he assured her fervidly.

"I only meant that you might fancy," she said in the same desperate tone, while she gazed reproachfully at him—"I was only afraid that you might think that I was trying to excite pity and sympathy. And now you suggest such an awful thing as this—"

She made a despairing little gesture, as if she quite dismissed all possibility of receiving justice from a cruel world.

"How could I when I knew that you hated me?" he demanded in consternation.

"What?" she asked in the most unmistakable surprise.

"Why, if not that," he answered lamely and dolefully—"that you did n't feel toward me as I wanted you to feel."

"And how do you know that I did n't?" she demanded promptly.

"On the very best authority—youself."

She turned and looked at him with the sincerest astonishment.

"I did n't tell you so."

"In the first place," he continued, "I think you make a mistake when you say that you were not unconscious. You might very easily be wrong. You might have fainted for a moment and not known it. I have strong reasons to believe this is what happened."

"Then," she warned him, "you were wholly to blame."

"I know it," he mourned. "Since all is over, what difference does it really make? I should not have kissed you—but I'm glad that I did."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in expressive dismay at such a display of recklessness.

"I did n't know when I did it, of course, or I should n't have done it; but—"

"Know what?" she demanded with an impatience that was a command.

"What I learned from what you said," he answered gloomily.

"I said something?" she asked.

"You spoke a name—"

"Indeed," she interrupted quickly, "I might very well have been unconscious and not known it. I believe," she concluded formally, "this was probably the case."

"I must think that it was," he continued deliberately. "Of course you can imagine the blow it was for me—or you can't, because you don't know what you said."

She gazed at him in the most unaffected amazement.

"What in the world do you mean? What did I say?" she cried in impatient anger.

"You said a name," he advanced grimly.

"Yes," she replied defiantly. "What if I did?"

"You said—'Tom.' "

"Very well," she retorted as she looked at him swiftly, shyly, almost appealingly, and then glanced away.

"Of course, as my name is Harry—"

"Your name is Harry!" she exclaimed, sitting erect and gazing at him with startled and indignant eyes. In her excitement she sprang to her feet and stood looking down at him.

"Certainly," he replied.

"Oh!" she moaned, putting her hands over her face. "How awful! What shall I do!"

"Believe me," he answered deliberately, "that your secret, which I learned in this accidental manner, is quite safe with me. Indeed, I don't know of any 'Tom.' "

"But I don't know a 'Tom,' either," she declared vigorously.

"Then—" he began.

"Oh, how terrible!" she interposed. "What can I say? How can I make you understand?" She hesitated. "I told you that I was not unconscious."

"Yes," he admitted.

"So that I knew what I said perfectly."

"You knew that you used the name?" he gasped.

"Of course I did"; and she added boldly, though she blushed heavily, "I did it on purpose."

"But why?"

"Why? Why?" she repeated slowly. "It's an awful thing for me to tell you—to confess, but I thought that it was—*your* name."

There was a moment's silence as she made the admission with a sudden onrush

of words, as if fearing that her courage might desert her before she was able to finish.

"Tom! Tom!" he repeated in puzzled wonder.

"I was with your Aunt Margaret coming across in the steamer, and she did nothing but talk about you and always called you 'Tom.'"

"So she does," he cried, jumping up in sudden enlightenment. "It's the name I used to be called when I was a little boy. I had n't heard it for so long that I had forgotten that it was ever used. And you thought that it was my name, and you were

not unconscious. I don't understand, and yet—"

"The conclusion is rather—obvious," she said as she leaned against the tree.

"I wonder," he exclaimed as he drew nearer to her, "if it could be that—"

She did not reply.

"I was telling you that I loved you when the automobile smashed up," he went on breathlessly, "and then I thought that you were unconscious, and you let me—and you used my name—"

"Yes," she said in the faintest whisper.

"And—and—"

"Yes."



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ETHICS IN THE AIR

THE other day, in conversation with one of the great "captains of industry," some one put forth the hope that recent racking exposures of business indiscretions, improprieties, hogfishnesses, and worse would have—at least temporarily—a highly wholesome effect upon the conduct of all business; the idea being that good men would take warning and more strenuously avoid the temptation to "do as others do," and that unscrupulous men, through sheer terror, would be more on their guard; and, too, that the rising generation would find a higher standard of business ethics established. The "captain" agreed with his interlocutor that such would be the effect, but he went further, and declared his belief that this effect would be permanent.

The most hopeful aspect of recent revelations is the demonstration of the soundness of that public opinion which is the mysterious dominator of communities. Those who are interested in the psychology of this element of social advance may find much worthy of study in the developments of the day. One phenomenon to be curiously considered is the question as to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure.

For as to eccentricities, let us say, in the affairs of great corporations, one of the most damaging revelations, brought about by the penetrating and imperturbable Mr. Hughes and his associates, has merely brought forcibly to the general attention facts which have been widely known for years—namely, the use of corporate funds for political purposes, and for legislative "protection."

In *THE CENTURY* for September, 1894, appeared an article by Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, entitled "The Price of Peace," in which facts were given, from public records, authoritative statements, and private investigation, exhibiting the system, already fully developed, whereby corporations purchased from political bosses, committees, and legislatures "the price of peace." One of the most striking passages in this arraignment was that in which a statement was quoted from one of New York's bravest and noblest citizens, recently passed away. We quote from the article:

"More or less open allusion to the existence of the system had been made from time to time in the newspapers, but the first public exposure of its operation in specific cases, with names and amounts, was made by Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham in March of the present year. In a speech before a Good Government Club, Mr. Peckham described the new system in its

true light as the successor of the old lobby, declaring that one man, the boss, 'says whether a bill shall pass or not,' and that to this boss 'many pay large amounts "for peace," as they put it.' He then went on to say that he had heard of one corporation, which he named, that 'pays \$50,000 a year for peace,' and he knew of another that pays a similar amount for the same purpose. If a man of less character had made these statements, they might have attracted little attention; but Mr. Peckham had, only a few weeks earlier, been nominated by President Cleveland for Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the press of all political parties had agreed in declaring him eminently fitted by ability and character for that exalted position. That such a man should make statements like these was a serious matter, and there was a natural expectation that denial or explanation would follow from the corporation named. But, from that day to the present, not a word either of denial or of explanation has been heard. Silence, under such conditions, must be taken as confession."

Mr. Bishop declared that he had made up a list of 2126 names of corporate and other interests which, from the nature of their business, would be likely to be called upon, in the State of New York, to "pay for peace." The aggregate of nominal capital was \$1,890,000,000, subdivided as follows:

With capital less than 1 million	1864
With capital ranging from 1 to 5 millions .	192
With capital ranging from 5 to 25 millions .	55
With capital ranging from 25 to 100 millions	15
Total	2126

The article stated that the corporation which Mr. Peckham said paid \$50,000 a year has a nominal capital of only \$3,500,000. "Its liability to harmful legislation is peculiarly great, and in this quality of its business lies its paying ability. That many other corporations pay equally large amounts, I am convinced by information which I have obtained. Among the fifteen that have capital ranging from \$25,000,000 to \$100,000,000 there are several which have special reasons for paying heavily for 'peace,'"—and so on, with details of piquant interest and with damning asseveration. The author told, more-

over, of the prevention, by a gang of corrupt politicians, of such amendments to the Corrupt Practices Act as would compel every campaign committee to publish, under oath, an account of all moneys received or expended during a campaign—a prevention, by the way, which extended down to the time of the last session of the New York legislature.

It will be seen by any one who turns the pages of this exposure, printed eleven years ago, that a basis was furnished in it alone for just such an investigation as has lately shaken the dry bones of the big insurance companies. The truth is that every well-informed person in the community not only knew about the political contributions and suspicious lobbying of corporations, but some knew, also, of other questionable performances on the part of the officers of the same concerns. These things were known, were widely bruited, were told of in the press, and yet it took a picturesque and gigantic personal, interior struggle to move public opinion sufficiently to set in motion the machinery of governmental investigation.

Now that this has been done, with definite and startling revelations, public opinion has been more and more deeply stirred. A reason for the indignation excited is the discovery that, along with a deliberate system of contributions to political parties, and to lobbyists for doubtful uses, have been methods of business which, at any time, it would have been unpleasant to subject to merciless public inquiry.

The result is sure to be not only a reformation of business methods on the part of insurance companies, but a quickening of the business conscience of the whole country. One straw showing the new current of thought among men of business turned up in the newspapers the other day, when the chairman of one of our largest corporations, who himself was said to be a director of some forty others, declared: "We have no right to neglect our duties as directors, and I, for one, intend to give more attention to the affairs of this company in the future than I have in the past."

One most desirable result within sight is the passage of laws assuring publicity in the use of money in elections; and another is the prevention of the deflection of corporate profits—especially those

which are in the nature of trust funds—into political channels. These new regulations not long ago seemed to be coming very slowly; but soon we shall, perhaps, see legislators, with public opinion at their heels in the form of aroused constituencies, scrambling over one another to vote for these long-cherished schemes, these distant dreams, of "pestilent reformers." What with reform political movements in various cities and States, the patent medicine exposures, and the investigations into the affairs of large corporations, there is a good deal of ethics in the air just now.

THE CHILDREN'S READING

IF one time is ever more appropriate than another for the discussion of the affairs of children—and when were that an untimely topic?—surely it is in the Christmas season, so given over to their enjoyment and to thoughts for their welfare. It is a time of looking before and after—with tender remembrance, perhaps, of a pair of stockings missing from the chimney-piece, or with new gladness in the accession of a tiny pair. The elaboration with which the day is celebrated—sometimes to the point of tension of the affections, by perfunctory gifts between adults which empty heart and purse at the same time—often brings but a harvest of regret and the feeling that

The gift without the giver is bare.

But who ever had a shadow of regret over time spent in making children happy? It is little enough of a return for the abounding joy they bring into the world. In that reservoir of wisdom, Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," the poet puts into the mouth of Aspasia these words:

Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections; when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he (oh, how I tremble at the mute oracle of futurity!)—will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions?

The last sentences touch the man and woman in us and reflect the wistfulness which lurks about the happiest Christmas as we confront "the mute oracle of futurity."

In how many cases this mute oracle is but the father or the mother, who holds the future of the child in decisions which are to them but the commonplaces of life! What he shall play, what he shall eat, what he shall learn, with whom he shall associate, to what school and university he shall go; what he shall become—these are all matters of casual and doting speculation after the boy is asleep, but their determination is how often a matter of chance and drift! Who has not to regret that he was so unwise a father? What mother does not remember wisdom that came too late?

In the matter of the children's food there is in our day and generation no little conscientiousness. The dangers of certain diseases have become obsolete through the advance of hygienic and sanitary science; wholesome foods adapted to infants and children simplify the problem of diet; the knowledge of nursing and the care of the young, and of the value of pure air and exercise, is widely disseminated; and no doubt these considerations are all telling upon the physical improvement of the American stock. (It is a common remark, for instance, that nowadays the daughters are taller than the mothers.) Never was more attention given to the improvement of the type of the human body, and no doubt in time the breeding of men will receive as much attention as that of the other animals!

So far, so good. But is there a corresponding care in the provision for the right sort of nutriment for the mind of the child? Is he absorbing wholesome mental food—or is he gorging indigestible or decayed fruit from the street-stands, poisoned candies from the itinerant peddler? What are his tastes in reading?—for tastes are habits, and habit is character. Even presuming that he is being well trained at school, who is looking out for his reading at other times? On all sides are the newspapers: the yellow journals with flashy supplements, baited with color and grotesque pictures, reports of murders and nauseous exploitation of the doings of the vulgar rich, and even the decentest papers with much necessary report of the seamy

side of life—not bad in themselves for adult readers, for whom they are meant, but grossly inept for children. Some account of the world about them the little folks are sure to crave. Happily, in addition to the world's classics, no country is so rich as America in "juveniles," but these do not wholly satisfy. They are more frequently namby-pamby than bad, and parents seldom have the time to search for those of a wholesome fiber. Moreover, the art of addressing children is one not to be learned except by sympathy and long experience.

Over thirty years ago a woman of wise mind and large heart, inspired by the love of children, began the editing of an American magazine for boys and girls which has perhaps been unequaled as a formative influence upon the people of, say, President Roosevelt's generation. By sheer force and charm it has survived all other distinctively juvenile periodicals. In its early career it won from Charles Dudley Warner the compliment of his saying that if the children of America did not like it, it was high time to change the kind of children in this country. Its editor had an exalted ideal of the manliness and womanliness to be cultivated in children, and the magazine has hunted down piggishness, and selfishness, and peevishness, and slothfulness, and all the other "little foxes that spoil the vines." It has been a strong ally of parent and teacher, and has been influential because it has addressed itself first of all to the happiness of its readers. Its success, under its traditions of wholesomeness and helpfulness, has been a matter of pride to thousands. It has given noble voice in a multitude of homes to "the mute oracle of futurity."

A LUXURY OF THE POOR

A PLEA FOR FREE ART

IT is good news that at the impending session of Congress a determined effort will be made to remove the obstacle to the full esthetic development of America which exists in the tariff on works of art. We have repeatedly called attention to the ridiculous lack-logic of "protecting" a class of producers who do not wish to be protected—so ridiculous, in fact, that leaders of the opposition years ago fell back upon the argument that art is a lux-

ury of the rich and must be taxed like diamonds. Had they seen the holiday crowds in the galleries of our art museums they would have said *a luxury of the poor*. Surely these gentlemen can be made to see not only the educational value of art and its ministry to the enjoyment of the people, but its necessity to all manufactures which are related to beauty. At a time when our commercial interests are crying out for the world's markets it is folly to persist in a policy which puts a handicap upon the development of the country in matters of taste.

Few men buy foreign masterpieces for the purpose of keeping them secluded in drawing-rooms—they are freely shown to artists, students of art, and the public in loan exhibitions, at clubs, in museums, and even in tenement-house regions, and eventually will find their way to the great free public collections. Their influence in elevating the taste of the country is direct, strong, and indispensable, and the people opposed to the free importation of them are those who have least acquaintance with them, and who therefore suffer most from the absurd restrictions of the law. The representative of a constituency remote from an artistic center who should vote against free art would simply be cutting off his nose to spite his face.

The argument that free art would open the flood-gates to foreign trash loses sight of the fact that good taste in art is formed by seeing the best pictures, not by failing to see poor ones. There is plenty of wretched art in this country already, but there never can be a sufficiency of masterpieces. If two famous Rembrandts in one dining-room in New York could daily be seen of all men,—they have been loaned for months at a time to the Metropolitan Museum,—they alone would measurably decrease the demand for trash.

Congress is entitled to much praise for what it has lately done to improve the artistic character of our public buildings, notably in Washington. May it once more trust the artistic professions and the country as to what is good for both!

THE SURNAME OF JOHN PAUL JONES

IN our editorial on "The Fame of John Paul Jones," in the October CENTURY, we stated that "John Paul became a Vir-

ginia planter by inheritance from a brother [William Paul], who also left to him the surname Jones, that being the name of the planter who had bestowed the property upon the brother as an adopted son."

Our authority for this statement was the recent "Life" by the late Augustus C. Buell, a work so thorough and so impressive as to win at once the confidence of its readers. But Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, also the author of a popular "Life," reminds us that to Colonel Buell's inheritance theory of the adoption of the Jones surname he has opposed a romantic theory which contends that John Paul assumed the name of Jones out of regard for, and compliment to, the noted Jones family of North Carolina of which Mrs. Willie Jones was a fascinating member. The two historians exchanged notes on this subject, Colonel Buell dismissing the romantic theory as "tar-heel mythology," while for the inheritance theory he offered the authority of William Louden, the great-grandnephew of Paul Jones, whom he met in St. Louis in 1873, and General Taliaferro, who in 1875 was the owner of the Jones plantation in question.

Thereupon Mr. Brady instigated searches which have brought to light the will of Paul Jones's brother, found in the records of Spotsylvania County. It is signed "W^m Paul," and contains no allusion to "Jones" or a "plantation," except as the latter might have been described by the words "my other estate." The record of the probate of the will also describes the testator as "W^m Paul." Furthermore, the name of John Paul is not mentioned, all of the property—"lots and houses" in Fredericksburg, "my other estate," and "outstanding debts"—being left to "my beloved sister, Mary Young, and her two eldest children." Also, the tombstone of William Paul has been recently found in St. George's churchyard, Fredericksburg, and from this the name of Jones is conspicuously absent.

It would be interesting to know what Colonel Buell would have said if he had lived to defend his theory against these stubborn facts. We opine that he would have treated them as negative testimony, at least concerning his belief that John Paul became possessor of the Jones plantation and thereafter added that name to his "sign manual." Merely theorizing, it

is easy to wonder if John Paul, who is supposed to have gone to Virginia to settle his brother's estate, took the Jones plantation (assuming that it was a part of the "other estate") by purchase, or in settlement of accounts with his brother; for the sailor, John Paul, was always active in commercial ventures, sometimes in partnership with friends, and why not with a well-to-do brother? And might not the brother, in so formal a document as a will, have adhered to his baptismal name? The court record would naturally follow the style of the will; and on his survivors would rest the responsibility for the inscription on the tombstone. The will would give them sanction for the ignoring of the previously defunct Jones. This speculation is not offered to detract from the interest of Mr. Brady's discoveries, but it may in fairness be said that while he has discredited the inheritance theory, he has not strengthened his own romantic theory, except by the possible exclusion of a rival.

If the question is to be entertained on theory, these latter-day historians have a serious rival in John Henry Sherburne, Register of the Navy of the United States, who in 1825 published the first documentary life of Paul Jones. He says:

Our adventurer, being at length freed from the trammels of apprenticeship, made several voyages to foreign ports, and in the year 1773 again went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother, who had died there without leaving any family; and about this time, in addition to his original surname, he assumed the patronymic of Jones, his father's Christian name having been John. This custom, which is of classical authority, has long been prevalent in Wales and in various other countries, although it is not practised in that part of the island in which he was born.

At the time of Sherburne's writing neighbors and near relatives of John and William Paul were accessible to the author, and in a position to criticize the statement. It is known that Sherburne's work called forth the Edinburgh and New York editions of the "Life" bearing the name of Janette Taylor, the niece of Paul Jones, who finally received the back pay and prize-money of the vice-admiral. That work endorses, explicitly, the above theory; and it is significant that Sherburne, who revised his work after her visit to America (for one thing, omitting a revealing letter from Aimée de Telison), in the

second edition of 1851 adheres word for word to his theory of the adoption of the surname Jones.

Whatever may have been the personal reason with John Paul for adopting the

Jones family, the elucidation of the question is a matter of curiosity rather than of historical importance, for so great a hero by any other name than Jones would be as great.



"Saint Catharine in Prayer" by Zurbaran
(PAGE 299)

ZURBARAN was an admirable painter of monks and female saints, and of the latter class the "Saint Catharine in Prayer" is without doubt one of the loveliest and most touching examples. I was told that the original was at Palencia, a good twelve hours north by rail from Madrid; and, Baedeker corroborating the statement, I journeyed thither, only to learn that it was a copy. From higher sources of information I entertained the hope that the original existed at the Queen's palace; but I found, on inquiring, that the Queen had only a small collection,—no collection, in fact,—and that ex-Queen Isabella II., residing at Paris, very probably had the picture I sought. Off I went to Paris, only to learn that it was at Madrid, in the Palace of the Asturias. Back I jogged to Spain, provided with a letter to her Royal Highness the Infanta Donna Maria Isabella Francisca. This lady graciously led me herself to the picture, where it hung in her bedroom, and granted me every facility for photographing it and working up the copy before it. The original measures, without its frame, four feet three inches high by three feet three inches wide. It is very simple in coloring. The drapery of the saint, which is a soft, creamy white, makes a fine effective spot upon the background of umbre atmospheric depth. This is all there is, except that the desk is of a lighter brownish tone than the background. Yet it does not take much to make a picture, and the simpler its elements the more effective it becomes.

Zurbaran, like Velasquez, early made it his determination to accept Nature alone as his mistress, and to appeal to her constantly. We can see in the "Saint Catharine" evidence of his desire to give a faithful transcript of nature in the carefulness of the modeling of the robe; in the delicacy of the gradation of the light, which falls strongest about the neck and shoulders and fades gently downward to the knee; and especially in the modeling of

the hands and face, which have the softness of flesh.

In the arrangement of the whole we have a carefully thought out and well-balanced composition. The blank space above and behind the figure offsets the agreeable disposition of the objects of the other half of the canvas—the crucifix, the clasped hands, the book, the skull, and the pendent rosary. There is emotion in the beautiful face, and one wonders if the artist saw this in his studio model, or if it was not rather the remembrance of some rare occasion when for a brief moment he caught some pure, angelic creature rapt in reverie and oblivious of self.

T. Cole.

John Paul Jones

AN interesting circumstance in connection with the transfer to America of the body of John Paul Jones is the fact that the flag by which the coffin was covered from the time of its reception on board the *Brooklyn* at Cherbourg until it was deposited at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, was one provided by the thoughtfulness and patriotic sentiment of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The flag was then returned by Admiral Sigsbee to Mrs. Donald McLean, President-General of the Society, with a courteous acknowledgment of the honor thus done to the occasion.

Alfred Domett's Christmas Hymn

ALFRED DOMETT, author of the well-known Christmas Hymn reprinted in this number with pictures in color by Leyendecker, was born in 1811 and died in 1887. Besides his own reputation as a poet he has the pleasant fame of being the original of Browning's "Waring" and the great poet's "dear old friend" of "The Guardian Angel." He seems to have been one of the most attractive personalities of his time, with a great "genius for friendship." During his long absence from England, Domett rose to be prime minister of New Zealand.

● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

A Love Policy

AWHILE ago in merriment
 Young Cupid first began
 To urge me to experiment
 With his insurance plan:
 "Insure your life? 'T is folly, see,—
 You have to die to win!
 Insure your love, the policy
 Pays right when you begin!
 "The premiums are candy things,
 And roses, sweet and red;
 The dividends are handy things
 Like kisses," Cupid said.
 Politely he upbraided me
 For leaving it so long,
 Then finally persuaded me
 To purchase with a song.
 Of course Myrtilla heard of it
 All in the course of time;
 I read her every word of it—
 That policy in rhyme;
 And when I reached the vivid end
 She whispered, "Don't forget
 About that little dividend!"—
 And then our lips first met.

Felix Carmen.

Making Sure

I DONE ax de mockin'-bird
 Singin' in de tree,
 Please fin' out an' sen' me word
 Ef my love love me.
 Mockin'-bird he twis' his haid,
 Sassy es kin be;
 Den in song he up an' said:
 "Ax her dat an' see."
 I done 'quest de honey-bee
 Will he be so kin'
 Es to ax my Kate ef she
 Please, ma'am, will be mine?
 Mister Bee go hurryin' by,
 He ain' stud'in' me,
 An' jus grumble es he fly:
 "Ax her dat an' see."
 Katydids frum what dey hid,
 Ac' lac' dey don' know;
 "Katy did n'—Katy did,"
 Answer me des so.
 I ain' satisfied wid dis,
 So I comes to you,
 Honey, tell me wid a kiss
 Whedder Katy do?

Eloise Lee Sherman.

The Demonstrator

(A MONOLOGUE)

BY ELENE FOSTER



"DON'T THAT MAKE YOU TIRED?"

WE are givin' away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Samsonalis, twenty-five cents a package, and one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps thrown in! Will you try it, madam? How will you have it? With cream and sugar or without? Hot or cold? Yes, ma'am, that is the beauty of Samsonalis—you can prepare it in forty-nine different ways, and any one of them makes an elegant dish—(Hullo, Annie! Say, I ain't seen you for an age! You're lookin' fine. Wait a minute, will you?) If anybody understood how to use Samsonalis, they could give a course dinner of dishes made from it. It makes lovely soup. You would n't believe it, but boiled up with milk and seasoned with celery-salt, it tastes jest like cream of celery. Then you can mix it with salt fish and make fish-balls. A lady that was in here yesterday—a lovely lady she is, too; lives in Newark—well, she told me that she puts cheese and nuts with it, and covers it with salid-dressin', and it

makes a fine salad. She says nobody'd know what they're eatin'. There ain't no end to the desserts that you can make with it—(How's Jim, Annie? Ah, go on! You can't bluff me. I see you at the Berkeley Square Theater with him last Tuesday night.) One

a ten-cent package. She's got sense, though. She knows where she can get the most fillin' free lunch. She goes right by the "Gelatino" and the "Salad-dressin'" and the substitute for coffee, and comes straight for Samsonalis.) How do you do? I was jest



"DID N'T I MEET YOU AT MAME GILLESPIE'S?"

minute, lady. I was tellin' you about desserts; you can make anything from plum-puddin' down— (Seen Sue lately? Say, she's got a fine job. Well, I'm glad of it. Anybody as homely as her deserves to have something to make up for it.) You'd better try it, madam. Will you have it as a breakfast dish, as a "food for infants and invalids," as a "dainty bite between meals," or as a "real dessert"? You can try it, anyway, and it won't cost you a cent. (Say, Annie, it's good you left. It's terrible here; the boss give us all new books that you have to put down your whole family history in and every time you breathe; they'd make you tired. Do you like your place?) I am givin' away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Walk right up, ladies! Did you like it, madam? Have a small package for ten cents? Well, you are the first one that ain't liked the taste of it. Must be something wrong with your taste, then; you had better see the doctor. Everybody thinks it is elegant. (Say, Annie, there's a woman that comes in here every day for her lunch, and she never bought so much as

tellin' my friend that you like Samsonalis so well that you come in here every noon to get some. I ain't givin' away no samples now. My! ain't you improved since you've been eatin' Samsonalis reg'lar! You look ten years younger than you did two weeks ago. Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis, would be real pleased to get a picture of you before and after usin'; it would be a fine "ad" for him. Can't I sell you a package to-day? No, I ain't givin' away no free samples to-day—I'd advise you to try the Barlilio coffee at the next stand. I should say that is jest what you want. The sign says that it is "a great nerve-maker." (There! I guess that will keep her for a while. Have some, Annie? Well, I don't blame you.) Try a sample, madam? (Don't go, Annie.) Here you are. Don't that taste like pop-corn and Injun-puddin' and molasses candy all boiled up together? Try a package to-day? We are givin' away a dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every twenty-five-cent package of Samsonalis. (They say that Mame is goin' to New York. Say, look at the woman with the dog! Don't that

make you tired?—luggin' a dog in a store like this!) Samsonalis! The new food for man and beast! Won't you try a sample, madam? That is, won't you give your dog a sample? Only twenty-five cents a package, and we give away one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every package. Will he bite? I am scared of dogs, anyway. Don't let him get near me, will you? This is fine for them. Sorry! Here you are! Free samples of Samsonalis, the new health and breakfast food! No one should pass it by; made from pure grains and especially prepared for delicate stomachs. Good-mornin'; how did your family like Samsonalis? They never tasted anything like it? I knew it. You did n't mean it that way? Well, then, you did n't prepare it accordin' to directions. How did you fix it?

don't look half as old as you do. Well, her children ain't never had a sick day in their lives, and she jest takes a cupful of Samsonalis and pours a pint of hot water—not boilin' water—on it, and there is their breakfast all ready for them—no wonder she looks young! (Good-by, Annie. See you to-night.) Can I give you a sample of Samsonalis, sir? No bother at all; all the gents like it. Oh, I say; you don't want to give me a swelled head. Cream and sugar, of course. Cold out, ain't it? Do you know, you look awful familiar to me. Did n't I meet you at Mame Gillespie's surprise-party? Well, ain't that strange! I was sure I had seen you before. Say, now I know who it is you look like: you are the dead image of Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis. Here's his picture on the package. Now,



"AIN'T SHE CUTE!"

Boilin' water! That was jest the trouble. *Hot water* is what the directions say. Disagree with the children? Well, I can't believe that, when the outside of every package says, "Especially recommended for children." There is a lady that comes in here,—she dresses elegant, too,—and she brought up her whole family, six children—you'd never think she had six children. Why, she ain't got a gray hair in her head, and she

ain't there a resemblance? Of course your mustache is better than his—I do like a' elegant mustache myself. I can put up with anything if a feller only has a nice mustache. I suppose I'm fussy—there, now try Samsonalis. (Hullo, Min! How's Barillio coffee goin' to-day? Well, I've had lots of triers, but not many buyers.) Have a package, sir? Oh, go on, jest a ten-cent package, with forty cents' worth of green tradin'-

stamps thrown in. I knew you war n't mean. Thank you! Cash! Teller! Here, girlie! I guess that kid is froze up to-day. Get a move on! Teller! Forty-seven! (Oh, here you are! Hurry, now, with this gent's change.) Do you live in town? Oh, that is a shame! I would n't live out of town for anything. My chum lives in Brooklyn, and when she goes to a party in town the fellers won't go near her, for fear they'll have to go home with her. I don't blame 'em. Here's your change. Twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-five is fifty. Here's your stamps. Come in again when you're round this way. Hope your wife will like Samsonalis. How'd I know you was married? Search me! Say, are you really? Send her in, and I'll give her a sample. Ta-ta! (Say, Min, ain't he a dandy? Do you think he's married?) Samsonalis, the new breakfast food! Walk right up and get a free sample. (Oh, Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker, say, can I go to lunch a half an hour early to-day? I got to meet my mother.) Hullo, baby! Ain't she cute? Have you ever fed her on Samsonalis, madam? Oh, you ought to! Have a sample? Oh, 't won't hurt her a mite! Oh, is it? Well, I never can tell them apart. Ain't he cute? Jest crazy for Samsonalis—here, give him some. Has he got any teeth? Well, this'll help him cut them. Let him chew it awhile. (Say, Min, ain't he cunnin') Do you like it, baby? Here you are! Samsonalis! Greatest breakfast food on the market. Walk up and try it; won't cost you a cent. (Say, Min, wait for me. Am I going out to lunch? Great Scott! You did n't think I'd stay in and eat this sawdust, did you?)

The Twins

A TALE OF TEMPERAMENT

WHEN Goo-goo and Boo-hoo arrived here
as twins,—
For thus this astonishing story begins,—
Their verisimilitude reached such a pitch
That really you could n't tell t' other from
which.

So round Goo-goo's ankle they tied a red
bow,
While Boo-hoo was decked with a blue one;
and so
Was opened an ominous oyster, which you
Will swallow, perhaps, when you've heard
my tale through.

While one looked at life through a roseate
haze,
The other was dogged by the "blues" all
his days;

And minds analytical here will detect
A promising problem in cause and effect.

For instance, when fed, Goo-goo chortled
with glee—
Right jocund companions, his bottle and he!
And Boo-hoo his rations took, too, nothing
loath;
Then, weeping, regretted he could n't have
both.

So, during their childhood, its jars and its
joys,
'T was ever the same with their games or
their toys;
For Goo-goo was tickled, but Boo-hoo quite
pained
On learning that dolls only sawdust con-
tained.

Or Goo-goo, mayhap, when came bedtime,
would say:
"My! have n't we had just a great time
to-day?"
And Boo-hoo, assenting, with visage of pain,
Would wail: "But we'll ne'er be as happy
again!"

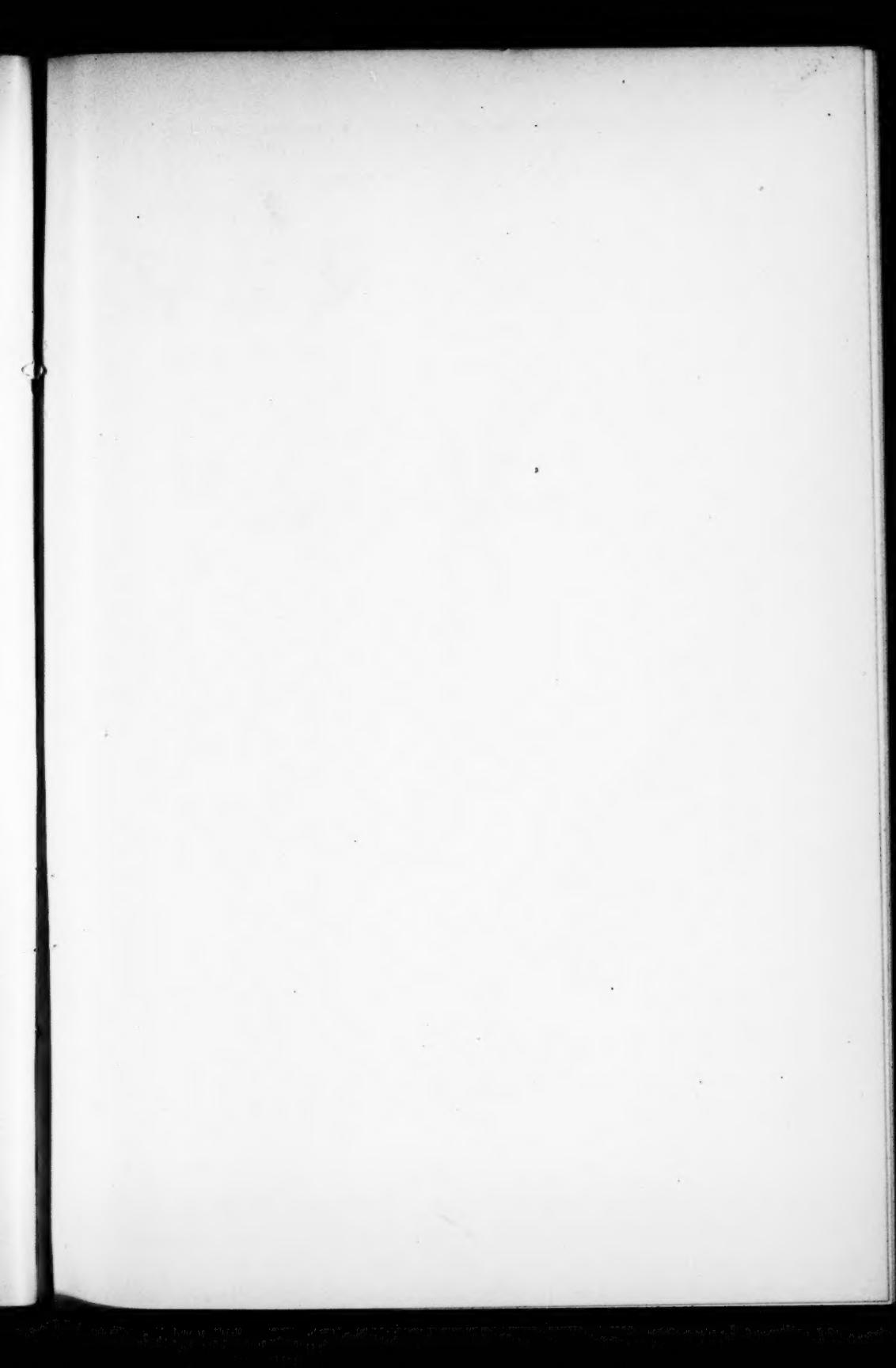
School, time-honored fusion of boy, book,
and birch,
Absorbed the lads next, when of knowledge
in search.
Our Goo-goo worked hard both at book
and at ball,
While Boo-hoo groaned, "What is the use
of it all?"

Well, as they grew up, came Dan Cupid
(with darts),
Who quickly laid siege to our two heroes'
hearts.
When Goo-goo wed early, his brother cried,
"Nay!"
So very few marriages turn out O. K.!"

And so it went on, till my yarn's almost
spun,
The days of the brothers are now nearly
done;
For Goo-goo's a grandfather, gay as a grig,
But Bachelor Boo-hoo's a peevish old pig.

Here, then, is the problem these chronicles
raise,—
Without one, no tale's up to date in these
days,—
Were these two men molded by red bow
and blue?
Or was it just temperament? What say you?

George Alison.



Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

AN OLD-TIME SEWING-ROOM

